BRITANNIA and EVE

"MASTIC AND DRASTIC"
By P. C. WREN

Vol. 5 No. 4
OCTOBER
1932

H. M. RALEIGH
ACHMED ABDULLAH
NINA CONDRON
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO"
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

MAY EDGINTON
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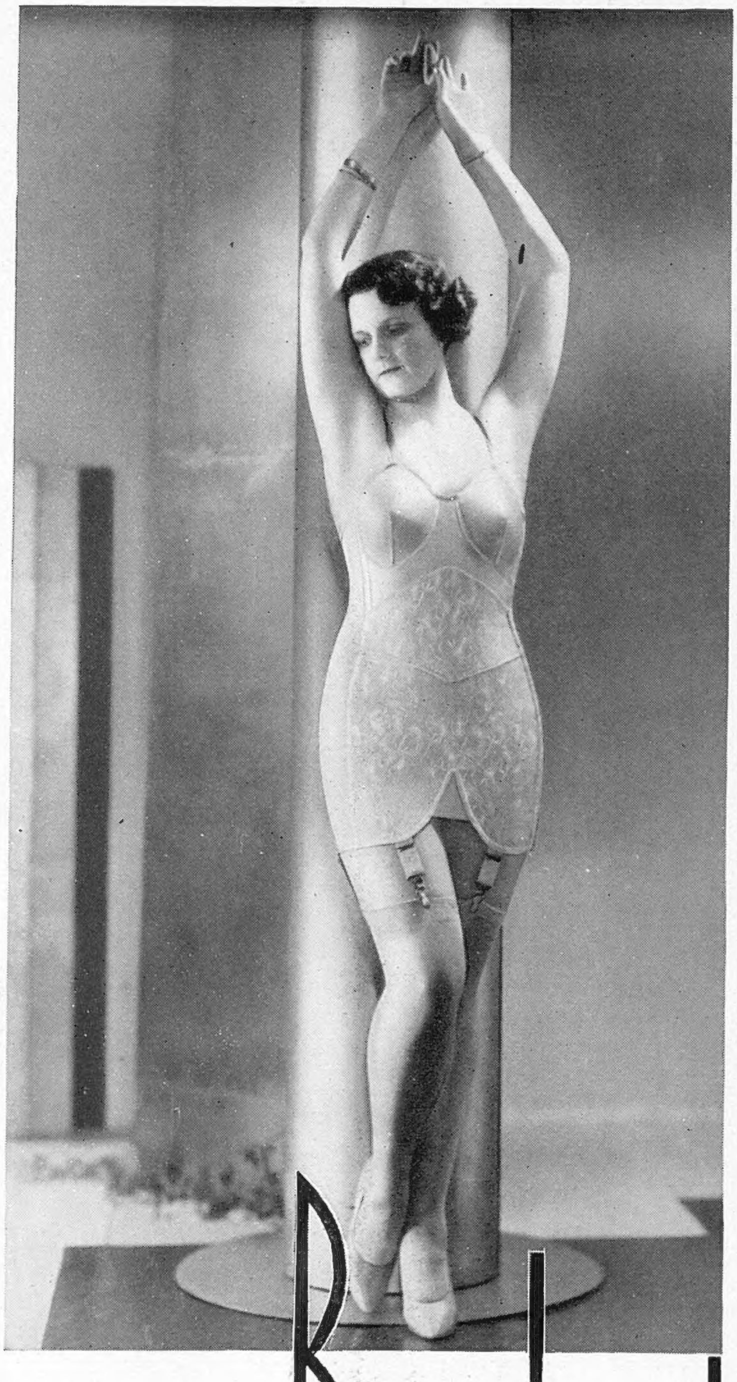

No. 2010. BERLEI Controlette for the Big Hip type in either Pink or Peach Brocaded Batiste with cup bust brassiere top of Swami. Strong elastic side panels and centre front "V" section. Sizes: Every inch 33-39. Price 42/-

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for FACE and HANDS

A smooth skin and a clear complexion have always been the most treasured possessions of beautiful women, for well they know that in skin-beauty lies the true secret of all loveliness. Don't let *your* beauty suffer through the neglect of simple safeguards. Use Larola on face, arms and hands.... It keeps your skin white and supple, and your complexion fresh and aglow with the vigour of youth. Every morning and evening use Larola. Put a few drops on face and hands before you start for the Golf Course or the Tennis Court, and again, when you return. You will find this soothing, cooling lotion a delightfully refreshing preparation for the social activities of the evening. Get a bottle to-day . . . and remember Larola is a perfect powder base.

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From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from—

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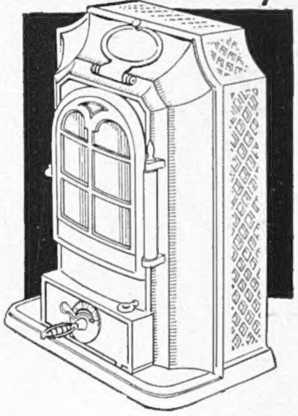
CAN you afford *not* to have an "ESSE" Stove? The steady regulated warmth from an "ESSE" Stove (burning anthracite or other smokeless fuel) can be obtained throughout the 24 hours at an average cost of one farthing per hour. Only a minute or two for refuelling and removal of a little ash once a day—no smoke, soot or dust—but pure, ventilated, healthy warmth. For living room, hall, bedroom or office.



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Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove dealer.

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Showrooms — 11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.;
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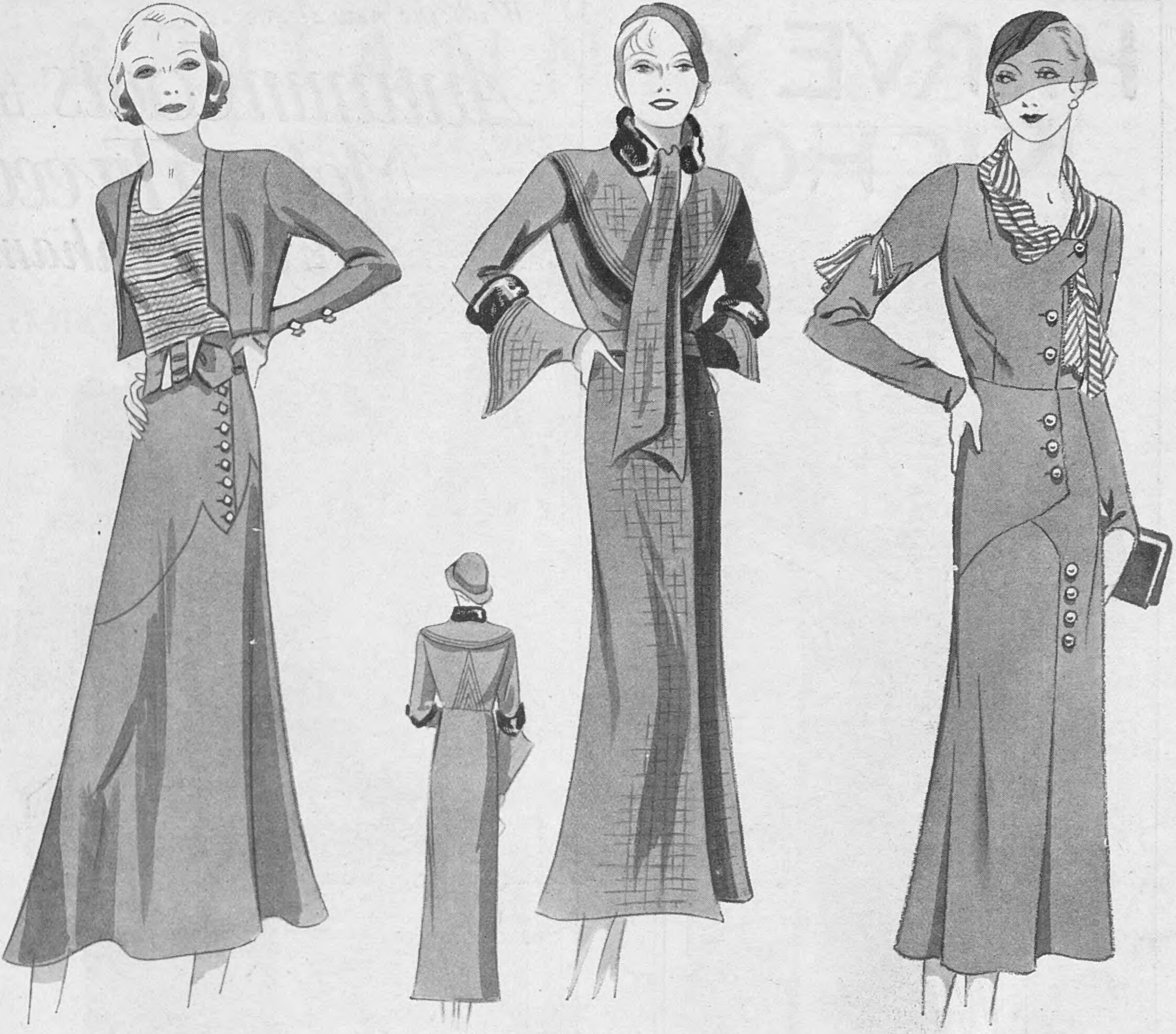

"betty co-ed"

a piquant three-piece showing a gay little jumper, a swagger jacket and a saucily button-trimmed skirt. the striped woollen jumper is sleeveless and attached to it is a wide belt of the wool afgalaine in which jacket and skirt are made season's new shades are being shewn.

cash four and a half guineas
or thirteen shillings and sixpence monthly.

"pam arrives"

a model coat that carries individuality to a high point is in a novelty wool weave with an uncommon collar and cuff ornamentation in fine seal coney, while the scarf tie of self material is a fashion motif of much importance. obtainable in rust-red and one or two other shades.

cash six guineas
or eighteen shillings monthly.

"let's shop"

it's now time to think of those "little" frocks that fill so big a place in one's winter outfit. this model was originally designed in the new silver-grey with candy striped scarf collar and sleeve bows, but may be chosen in several other new shades with satisfying contrasts.

cash four guineas
or twelve shillings monthly

the immense success of the early corot announcements this season has convinced us that the reductions in prices we have been able to make have in no way weakened the irresistible appeal which our models have always made to the woman who considers well-designed and well-made clothes to be one of the essentials of her existence. this is the woman to whom these announcements are made, and if she will stroll down bond street one morning and look at some of the models in the corot showrooms, we are sure that she will thank us for this recommendation.

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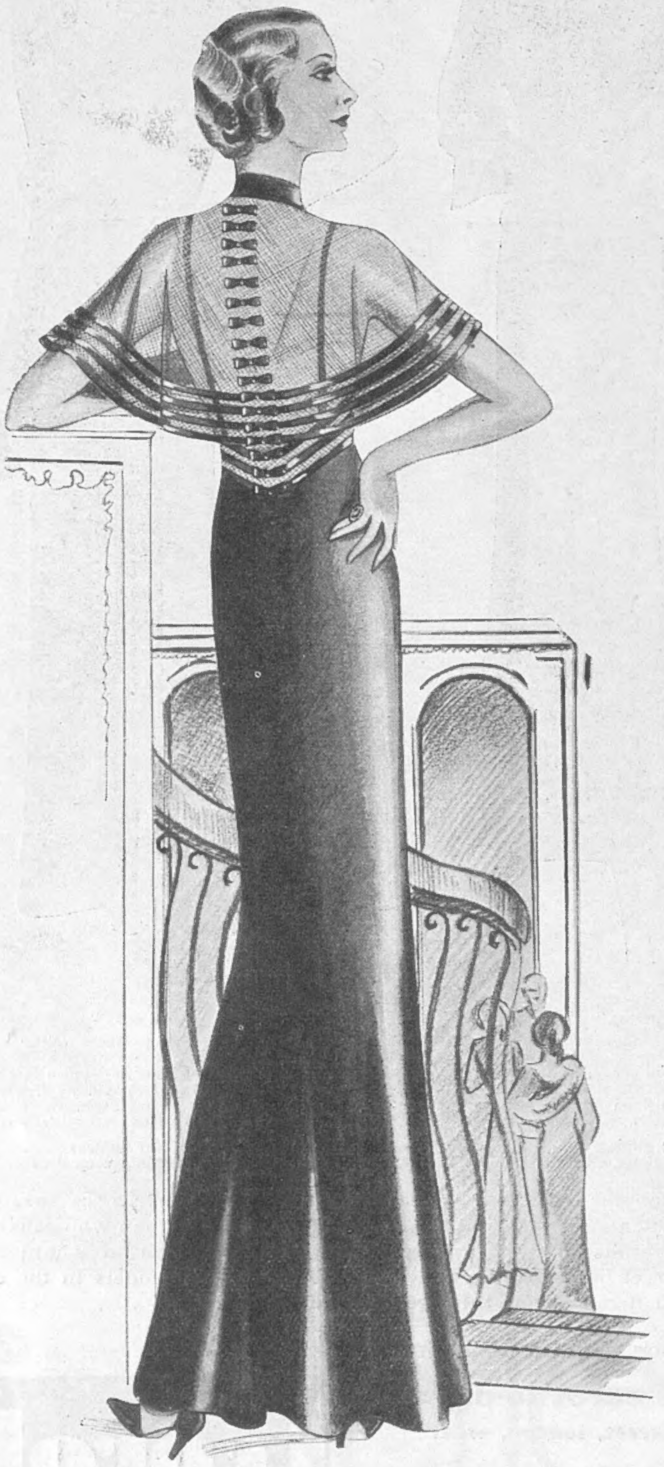
NICHOLS



HARVEY NICHOLS have pleasure in announcing the opening of a new "Speciality Gown" Department, where you will always be certain of finding the frock for special occasions—the "frock with a difference." Here's just one example . . . . an Evening Gown in the very fine wool that is Paris's newest whisper, with a corsage and brief cape of fine silk net adorned with tiny ciré bows. In black; also in any special colour to order. 15 Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE,
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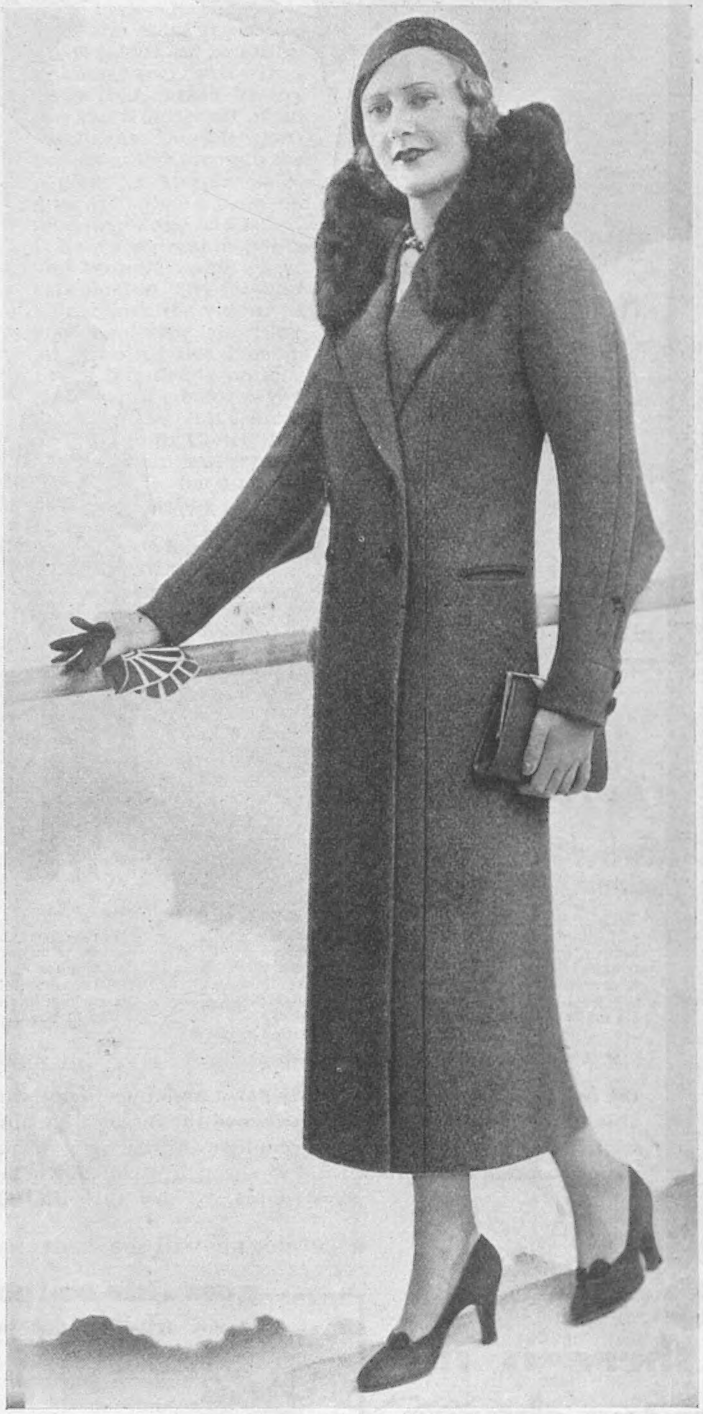
With the new sleeve . . .

Autumn Coats in
Melton Tweed
by Debenhams



7½
GNS.

The New Double-breasted Coat.

IN Melton tweed, with the new "pointed" sleeve, trimmed with cosy high collar of sable dyed squirrel. In plain colours.

Debenham&Freebody

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Debenhams Ltd.

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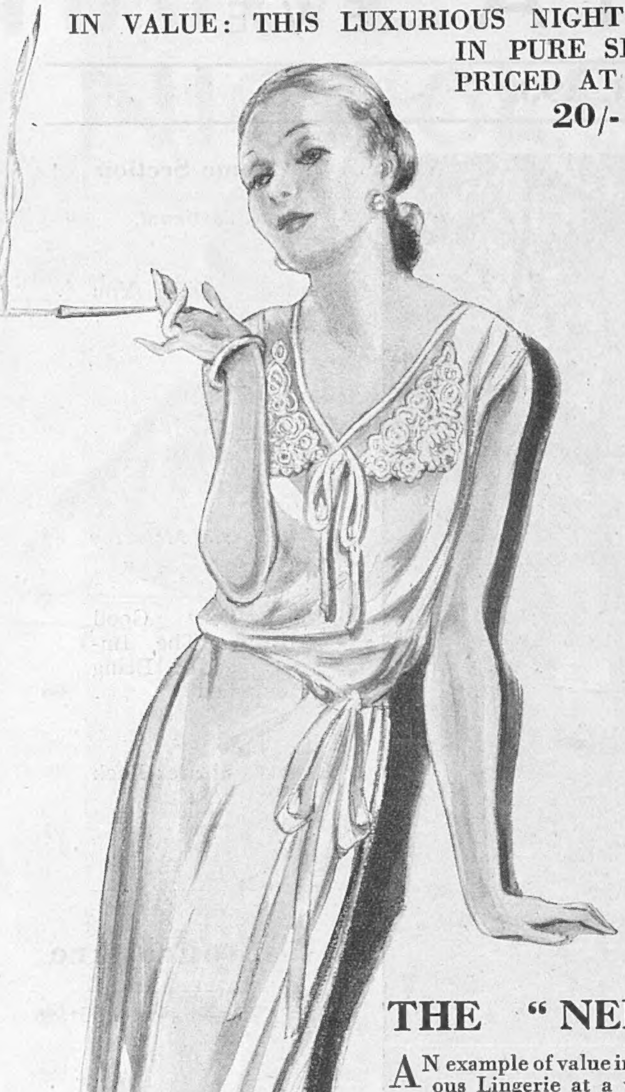
IN VALUE: THIS LUXURIOUS NIGHTDRESS IN PURE SILK IS PRICED AT ONLY 20/-



THE "NEED"

AN example of value in Luxurious Lingerie at a very low price. Fine quality pure silk satin beauté Nightdress specially designed as sketch, with V neck, lace from shoulders. Perfectly made in our own workrooms.

In shades of—
PINK, PEACH, APRICOT, SKY, MAUVE, IVORY, NIL, CORAL and YELLOW.

This is another demonstration of our unequalled Values.

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You may order by post with confidence. The Nightdress will be sent on approval if desired.

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FIRST FLOOR

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AUTUMN STYLES

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The coat which is belted at the front and across the sides, has a yoked back and is a very effective style. Here it is illustrated in a wine coloured tweed, and looks equally well in any of the new season's materials.

Fancy buttons, crêpe lining and a fancy inverted pleat to the skirt complete the ensemble.

10 Gns.

(In other materials from 8½ Gns.)

The "Ellesmere"

(Fur-trimmed)

Made in our famous "Durwardeen," this model is collared in fox to harmonise and is lined throughout with art silk. The model is a triumph of smartness, yet of a style that is extremely easy to wear.

The new season's materials offer a delightful range from which the coat can be made and is available ready to wear from

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The children simply love it — and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, and nourishing.

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'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

RECIPE.

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

441b

Catalogues on Application.

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By Appointment.

Woodrow Hat

AGENTS FOR DEXTERCOATS

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A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade reference or an amount on deposit.

Woodrow Hat

877 B. & E. 'The Dolores.' Distinctive Model, in Biscuit colour Hatter's Plush, with black underlining and band. This is suitable for Tailor-Mades, or more dressy occasions, **45/-**

This hat can be supplied in any size, also in Grey, Brown, Navy, Green, Indian Red or Saxe.

865 B. & E. "The Rhyl." Becoming Hat, of Sailor suggestion in soft fur felt, in a lovely shade of chestnut brown, with band and binding of Petersham ribbon and rows of contrasting narrow ribbon at the left side, **29/6.** This hat is very light in weight and comfortable, and can be supplied in any size or colour in 5 days. Felt Hats Specially Dyed, **7/6** extra.

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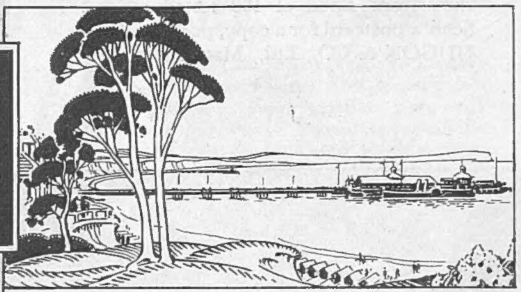

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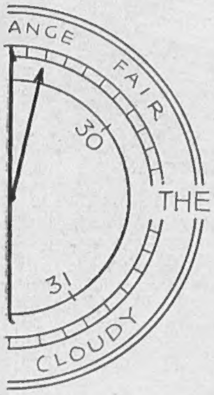
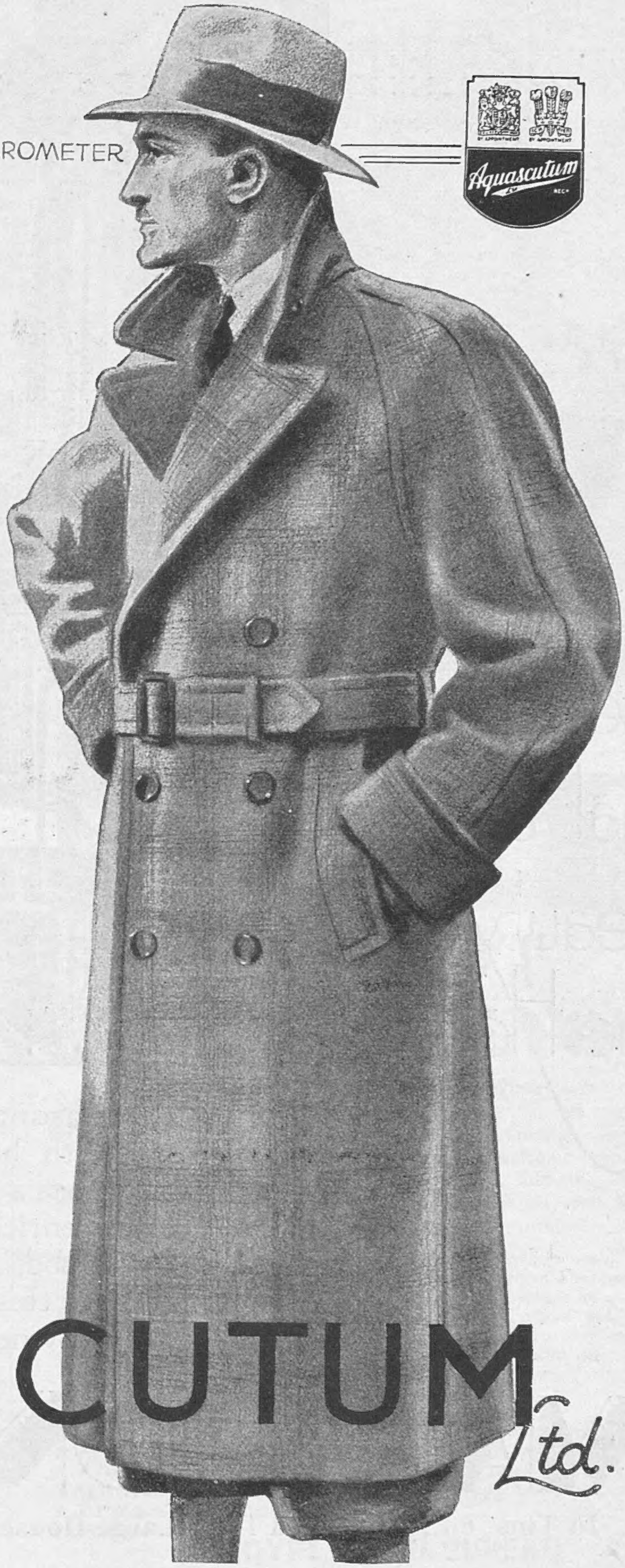


THE COAT THAT BEATS THE BAROMETER



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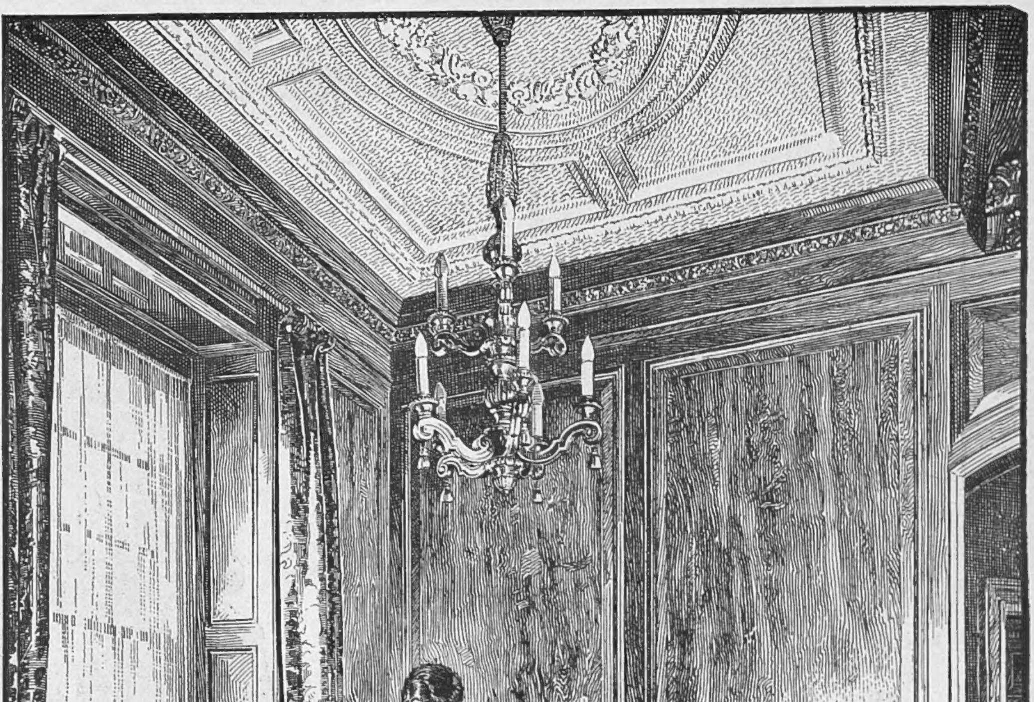

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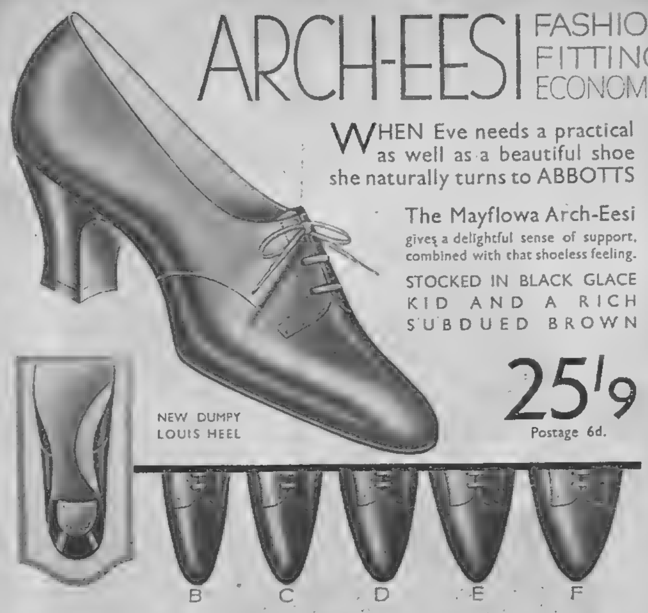

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EGYPT . . . . A Land whose Winter days are bathed in golden sunlight, and whose moonlit nights are enshrined in mysterious loveliness . . . . *invites you*. Will you accept her welcome? For here, amidst the enchanting scene, and the soothing influence of warm, dry, desert air, you will find better health through radiant sunshine.

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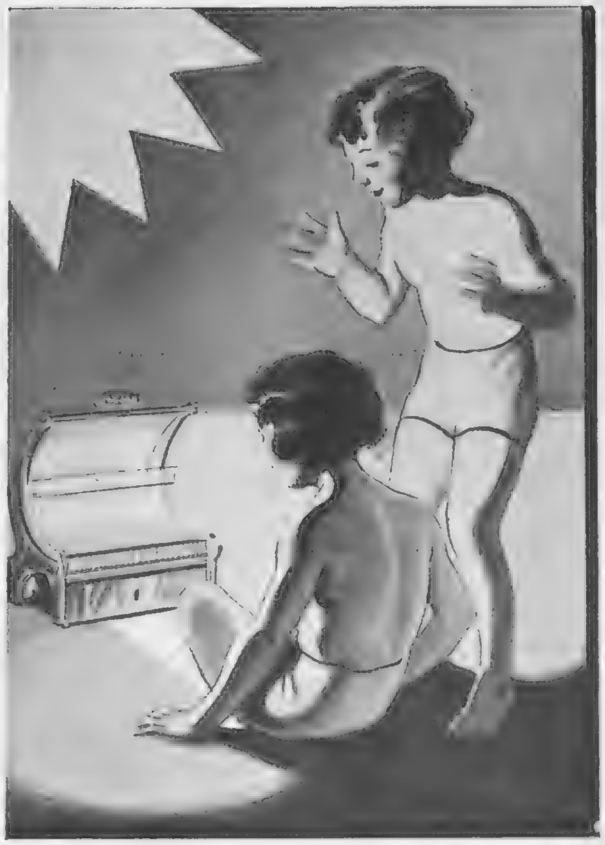

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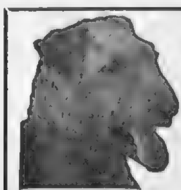

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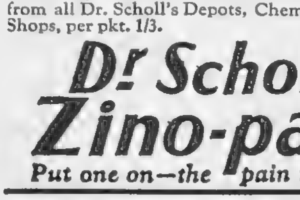
CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!


Medicated DISK loosens corn.
Rim of PAD removes cause — Shoe pressure.
Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!*

Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Oct. '32 ....

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OVALTINE
A BRITISH PRODUCT

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Editorial

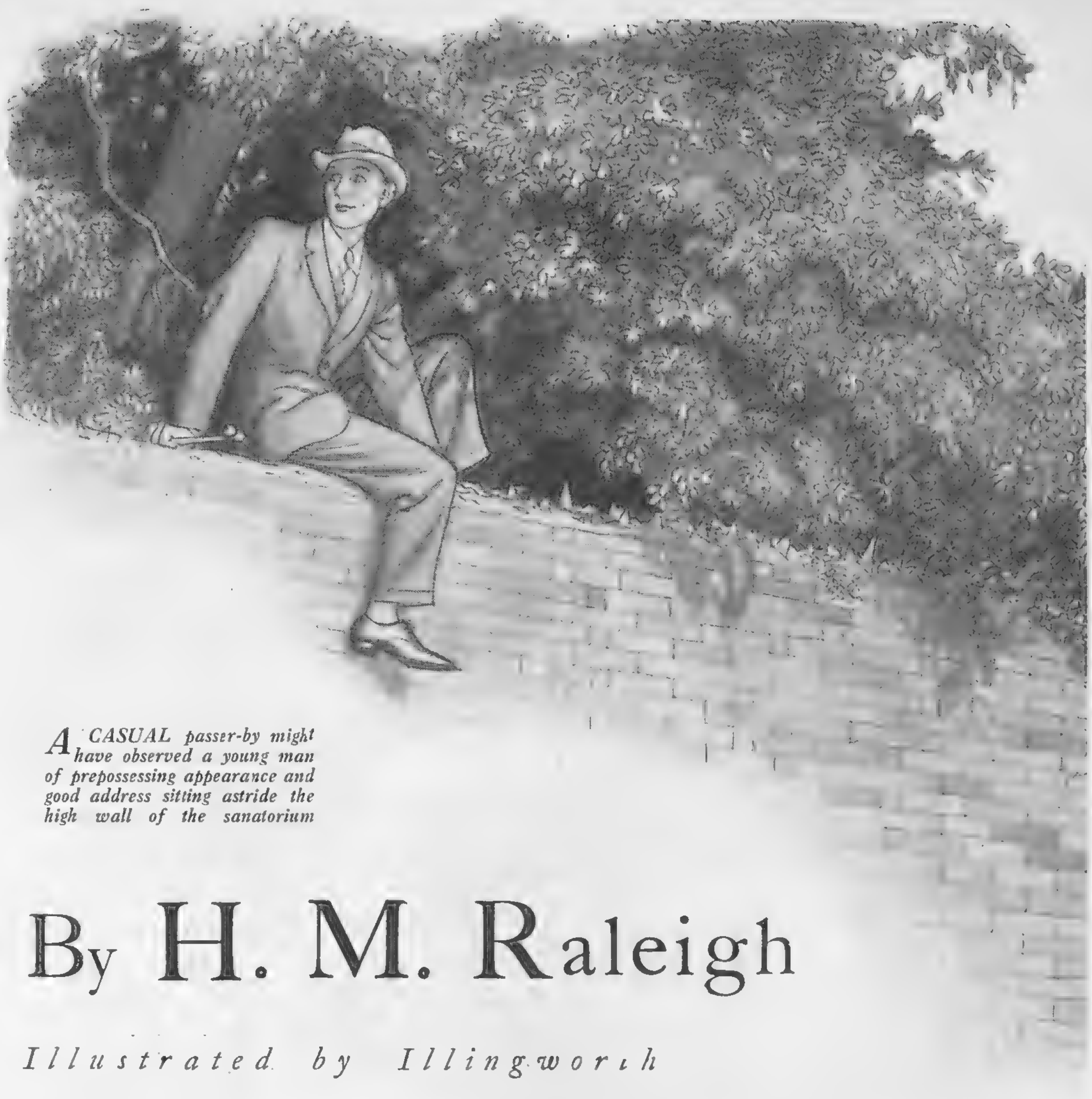
His Majesty the Baby . . .

A DISTINGUISHED visitor to this country recently remarked on the horror with which he received the news that Schools for Mothercraft exist. It does, indeed, need an outsider to see the position in its true perspective. The fault lies not in the schools—admirable institutions—but that there should be any need for them, that Englishwomen should have to be taught how to look after their babies. The spirit of the poorer classes may have been willing but the flesh was weak.

Yet far more serious than the ignorance of certain poor women in the matter of babies has been the unwillingness of certain rich women to have babies at all. Wherefore do we receive with rejoicing a most intelligent piece of fashionable intelligence—that babies are the vogue. His Majesty the Baby has in very truth entered into his kingdom. Instead of being discreetly forbidden to ascend the throne, he is reigning very merrily and very publicly. He is photographed not merely for the family album but, if his parents are among the great, the would-be great, or the be-paragraphed, for the illustrated papers.

His Majesty does not mind in the least being a vogue in such circumstances. If it is a trifle absurd that the cult of infant humanity, and even the fact of being born, should come, in that world which is so small but has such attention focused upon it, to be classed with a tanned skin, treasure hunts, Sealyham terriers and Juan-les-Pins, it is an absurdity that is all to the good. Parties with real babies are better than those at which adults dress themselves in baby-clothes and the garments of publicity. Real baby-talk is to be preferred to that insufferable affectation—the imitation of it. Usually it is no less sensible.

Here is a back-to-nature movement which no prude can eye askance. If the modern woman wealthy enough to lead a life of freedom (and conventional enough to be willing enough to drown herself rather than not be in the swim) is hardly likely to desert the night-club for the nursery, it is good to know that at any rate she finds time for both. Let us hope the vogue will last. Never was there a craze less crazy. For babies really are rather important people.



A CASUAL passer-by might have observed a young man of prepossessing appearance and good address sitting astride the high wall of the sanatorium

By H. M. Raleigh

Illustrated by Illingworth

THE motorist passing through the old-world village of Mudflats-on-Trym, in Loamshire, will observe, about three-quarters of a mile down the road on the London side of the village, a pretentious-looking building of red brick standing in spacious grounds surrounded by an unusually high wall. Unless he is stone blind, dead drunk, or very unobservant, he will also notice, along the top of the wall, a sort of zareba of broken bottles, and may possibly be led to wonder what dread secret the house contains, necessitating such stout defences against invasion from without. But when, in his progress along the London road, he reaches the heavily barred iron gateway, and studies the inscription on the large white notice-board placed immediately outside, the secret will be a secret no longer, and he will realise that the high walls and the broken bottles are intended, not to keep anybody out, but, on the contrary, to keep somebody in. For the inscription, couched in plain, forthright English and carried out in bold, black lettering, runs as follows :—

HOLLY LODGE.
DR. TITTERTON'S
HIGH-CLASS SANATORIUM
FOR MENTAL INVALIDS.

VISITING HOURS 3.30—4.30.

B. JARVIS, SIGNWRITER.

If the motorist has the curiosity to enquire further, he will discover that Dr. Titterton's sanatorium is under the distinguished patronage of no less a person than His Royal Highness Prince Eitel von Glucksburg-Augstein, and is held in high esteem by many of the very best families in the Southern Counties; he will learn, moreover, that should he himself at any time have the good fortune to be admitted as a patient within those bottle-crested walls, he would find himself moving in a society whose antecedents were irreproachable. Indeed, as Dr. Titterton is wont jocularly to remark, the sanatorium is " a home from home for the nobility and gentry."

Not ten minutes' walk away, across the fields, lies Slyme Court, the country seat of that estimable nobleman, Lord Grebe, who is himself keenly interested in the sanatorium, a good many of his relatives having from time to time discreetly sought shelter within its walls from the storms and tempests of a strenuous life. The annual ball given at Yuletide by the staff and inmates of the home is invariably graced by the presence of Lord and Lady Grebe, and a handsome silver trophy, presented by His Lordship, and known as the Grebe Cup, is competed for each Easter by golfing patients over the nine-hole course in the sanatorium grounds. To the rude peasantry of the neighbourhood, however, Dr. Titterton's delightful establishment is known by the simple yet effective title of " the loony-bin up yonder."

One warm evening in early June, a casual passer-by might have observed a young man of prepossessing appearance and good address sitting astride the high wall of the sanatorium and looking anxiously up and down the road. He was immaculately attired in a suit of light grey tweed, a grey Homburg hat was poised upon his head, and in his hand he held a small tack-hammer. That part of the wall upon which he sat was clear of bottle-glass, for before ascending to his perch the young man had taken the precaution of chipping the glass off it with the tack-hammer from a point of vantage in the branches of an adjacent elm. Having assured himself that the road in both directions was empty, he sprang lightly down from the wall on to the smooth turf and stepped out upon the highway.

" Well, that's that," he muttered to himself, pausing to extract a cigarette from the case in his pocket. " I've been on the wrong side of that wall too long. Now, the next thing is money. I can't get anywhere or do anything without money. The question is, how and where do I touch ? "

He considered the point for a moment or two, puffing hard at his cigarette.

" No," he said at last, " I see no other way out of the impasse. Some poor soul must be imposed on. *En avant, mon brave.*"

And, whistling blithely, the young man set off at a brisk pace up the road in the direction of Mudflats-on-Trym. At the entrance to the village he overtook a farm labourer on his way to the " Red Lion " for the evening sacrifice, and accosted him politely.

" Good evening," he said. " Delightfully warm weather we're having."

The yokel eyed him suspiciously.

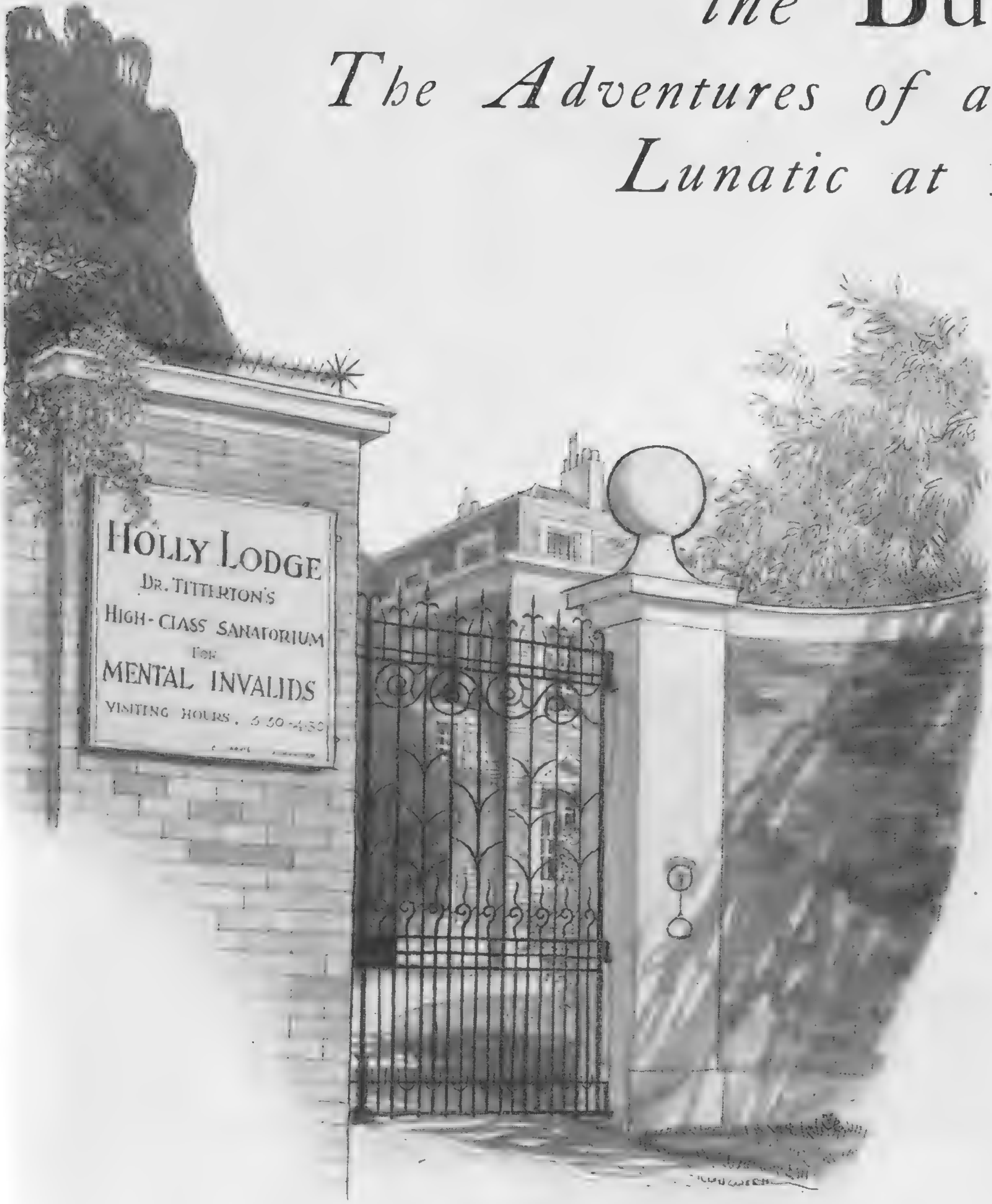
" Oo, ah," he grunted. " Wireless says it be goin' to snow."

" Oh, nonsense," said the young man. " You mustn't believe all you hear on the wireless. You should learn to listen with discrimination and taste, as the B.B.C. tells you to. I'll send you a pamphlet about it some time, but meanwhile I wonder if you could direct me to the Vicarage ? "

Suspicion deepened on the countenance of the farm hand.

Lord Grebe dons the Buskins

The Adventures of another Lunatic at Large



"Oo, ah," he said, "you be wantin' Vicar?"

"I'm not a detective, or the Devil, if that's what you mean," said the youth. "I just want to look at the Vicarage from the outside. I had an aunt who used to live there once, and I thought I'd like to run my eye over the old place."

The yokel jerked a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of a grey stone building standing well back from the road along which they had come.

"That be Vicarage, over yonder," he said. "You be past it, Mister."

The young man turned, and eyed with disfavour the house indicated.

"H'm!" he murmured. "Not a wealthy man, the Vicar. Still, we shall see what we shall see. Good night, Mr. Clutterbuck, and thank you."

"My name bain't Clutterbuck, it be Appleyard."

"Ah! A pity. Fine, honest name, Clutterbuck. However, it can't be helped. Good-night, Mr. Appleyard, and thank you again."

THE yokel made no reply, but trudged stolidly on in the direction of the "Red Lion." He would have something to tell his cronies in the bar parlour this evening, after all. Meanwhile the young man retraced his steps to the gateway of the Vicarage, lifted the latch, and walked lightly up the gravel path to the front door. Arrived there, he rang the bell, and when the door was opened to him by a trim parlourmaid, raised his hat with a flourish.

"Good evening, my dear," he said. "I wonder if I could have a word with Mr. Clutterbuck, the Vicar?"

"Vicar's name ain't Clutterbuck, it's Catchpole," replied the girl, who was chewing a Wrigley's "Spearmint."

"Tut-tut, too bad!" said the young man. "Will *nobody* in these parts plead guilty to the name of Clutterbuck? The mistake was mine. Would you be so kind as to tell Mr.—er—Catchpole that an old school friend is anxious to see him?"

"What name shall I say, sir?"

The young man thought for a moment.

"You had better announce me as Smith," he said at last. "Just Smith. He will know me well enough when he sees me."

The Reverend Wilkinson Catchpole, Vicar of Mudflats-on-Trym, was an elderly man as short of memory as he was of sight. When, therefore, his servant showed into his study a shadowy figure who called himself Smith and claimed to be a companion of his schooldays, he had no alternative but to accept him at his face value.

"Ah, Smith, my dear fellow," he cried, "after all these years! What a delightful surprise! Come in and sit down. You must tell me all about yourself, and how the world has been treating you since you left the dear old place—let me see, how many years ago?"

"Eighty, as near as I can remember," said the young man, shaking his host warmly by the hand. "We're neither of us looking any younger."

"Oh, come, come!" laughed the Vicar. "It's not so bad as that. Say rather forty-eight, not eighty. But tell me, my dear old friend, now that you have reached a ripe and mellow age, how do you find this pleasant world of ours?"

"Damned awful!" replied the visitor promptly.

The Vicar was surprised.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

"Granted," said the young man generously. "Believe me or believe me not, Catchpole, old fruit, I've lost four fortunes in as many weeks, and now I'm broke to the wide. I don't possess a penny in the world."

"You appal me!" gasped the Vicar. "Would it be an impertinence to ask how you lost your last fortune?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Smith suavely. "I put it all into an offertory-box."

"B—but I don't understand. Why were you so generous?"

The young man laughed.

"Oh, it wasn't generosity, believe me. If the churches had supported me and bought up the invention, I should have netted a cool million. The box was guaranteed burglar-proof, and cheap at the price, but it didn't catch on with the clergy."

"I see," said the Reverend Wilkinson, in tones of bewilderment. "And what are you going to do now?"

Mr. Smith's answer came in a hollow, sepulchral voice.

"The River Trym," he whispered, "is a sluggish stream, but in its sullen depths a ruined man may find oblivion. I was on my way there when I passed your gate, and some strange prompting urged me to turn aside from my purpose. Forgive me. I will continue my journey now—my journey to the place from which there is no returning."

The Vicar was visibly affected.

"My poor fellow," he said, placing his arm affectionately round his visitor's neck, "you mustn't say such things; the hideous act you contemplate is an offence against both your Maker and the law of the land. Take heart of grace; you shall dine with me this evening and I will give you a bed for the night. To-morrow morning you shall come with me to Slyme Court and explain your troubles to my dear friend and esteemed patron, Lord Grebe; I am sure he will be able to find you some honest employment, or, failing that, to encourage you with words of cheer."

Mr. Smith's face brightened on the instant. "I say, you know, that's damned good of you, old boy," he exclaimed. "I can assure you Lord and Lady Grebe will find in me an invaluable addition to the Slyme Court ménage. I am ready to do anything, from drowning the Grebe kittens to bathing the Grebe baby, and at a pinch I make a tolerably efficient billiard marker."

"There isn't a baby at Slyme Court," said the Vicar gloomily. "I doubt very much if there are any kittens."

"No baby? No kittens? What *is* the aristocracy coming to these days? I shall certainly look into this to-morrow, and in the meantime, old egg, I wouldn't say 'no' to a spot of whisky."

The Vicar looked uncomfortable.

"I'm afraid I have no whisky to offer you," he said. "There is a little elderberry wine, made by my sister——"

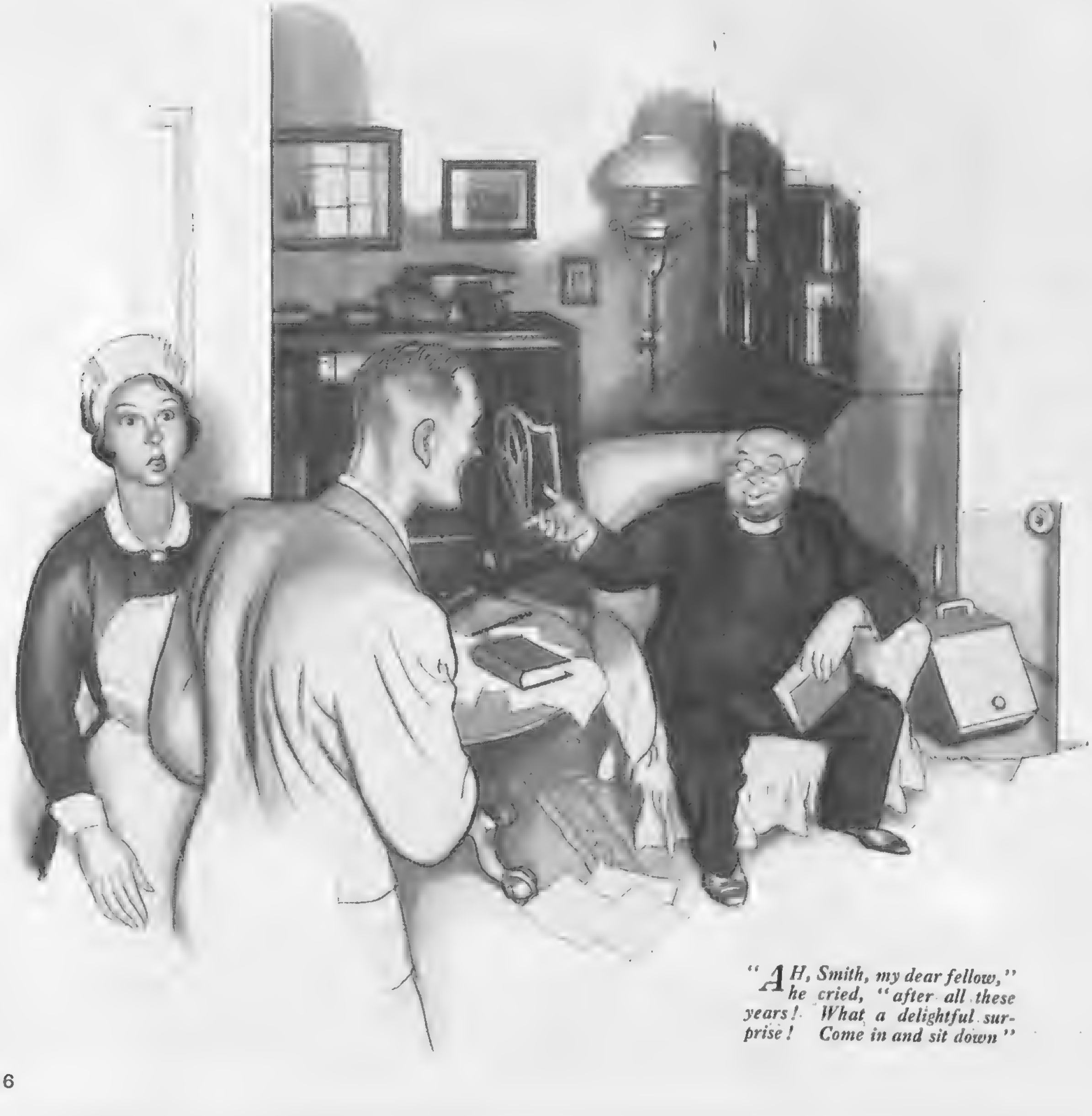
"Fish it out, Catchpole, fish it out. It's probably got a kick like a mule."

THE Mudflats-on-Trym Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society had enjoyed a brilliantly successful career for ten years at the time when this story begins, and the annual productions, staged each midsummer in the old tithe barn at Slyme Court, had come to be regarded as milestones in Mudflats history. Lord and Lady Grebe always took a keen interest in the Society's activities, and when, at eleven o'clock on a fine June morning, the Reverend Wilkinson Catchpole made his way up to the Court in company with his guest, Mr. Smith, he did so with a dual object. He wished to interest his patron, Lord Grebe, in the desperate case of the companion of his schooldays, and to consult him with regard to the Society's forthcoming production. He found the peer in the Library, glancing through a catalogue of picture-post-cards, of which he was a keen collector. Seated at his elbow was Clive Worthington, his lordship's secretary, nephew, and aide-de-camp, while on a sofa at the other end of the room were Lady Grebe and Angela Worthington, Clive's young wife, engrossed in a chukker of "Snakes and Ladders."

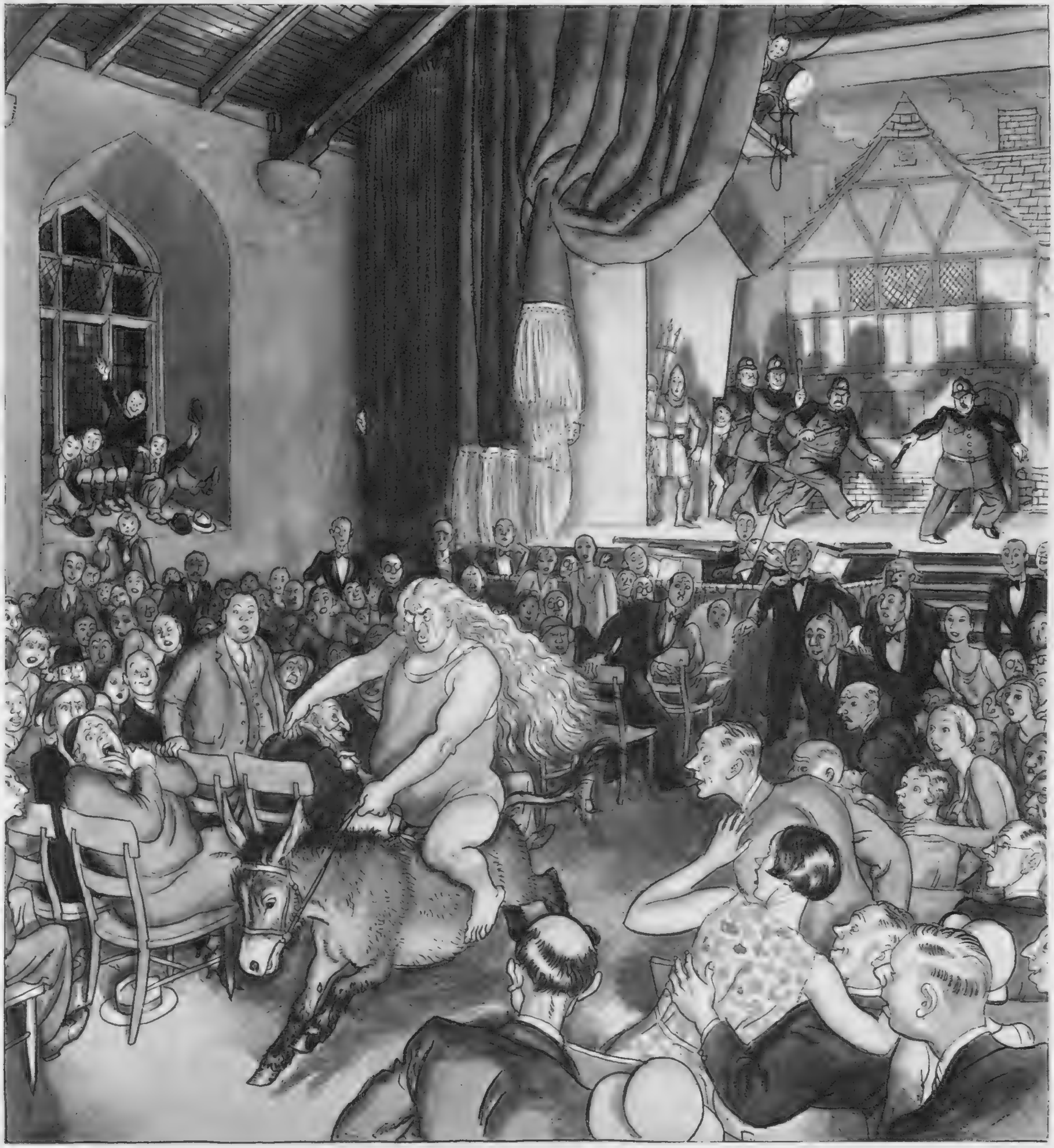
"Ah, Catchpole, my dear fellow," said Lord Grebe, looking up and transfixing the Vicar with his eyeglass, "you're just in time for a glass of sherry and a biscuit. Who's your friend?"

"This is a very dear school chum of mine, my lord," said the Vicar. "I brought him along to tell you his sad story. He has lately met with heavy financial reverses, and I thought perhaps——"

"I know," remarked Lord Grebe sympathetically. "Some of these



"AH, Smith, my dear fellow," he cried, "after all these years! What a delightful surprise! Come in and sit down"



THE donkey, terrified by the sudden onslaught of the police, bucketed its way down the flight of steps leading from the stage into the auditorium

jockeys ought to be dashed well warned off; I 've had a rotten time myself lately. Well, how about this play business? What sort of a show are we goin' to put on this year. Got any ideas? Clive, there 's a good fellow, ring for the sherry."

The Vicar coughed, deprecatingly.

"I 'm afraid I can make no suggestions myself, my lord," he said. "The schoolmistress wants us to do a Greek play."

"We once acted a Greek play at school," observed Lord Grebe reminiscently. "As far as I remember it was about frogs, and the chorus was all male. A rotten idea, my dear fellow. The only Greek work I know is 'tupto'—'I strike'; and I 'm dashed well goin' to do it if you put on anything like that."

"Miss Blenkinsop says there would have to be classical dancing—in the nude," put in the Vicar nervously.

Lord Grebe for the first time showed signs of animation.

"Oh, well, in that case we 'll have the Greek play," he cried. "What girls were you thinkin' of gettin' for the dancin'?"

"Charles, stop drivelling and talk sense," said Lady Grebe austerely. "I never heard a more revolting suggestion. Nude dancing, indeed! We 'd have half the young people in the village down with pneumonia. No; if we 're to do anything at all, Mr. Catchpole, we must move with the times and stage something thoroughly modern. A Russian play, for choice, full of new thought."

Unexpectedly, Mr. Smith, who up to now had sat silent, broke in upon the company's deliberations.

"Have you got any vodka?" he enquired succinctly.

Everybody stared, and Lady Grebe stammered.

"I—I don't quite understand, Mr.—er——"

"Can't do a Russian play without vodka," said the stranger. "Absolutely essential, both on and off the stage. Why, most of the dialogue is taken up with such sentences as 'Hey, little mother, tell Katinka to (*Continued on page* 94)

The Story of ANGELICA BALABANOFF

By Jeanne Bordeux

who rocked Socialism Irony of World greatest

THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. . . . When the cradle happens to contain a grown man, the proverb is usually changed to "*cherchez la femme*"; but both proverbs mean much the same thing. For the only persons who know the real truth about the world's great men have always been the women who have either rocked them or loved them—as mothers, wives, secretaries, or courtesans.

Twenty years ago, in a dusty room of a dustier Milan office, there sat an ill-assorted couple. A small, pale-faced woman was reading proofs, holding the printed letters close to her eyes. On the opposite side of the desk was seated a swarthy young man with beetling brows and flashing mien.

The man was also casually reading proofs. He was the editor of a Socialist paper called *Avanti!* The woman was his assistant. Now and then they would exchange a few words. And it was when they spoke that the difference between them seemed even more strangely contrasted.

The sickly assistant's voice was vibrant and personable; but that of the young man was hesitant and querulous. No one could have recognised in his manner the future dictator of Italy—Benito Mussolini.

He was being rocked in the cradle of Socialism by the pale-faced young Russian woman. Her name was Angelica Balabanoff, daughter of great wealth, but a voluntary disciple of world revolution.

Each day she came to the office early, and by ten o'clock in the evening, her work done, was ready to go home. But Benito Mussolini always arrived late in the evening, and, regardless of her fatigue, often asked her to walk home with him.

"What are you afraid of?" she had asked him this night. "Of myself, of shadows, of trees, for one never knows what may be hiding back of trees or in the shadows," he had answered sadly. And sometimes it would be almost dawn before he was ready to go, and the streets deserted, as the little woman trotted along beside the young man. At Benito's door they would stop and shake hands, then, without a word of thanks for her company, or even a polite question as to how she was feeling, if she were tired or not, he would go in, leaving her to walk along the grey Milan streets to her own humble home.

She wanted no tenderness from him, nor from any man, for she was sincere in her belief that a woman could be a comrade as well as a man. But she was human, this anæmic daughter of Russia, and a little recognition of her worth as a helper would not have displeased her. Yet—she frequently reminded herself—he was always like that; selfish, self-centred.

Benito was so weak, too, a vacillating creature, unsure of himself, vengeful and inordinately ambitious. He shirked responsibility, always putting the burden of a decision on to her. He admitted her superior training.

Benito Mussolini: An early Portrait

IT was at Lausanne that she had met for the first time the man who was to become Italy's dictator. He was miserably poor then, and even among the exiles was looked down upon as insignificant.

All the Italians in Lausanne were poor, and most of them were Socialists, faithfully attending all conferences and working hard for the Party. It was in the hall where Angelica—herself an exile from her native Czar-ridden land—was holding a conference on the Paris commune that her attention was drawn to a new face, a face almost deformed by excessive nervousness—and hunger.

The restless eyes, the uncertain glance of the fugitive, the hands in perpetual motion, the shabby clothes, all gave her the impression of a person fleeing not only from justice, but from life itself.

Instantly her instinctively kind heart went out to him. Whoever—or whatever—he was, he needed to be helped.

When the conference was over, she asked one of her companions who the strange man was.

"He 's a poor, miserable fellow," was the reply. "A certain Mussolini. He doesn't know how to do any sort of manual labour, and he had to give up being a primary teacher because of sickness and some other trouble at home that I don't know about. Anyway, we 're sorry for him, and doing what we can to help."

"If he doesn't work," Angelica questioned, "how does he live?"

"Oh," the man, a young plasterer, shrugged in true Italian

— the Wealthy Russian Woman the Cradle of and, by the Fate, gave the Mussolini, its Modern Dictator

Angelica Balabanoff

fashion, "the best way he can; a bit of bread from one, a night's lodging from another. Sometimes one of the Builders' Union lets him sleep in his bed when he is working nights. I've had my wife make him a shirt and some underwear out of an old sheet we happened to have. Another companion gives him one meal a day."

Without waiting for further introduction, Angelica presented herself to the lonely young man, taking his hand, and telling him that she wanted to help him.

"Help?" he asked in a half-timid, half-savage tone. "Help me? Impossible! I'm beyond help. I've got to die. With a diseased and alcoholic father, what would you have me do? I'm not capable of manual labour, and there's nothing that I can do to earn a piece of bread for myself."

"No matter," she tried to be encouraging. "You mustn't be desperate. Look at all these people about you: they also have had to fight for their bread, and to acquire an object in life. Socialism has redeemed them from utter hopelessness, elevated them. You must not despair."

"Well, I am discouraged," he insisted. "And I've lost confidence in myself. The Socialist group in Milan offered me 50 francs to translate an article by Kautsky. Fifty francs would have been my salvation, but I can't do the translation, because I'm just beginning to learn German, and I don't know the Marxian terms."

"That's nothing. I'll help you to translate the article if you like, and you can keep the fifty francs."

Angelica explained that as a Socialist she felt it her duty to put herself at the disposition of all those who needed her help, or, at least, the little that she could give.

They met often after that, these two young people. Angelica felt a great compassion for Benito, and tried to compensate him for the social injustices from which he had suffered from childhood, the consequences of which had sickened him and robbed him of will power. Every time that she found some new weakness in him, she tried to recall how different the conditions of their youth had been. It made her even more indulgent. She clothed and fed him with a part of her income from Russia.

That she was instrumental in making him a Socialist is undeniable.

DAY by day, week by week, she saw him grow intellectually, while the will to do and dare remained weak.

"It would be stupid to pretend that in his weakness one could have discovered the germ of the atrocious treason, which, with the passing of years, and the specific surroundings of the war, were to mature in him." Thus wrote Angelica Balabanoff long afterwards in her diary.

"He was not, and never has had, a brilliant mind," she added. "He has merely been able to take the ideas of others, in a sense, transform them, and use them as his own. He has never had an original thought in all his life.

"Benito was always vindictive, and from the time he first became editor of *Avanti!* I saw an unholy ambition growing in him, though it was not until that time that I realised he had any personal ambitions to be other than a simple man.

"When he became powerful, he found a way to get rid of anyone who interfered with his plans for greatness. Yet when he was being clothed, fed, sheltered by Italian working men who had little enough for themselves, he was a fine Socialist, and I, along with hundreds of others, believed in him.

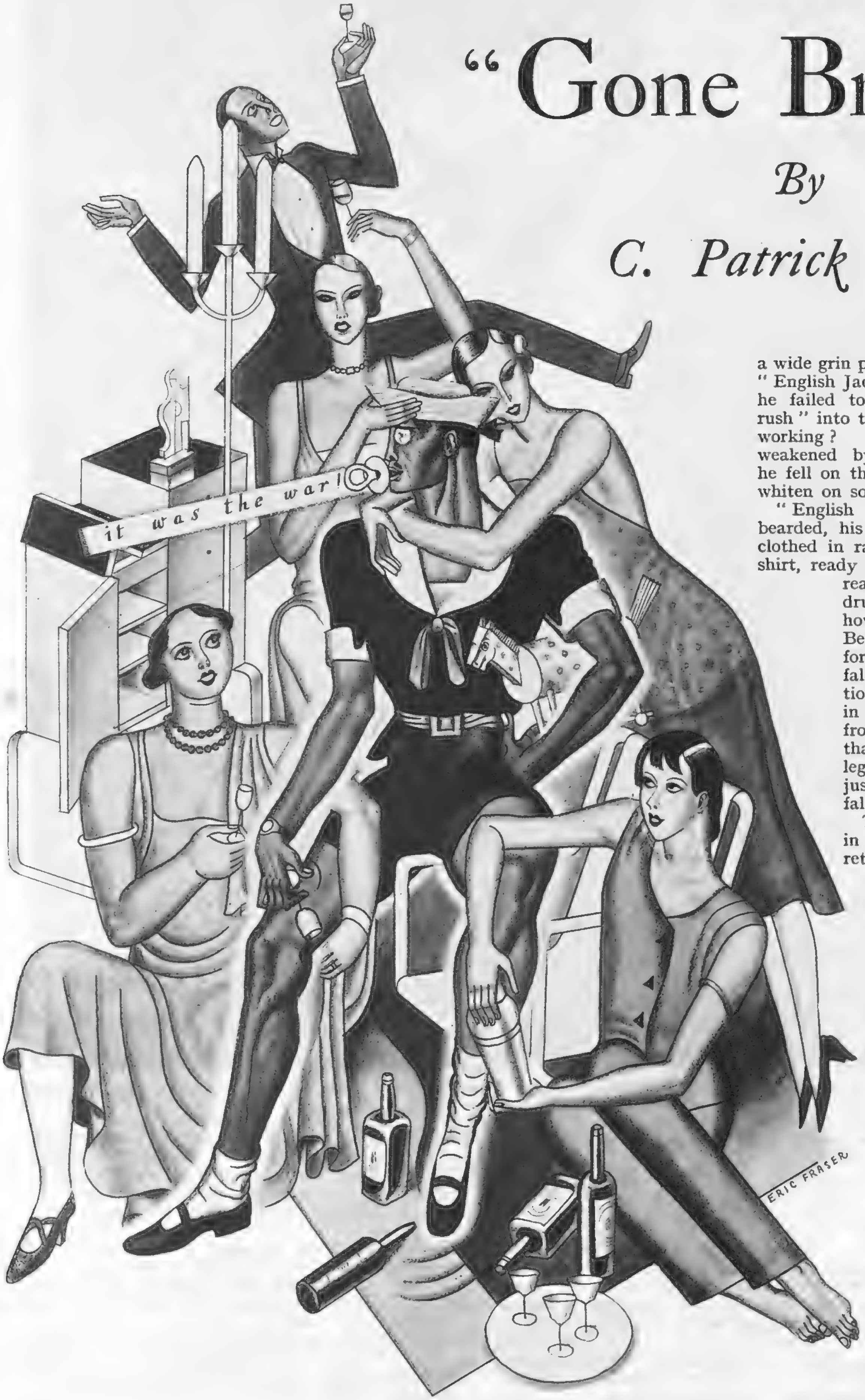
"It was not until we worked together on *Avanti!* that I began to realise that he was a coward, who, at a given moment, might turn against those who had given him life."

One of Mussolini's strangest habits (*Continued on page* 92).

"Gone Bright"

By

C. Patrick Thompson



HE used to wander along the water-front with the other beachcombers of Buenos Ayres. Under his arm he carried a battered old tin can. When hunger made itself felt he would drop his can at the end of its string over a ship's side and hopefully wait for some good-natured man of the sea to drop some grub in it. So he lived. So they all lived. Then the authorities got tired of this army of 8000 " bums " camped on the quays, and passed a law which drove them out.

Our friend wandered down to Santos, the coffee port, and resumed his old sordid, sparrow life, until the city police included him in a round-up of beachcombers and trained the lot 600 miles into the interior, on the optimistic assumption that this violent break with their habits would force them to work or starve. Three months later he was lying on a dock in Santos again. He had come on foot over the mountains and along the wild trails, sleeping in the open, frozen on the uplands, scorched on the plains, feeding himself God knows how. What drew him back ? The smell of a big city, liquor, squalor, gregariousness. Four times that happened. Each time a wide grin passed along the water-front. " English Jack 's back again." And then he failed to return from the " bums' rush " into the interior. Reformed, and working ? Scarcely. More probably, weakened by dissipation and hunger, he fell on the way back, and his bones whiten on some trail or mountain path.

" English Jack " ! Drink-sodden, bearded, his emaciated unwashed body clothed in ragged trousers and a filthy shirt, ready to panhandle from anyone, ready to crawl and do a drunken belly-dance (" that 's how they do it at the Folies-Bergère, boys ; I 've seen 'em") for the price of a block-and-fall (that raw alcoholic concoction which they feed to sailors in the saloons along the water-front, and which is so potent that it gets its name from the legend that after one you can just walk a block before you fall).

The women he danced with in the London and Paris cabarets, and drank with in studios and at cocktail-bars, and made love to in the boudoirs and bedrooms of their flats and houses, or as they drove him about in their cars—they wouldn't have recognised in this emaciated scarecrow their erstwhile pet, that lordly young man of the reckless ways and beautiful clothes, who revolved so decoratively and gaily in a particular fast set whose members were at that time (1926-7) much publicised by the gossip-writers.

The beachcomber known as English Jack could say, as a muscular young man who lived on women and is now dead has said in his posthumous diary : " Women loved me too well. . . ." He could say,

women loved me too well
ERIC FRASER

Sidelights on HIGH LIFE in the Fast Sets

Decorations by Eric Fraser

as many young people of both sexes have said to excuse shortcomings varying from murder and robbery to liquor-soaking, business-failure, pleasure-lust and babies produced without the formality of a marriage service: "It was the war . . ." But if you say that he started with a weak character, and the habits and philosophy of the set he fell in with contaminated him, so that a rot spot (which discipline or the influence of sound companionship, male or female, might conceivably have eradicated) spread, as it will in an apple lying against other rotten apples—well, you have said all that needs saying.

Yet this man had good stuff in him somewhere. He could endure. He had tenacity, purposefulness of a sort. He was not a coward. All this his obstinate journeys back from the savage interior of the Argentine revealed. He had something; but it was smothered under a lush-weed growth manured in London's fast sets.

In a better organised world such human material might not be wasted so utterly. At least a by-product might be squeezed out of it. In a recent notorious case, the doctor who made an examination of a dead man, who lived on women and had no other means of support and sought none, was struck by his muscular development. Deprived of the income of the gigolo, in a brutal and scientifically-run world, this muscular young man would have been compelled to work or starve; and he might have made an admirable porter, road-mender, lorry-driver or builder's labourer.

"Oh, how terrible for the poor darling," the women who adored him in London and Paris would have said. "He always took such care of his hands." But it is just conceivable that when he had got used to it, and to his mates, he might have been quite happy. There were such cases, quite a number of them, in the war. The war damaged a lot of characters; but nobody will ever know how many characters the clumsy iron military machine toughened and made, how many mothers' darlings it turned into men, and how many potential gigolos it disciplined and developed into useful citizens.

Similarly (the statisticians being busy in other duller fields of investigation and research) no one will ever be able to determine just how much potential good stuff has been softened and corroded in the gin-soaked atmosphere, amid the shrill *he-heeing*, of the fast sets and the Bright Young People.

SOME youngsters, of course, are born Bright. Others succumb to this mental and nervous disease after exposure to virulent carriers of the germ. They are then said to have "Gone Bright," and they are about as easy to cure as a dope addict. Their systems get accustomed to cocktails and neat whisky, and they must have both in quantity. They must have the stimulus of obscene chatter, late nights, "gang" assemblies, new stunts, cheers, shrieks, laughter, the "gang" slang. They acquire a "Bright" philosophy, a superior air, and an exhibitionist complex.

Socialists and shallow moralists are fond of pointing to them as a peculiarly latter-day phenomenon: the men and women, the youths and dollies, of the fast-set crowd. In so far as they play pranks and pursue nothing except pleasure, this is scarcely true. The pleasure-loving froth has always flecked the human ocean, particularly in times of transition and upheaval. It was very fizzy, very perceptible, in the social life of Imperial Rome and of revolutionary France. But there is an essential difference, which some may think admirable, but others find disquieting. The old fast sets could be formidable. The women meddled with personages, the men in politics. A certain virility was allied with their viciousness. Many of them also displayed a febrile intelligence. Clodius may have been a scandal, but he was also a bit of a Hitler, and Cæsar himself had to pay attention to him. On the other hand the modern fast-set types are thin wine. They play no part in anything except the dreary farce of their own invertebrate lives. Even their amours are inane. Even their debauches are silly and self-conscious. Many of them suffer from a sort of infantile complex, which impels them at regular intervals to dress up as children and wheel one another about in prams, and suck their cocktails out of feeding bottles, in order to achieve the ecstatic peak of social enjoyment.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Germany

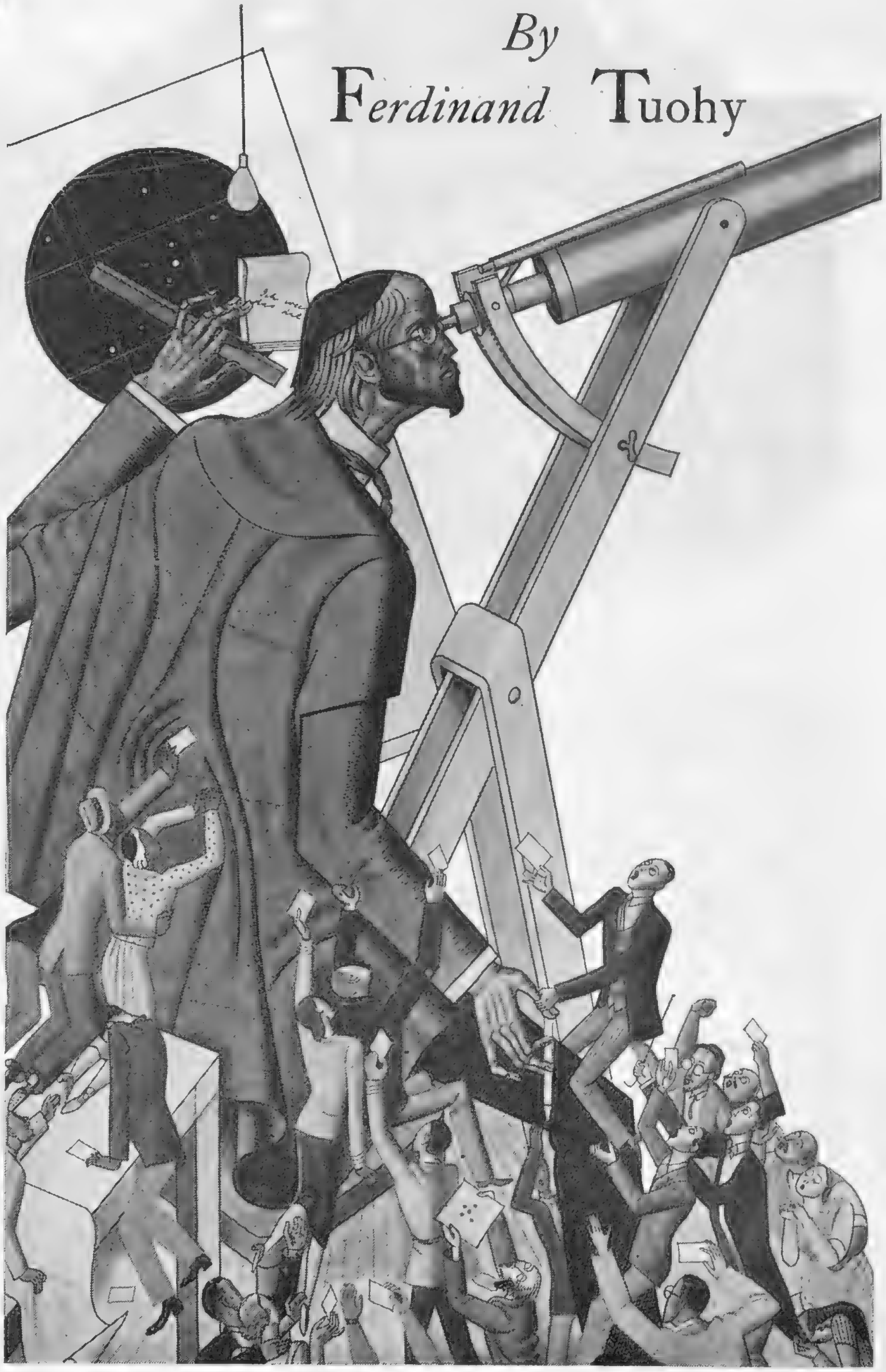
By Ferdinand Tuohy

JAN HANUSSEN, acrobat, juggler and illusionist, who runs an occult paper, "Bunte Wochenschau," and who is making a fortune out of the new cult in Berlin

"IN order to act, Man must have the support of a sign corresponding by analogy to his will. This is the basis of the power of the human word. It is the fundamental law of magic."

Hitler chose the swastika sign, Buddhist symbol of the Sun and of Light; and one day, when perspective has been gained, it will be written how the Austrian house-painter awakened in his adopted Germany such a craze for the stars, for divination, for magic high and low, for the reading of dreams and the study of magnetism, for fetish worship, for telling the future in all its forms from palmistry to the Kabbala, such a cult as one thought had been left behind in the Middle Ages. The only people in full employment in Germany to-day are the star-readers and the clairvoyants and their ilk. I take care, for Jeans' sake, not to write "astrologers," although obvious it must be that the translation of simplified books such as his have made their contribution to the wave of desire, primarily for stellar comfort, which has descended upon the Reich. Two thousand tellers of the future have sprung up in Berlin alone since the beginning of the year, and the craze, the pathological craze, is at this writing spreading round the whole country. I acquired copies of six quite recently born Berlin occult journals, and more are in gestation. We are confronted by a national neurosis, or, it were better said, by a national-socialist one, since if the renascence of everything appertaining to magic has by now had its repercussions in most sections of the community, the Nazis started the ball rolling. It suited their book to swerve the popular mind towards something new and mysterious in the launching of their programme. The fates were with the Nazis. Why, you could see it in the stars—proof positive! Here was the Leader himself born under the sign of Taurus and Sagittarius, giving an upright mind and one capable of ruling, plus energy, a Jovian influence adding wisdom, honour. He was also the crowned conqueror under Seven of the Taroc. And look at the dread sign of Saturn, under which the Second Reich (Ebert's) came into being! It seems to me, in passing, that one can prove almost anything one wishes with the stars, though that may well be the bleat of a profane one.

The point is that the thing caught on. And far outside Nazi circles. To-day almost the only ones not dabbling in the occult would appear to be the Communists (picture Moscow paying heed to such frivolities as the Zodiac) and the Catholics, who necessarily turn from any vogue that denies the supernatural. The bulk of the Prussian cities, anyhow, appear well and truly bitten; nor is the explanation difficult of seeking. Take in first case the spectacular Hitlerite success under the swastika, the impetus that gave to the mystic generally. It followed that many of the 800,000 incorporated Nazis progressively took up the study of the stars, which study forms the crux and kernel of what is transpiring. And that these brownshirts, in turn, communicated their new interest to their own circles, the contagion ever widening in this fashion. It was first-rate propaganda, too. By summoning stellar support, one could foretell such stunning political successes for the future. A good



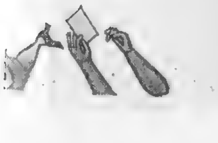
deal of the horoscope casting that is the vogue differs but slightly from that intelligent anticipation, also called in the profession "think stuff," which has become a familiar manifestation of post-war international journalism. It is astounding, in this respect, how Hitler has been aided by practices of magic. For magical it is to organise wholesale persuasion on the strength of the heavens.

THE horoscope of everybody who is anybody is printed in the new occult papers published in Germany and the stellar fans work these out for themselves. Here is Von Papen with his horoscope

studies the Stars

A struggling N*ation*, swayed *by the* Swastika, turns *to the* Fortune-tellers, H*oroscope*-makers *and* Mystics, who *grow fat* on *a* cult *which* would have *been* the envy *of* medieval magicians

BUT then something else happened, and left Nazi politics on one side. The despair of hundreds of thousands at useless toiling against the current sent, particularly, Berliners flocking to know if the fates held any germ of comfort for the morrow. One can visualise it. The popular turning to the stars in reaction from fourteen years of hardship and degradation. Nothing else had helped them so far. Each morning the battle restarted, only to end as hopelessly each evening. The quest for work, the struggle to feed mouths, the losses in business, the eternal question mark. What of the morrow? Yes, the phenomenon is tolerably clear. These Prussians have ever had mysticism in their make-up. Their nerves have been frayed and frayed by daily events. Erstwhile solaces, such as religion, have quietly evaporated, for a definite paganism to take their place. The future, the German future, their own personal future, could anything be gleaned about that? All eyes to the future! As I have said, nothing heretofore had helped much to soften the cruel waiting. How about the occult, the unknown, the heavens, the electric fluid these people are sure is somewhere about one and all of them, if only they could capture an inkling of its significance? How about astral influence? And dreams? And magnetism? And fetishes? And clairvoyance generally? Would a dose of any or all tend to relieve matters? There is little doubt what the answer has been in much of the Reich; and in the result we see large sections of a great nation groping after some form of hyper-science, anxious to wed this to more solid stuff, to wed it to known phenomena, the utmost expression of which yet reached may perhaps be Professor Piccard's eminently practical chase after those cosmic rays that are expected eventually to throw some light on the origin of the universe and upon its ultimate fate.



Very far, the gallant professor, from Berlin girls consulting "professors" as to whether they should marry men born under the sign of Saturn with the Ram and the Sun active in the Ninth Solar House? Poles apart, the gallant professor, from stock exchange gamblers consulting other "professors" as to whether the market will go this way or that under Leo in conjunction with Capricorn in the Third Solar House? Maybe so. Stickiness, too, is apt to shoot in and out of the new cult. Eroticism is usually not very far away: astral explanations of wells of loneliness and so forth. Yet deep down it is impossible not to recognise here and there the germs of an honest hankering after light. Germany's dead set on knowing the future, by hook or by crook (usually the latter), may have its comic side, may prompt a hearty mocking; yet if quackery be rampant, as it is, a not ignoble terrestrial questing, reposing, maybe, on the notion that we have got about as much out of the material world, for the moment, as there is to be had, likewise reveals itself. Mr. Thomas, at Ottawa, opens an exhibition at Olympia. Why should modern miracles stop there? Miracles? Well, yes, in Palestine that inauguration would most assuredly have been handed down as a miracle. In fact, as "some miracle." . . .

A MEASURE of weeding out is firstly indicated, in this not very easy subject. It will clear the way. One gathers the occult sciences to be composed of the following :—

Astrology
Physiognomy
Palmistry
The Cards
Handwriting
Dreams
Satanism
Omens and Oracles
Clairvoyance
Fetishes
Names and Numbers
Magnetism and Spiritism

There are sub-divisions, and genuine wallahs will shrink and shudder at the profane one's lumping together of, say, the stars and satanism; but, there you are, this is a general summing-up of what is happening in Germany, not a learned treatise, so the pukka deducers of this and that, from the astral and from dreamland, will have to stick it. What I am out after is deletion of one or two of the above, in so far as this story is concerned. Neither cartomancy nor satanism figures at all. In the room of the Black Mass one attends a séance by a certain Herr Hanussen, of whom more presently. Cards are considered entirely *vieux jeu*, if not as open charlatanism. Rather what is wanted is the mysterious, the unattained. Physiognomy, chiromancy, graphology, are taking a second-row seat as subsidiaries called into duty more to round out divination developed from other and superior sources. Omens and oracles and names do not seem to be occupying a foremost place. We are left with: Astrology, dreams, fetishes, the Kabbala, and magnetism as the bulwarks of Berlin's revolt against the idea that our fate lies not in our stars but in what we do. Current Berlin is all for the stars. Horoscope-casting comprises at least two-thirds of the new cult. The capital's

(*Continued on page* 114)

Star Makers

Hollywood is full of men and women who spend their lives making stars—and get little credit for it

By *Margaret Chute*

ERNST LUBITSCH is probably the best-known film director in the world. Maurice Chevalier (with cap) is never happy in his films unless Lubitsch is directing them

MARY ASTOR in Max Factor's beauty parlour. His shop at Hollywood is a meeting place for stars who go to him for advice about their make-up

JAMES WONG HOWE, the only Chinese cameraman in Hollywood. His work is exceptionally good. Photographed "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" and "Condemned"

STAR-MAKING is a thankless task. Hollywood is full of men and women whose working lives are devoted to the business of creating stars for the screen. The Stars get the credit ; the star-makers remain, for the most part, in oblivion. In spite of everything Press Agents may say the Public displays more interest in Marlene Dietrich than in Joseph von Sternberg, the man who made her, cinematographically.

King Vidor may build a great film ; but the people who pay good money across the box-office counters are more interested in Ruth Chatterton, Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, than in the man—or men—who make these players live before our eyes on the screen.

We know that actors and actresses are highly paid ; but we do not ask, very often, what sort of financial reward is handed out to such men as Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor, von Sternberg, and the rest. We do not think about the highly paid scenario writers whose typewriting machines grind out the stories that help to make stars world-famous. Not a thought is given to the people who design dresses, or plan a new kind of make-up, or invent a novel type of hair-cut—any of which happenings may help to make a star out of somebody who has been merely mediocre in the past.

On the topmost point of the highest hill to the north of Hollywood there sprawls a white-walled palace ; gleaming in the Californian sunshine it is a landmark for miles. The visitor, arriving in the midst of Studioland, spots this gorgeous house, and exclaims, instantly—" Whose house is that ? Which of the film stars owns that wonderful house ? " And the answer is—not a film star at all. Just a writer ; and a mere woman, at that.

The house belongs to Frances Marion, who is said to be the most highly paid writer in the world. She has been responsible for some of the biggest successes the screen has known, both in its silent and talking days. She wrote, for her great friend Marie Dressler, those two vivid stories, "Min and Bill" and " Emma." For little Jackie Cooper and lumbering, lovable Wallace Beery she created that screen epic, " The Champ."

Other films to her credit are " The Secret Six," and " The Big House." All her life Frances Marion has been a worker, a writer. To-day, her income is one a Queen might envy ; she lives in a palace, and puts at least eight hours of solid concentrated work into every day. Marie Dressler would tell the whole world, given the chance, that her own success in films is due to the stories Frances Marion has written for her. And many other stars feel the same way about this quiet, brown-haired woman, who does not seem to know the meaning of *failure* where her work is concerned.

In her private life unhappiness has not been absent. She was married to

Fred Thompson, the cowboy film star, whose death about two years ago was a real shock to the Studios. He was so gay, so strong, so happy in the big white house on the hill, where Frances Marion lived the happiest years of her life with the man who adored her. After his death she felt she could not work; and the expense of that vast house was more than she was justified in affording. So she tried to sell the place by auction; but before the sale took place she fell in love with a brilliant Director, George Hill, while they were working together on "The Big House." They were married, and spent their honeymoon on location, while the film was being made. The house on the hill was kept on.

ADRIAN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous costume director, designs dresses for Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, and many of the leading stars of the screen. He is showing a partly finished design to Greta Garbo

BUT that second marriage did not last; a divorce has made her a free woman again, and she is back in her old home, devoting all her energies to the production of stories that will make new stars, and keep the established favourites at the top of the tree. Bess Meredyth is another woman whose clever, inventive brain has provided many splendid stories for film stars. She adapted "Ben Hur" and wrote for Joan Crawford "Our Blushing Brides" and "Laughing Sinners." For Lawrence Tibbett she did "The Prodigal," and for John Gilbert the film called "Cheri-Bibi" in America, though over here it was known as "The Phantom of Paris."

Bess Meredyth, who gives some of the most amusing parties in Hollywood, is married to the Hungarian film director, Michael Curtiz, for whom she writes many stories. She says she likes to do several consecutive stories for one star; for instance, she enjoyed working on "Don Juan," "When a Man Loves," and "The Sea Beast," all of them for John Barrymore. Dorothy Farnum says she would rather write stories for the stars than be a Princess! For Greta Garbo she has done more than one film since "The Divine Woman," which was the first film in which the Swedish girl was starred. Miss Farnum studied Garbo carefully; and although she could not speak Swedish she managed to get under the skin of the apparently cold girl from the North, and discovered the vivid flaming personality that has since enchanted the cinematic world.

Below: COMTESSE VALENTINE de TUKINE seen here with Lilyan Tashman (left), designs costumes in Paris for all the stars who appear in the French versions of Paramount pictures

BEFORE a player can become famous it is necessary to make the public familiar with his or her face. This is done by means of flooding the papers with portraits; and the making of these portraits is not the least interesting part of life inside the Studios. A girl of twenty-one has done more to popularise the faces of the stars than anyone else in the business. Her name is Ruth Harriet Louise, and for some years she made Studio Portraits at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Her studio was on the roof of one of the office buildings; a tiny place, with a tea table, a large gramophone, and a stack of records as its chief furniture. To that roof-top studio climbed all the best-known stars; Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Garbo, Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Buster Keaton, Jackie Coogan. "Ruth Harriet," as everyone called her, was such a popular personality that stars actually enjoyed going to be photographed, instead of loathing it.

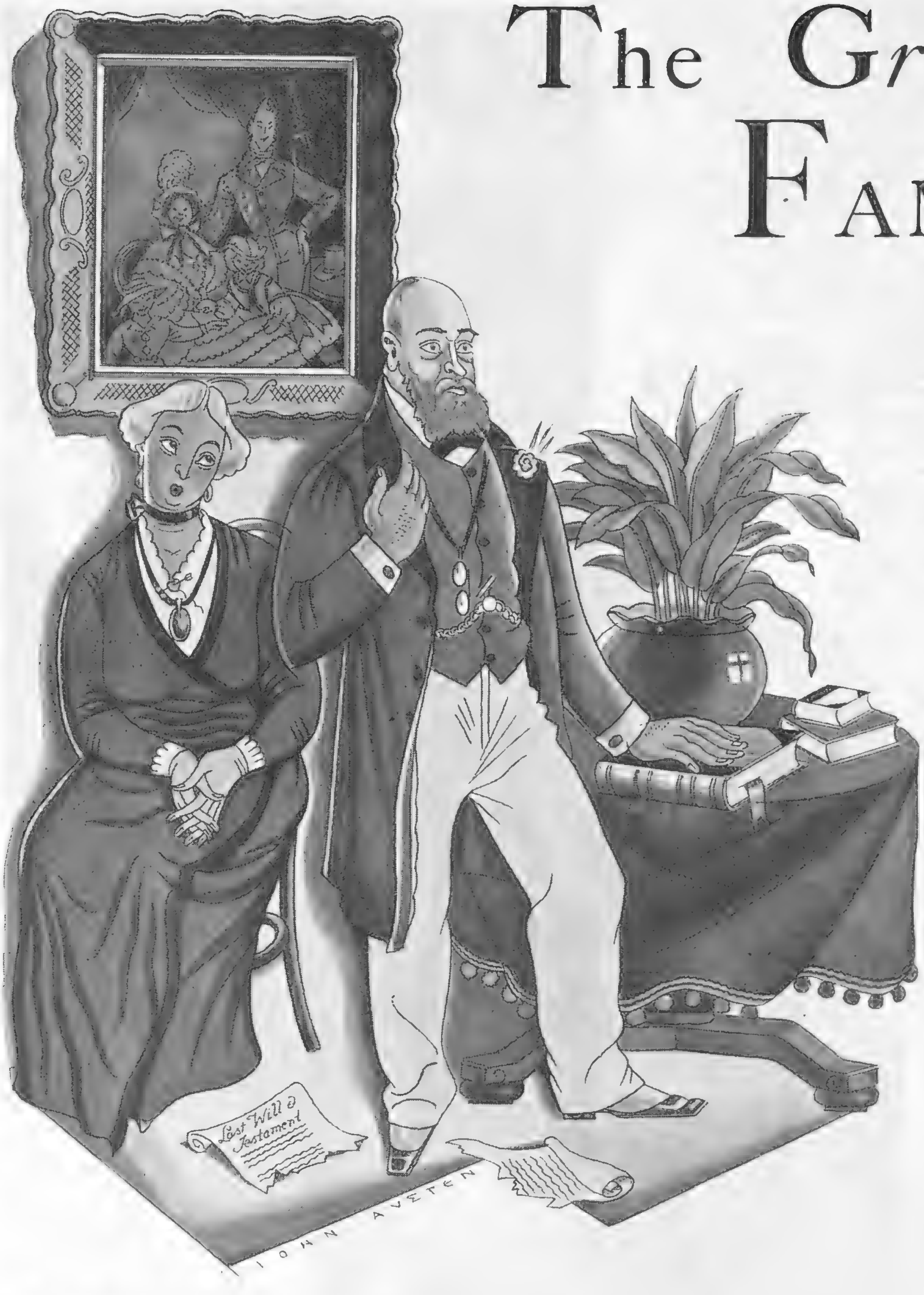
She always took her pictures to music; and by playing different types of melodies she was able to reveal unsuspected characteristics in her sitters. She is so attractive herself that many visitors to the studio mistook her for a star, when they saw her hurrying through the grounds. She was not twenty-one when she was having more portraits reproduced in American magazines than any other photographer. William Haines, she told me once, provided her most difficult subject, because he refused to be serious, and invariably burst into a wild Russian dance just when she was

(*Continued on page* 103)

DOROTHY FARNUM, the famous scenario writer, who has written many plays for Greta Garbo

The *Great* Family

Decorations by



"MOTHER," said the very little boy, "I have decided what I shall give you for Christmas pearls! I should like you to wear real pearls now."

When he gave her the string—price sixpence—her heart was ravished. For on her he had thrown away his whole fortune, and no man can spend more than all he has.

"Mother," he said, "I know what I shall give you for your birthday—one of the very large boxes of chocolates in that sweet shop window. I want you to have a box with plenty of ribbon on."

He set off alone to the shop with fourpence halfpenny—a lot of money—and came out with a large box of chocolates with ribbons on it; because as soon as he had started out she had telephoned the shop, saying, "My little boy is coming in to buy me a birthday present. Let him have it, and I will call in and pay the balance."

"Because," she thought to herself, "I won't spoil the visions of my very little boy. I will put that off!"

He wanted to give her the earth and all that was in it; more than that, he believed that he could.

She was Romance; his father was Magnificence; and like most people they were reluctant to greet the dawn when the pedestals would crumble beneath them; when from Romance and Magnificence they would become plain parents, male and female, walking on plain earth.

No wonder that they wanted to put off the day!

On that day, unless graced by a perfect understanding, the barriers begin to go up; the fortifications are laid for the baffling war between the generations.

The vision of a child is into the heart of fairyland; the vision of youth is the vision splendid; the vision of maturity is to the horizon and no more. But if the horizon is wide enough it should always be easy for maturity to understand and to pace youth; while youth cannot possibly understand maturity.

What is the reason of the great family fracas, which was, and which is, but with which the future will probably be able to deal?

Is it love; urge for power; vanity; expediency; sense of property; fear? A little of all—the greatest of them love, misdirected as, rather too often, it happens to be.

Parental love is in most cases disproportioned, the father feeling that most of a parent's job is to urge, correct, discipline, and often impede; a mother swaying the other way as if to regain the lost balance, and loving, doting, spoiling, till that catch-phrase is often and too easily heard, "The child was ruined by its mother."

IS the father's stern attitude the effect of the mother's weaker attitude, or vice versa?

The woman clings to the family from love and fear; her family is her anchorage; her creed; her support; her joy; her justification and her refuge.

The man feels that he has a rightful power over these persons who are—are they not?—his very own. No woman wants to play god; every man craves the rôle. He loves; but in his love there is an overwhelming potion of vanity.

For there is hardly a father who loves a rascal son or a renegade daughter. With the passing of his pride in them, his love passes too. A woman loves them always; they are not only part of her

Fracas

It still goes on, the old Battle between Generations, but Escape grows easier. The Bonds are so slender, the old Music grows so faint . . .

John Austen

By May Edginton

body, but part of her soul, and it is a more cruel ordeal for her to discipline her love for her children than it is for a man to subdue his vanity in, and resign his leadership of, the family of his part-creation.

Yet because the economic aspect plays the chief part in determining the family philosophy, this philosophy differs completely with the difference in classes.

In what is called the "labouring class," a man's sense of property in his children takes less root; they are very much his while they are small, but as they grow bigger, stronger, they easily outgrow such a nest as he can furnish, and he and his wife take Nature's attitude: *let them go.*

They love them very much, and a good working-class mother is a divinity; but they must let them go.

Out go the young girls—not so early as they used to do—into factory or domestic service; out go the boys to find what work they can where they can and to marry early. Out also—one may here note—goes mother, to laundry work or charing; and in this class of life it is accounted to her a virtue. No sociological critic worries about a "neglected" home unless it is "neglected" in the pursuit of pleasure.

What are called the "upper classes" separate early, too, according to their manner. A husband-and-father is off big-game shooting—what is said of Mr. Jones of Tooting when he leaves his wife, even for the space of week-ends, to be that over-pitied product, the suburban golf widow? An upper-class wife-and-mother is off to Paris to shop, or having a round of country-house visits. What is thought, said, and written up in the newspapers, about Mrs. Tooting Jones if she paints her face, leaves the baby two afternoons a week and goes to the cinema? The upper-class son has his own rooms or flat when he leaves the university, and his sister takes equivalent independence, and it occurs to few critics of manners and morals to pity these young people on the score of deprivations or lack of what is called home guidance.

So that this question of the family mode is decided almost entirely on class prejudice.

The great family fracas, then, is waged mostly in the middle classes, where stern necessity does not enforce early partings, and wealth does not bring about easy and natural release from family shackles.

The middle-class parents are still parents all the time; that is the mischief of the thing for them and for their offspring. The job of parenthood, of "keeping up appearances," of "doing the best we can for the children," strains all resources and keeps everyone concerned a prisoner.

THE chief elements of a happy home are love and freedom. When too much anxiety pervades parental love it becomes a neurosis. When too nagging a sense of duty invades filial love, filial love dies.

The parental home, as soon as the children are grown up, is the best background and the worst environment in the world for aspiring youth.

"My boy," says the ordinary cautious father, uncertain really in his own honest mind whether he would rather see the lad a pie-face or a bit of a devil (which will cause trouble), "take my advice and learn by my experience. When I was your age . . ."

This is all useless. The normal boy is already slightly pitying his cautious, anxious citizen-father, and, when he listens, reserves his own opinion. He knows one thing: that all youth is eternally and wearisomely and mercilessly criticised. "Nothing I do will be right," says the normal boy to himself shrewdly, and off he goes. *Let him go.*

In nine normal cases out of ten he will do as well as his father, and in the tenth case he may do better; for family history should be a relay race. It should be progress, and in the furthering of progress, precedent is not infallible. Precedent is the standard of the die-hard, and the safeguard of the timid, the weak, and the unaspiring.

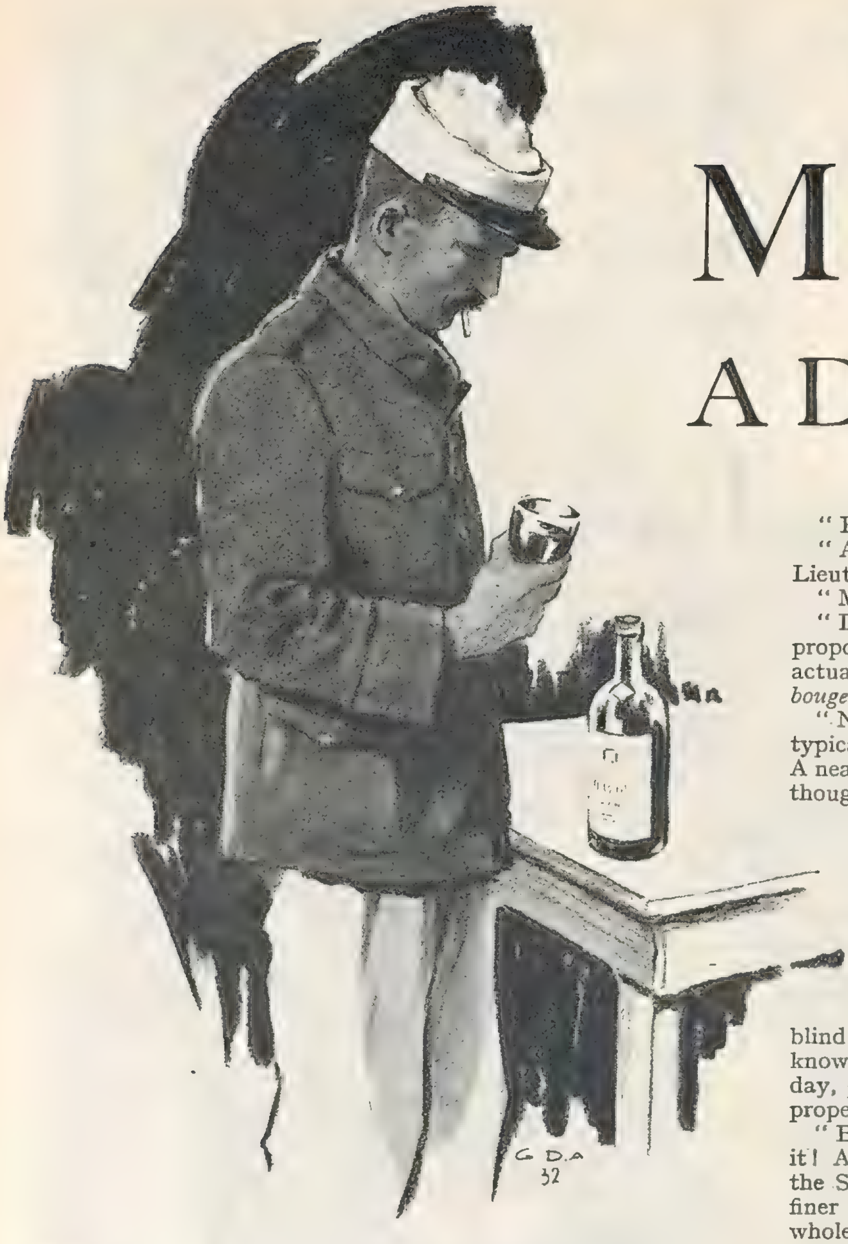
Too many of us reach too soon a stage in life—guided thereto by circumstances just as often as by age—when we dream and dare no more. (*Continued on page* 112)

PARIS
PARIS

The Author of

MASTIC—

A *Drama* ot *the* Foreign



OLD Tant de Soif, incurable *laudator temporis acti,* was reminiscent on the subject of his admired and beloved Captain Le Sage, of whom our Lieutenant Langeac reminds him. Tant de Soif can pay no man a higher compliment than to permit him to remind Tant de Soif of this legendary officer, his *beau idéal* of a leader and a fighting man.

"Lieutenant Langeac will do," said he, as we lolled and lounged through *siesta*-time after our sumptuous lunch. "He has the makings of a Legion officer of the old school and the right stamp. . . . But yes, he will grow up into something very like a man. . . . He may even become another Le Sage—of whom he already begins to remind me, young as he is."

"'What was Le Sage like?' . . . Oh, like a soldier. Like a man and a leader and an officer worthy to command *légionnaires*—by which I mean *légionnaires* of the old school, of the type that has vanished, or is rapidly vanishing. . . . Men like myself *par exemple*. He was quiet . . . almost gentle . . . and grim; low-voiced; easy; very clever; with the determination of a bull-dog. He had no courage because he had no fear and did not know what danger was.

"He neither wanted to live nor to die; to be wounded nor remain unwounded; to be promoted nor to be passed over; to be decorated nor to be left in obscurity.

"He cared for none of these things. No—but he cared for us. . . . And he cared for his job.

"What he did want was to be the perfect soldier and officer, rendering absolute obedience—even unto death—and exacting it.

"He lived for his work—and we lived for him.

"'What was he like?' . . . Oh, tall . . . splendid physique, well set up, strong, ithe and agile.

"'In face?' . . . Oh, rather narrow and long, with grey-green eyes; straight mouth beneath small clipped moustache; a twinkle of humour about mouth and eyes—when they were not grim and hard with determination, pain or anger.

"For he was quick to anger as he was slow to forgive.

"Ah, I shall not look upon his like again unless I live to see Lieutenant Langeac grow into such another. . . .

"My Captain. . . .

"Did I tell you about him and the enterprising citizen who proposed to turn an honest penny by poisoning, maddening and actually killing us, Le Sage's silly *légionnaires,* in his foul *bouge?*

"No? . . . Oh, that was good. Really good. And so typical of our quiet, clever and ruthless Captain Le Sage. . . . A neat little sample of his methods, and an epitome of his logical thought, character, actions and ways.

"Le Sage, you must know, considered no man drunk so long as he could perform his duty when on duty, and behave quietly and properly when not on duty. He did not punish for drunkenness, but he severely punished the wrong-doing due to drunkenness. I mean that drunkenness was absolutely no excuse whatsoever for any misconduct whatsoever.

"Also he tried to see that we got nothing but good wine—when we got anything at all. And he was as blind as any blind man to those things which a good officer knows that it is better for him not to see. . . . On a feast day, *par exemple,* or some good occasion and opportunity for proper rejoicings. . . .

"But a real breach of discipline—Heaven help him who made it! And when he marched us into Fort Bugeaud, away down in the South, there was not a finer company, commanded by a finer officer, in the French Army, and that is as to say in the whole world.

"There was nothing to do at Fort Bugeaud—except work . . . nothing to see but sand and sky . . . nothing to drink but some poor wine in the little shops of the bazaar—miserable huts and holes-in-the-wall, mostly kept by Arabs . . . and nothing to eat but army rations. However, we being the men we were, and Le Sage the commandant that he was, we didn't fare too badly. He found us plenty to do, and saw that we did it; and there was no harassing for the sake of harassing, no over-driving, no bullying, and very little punishment indeed. Fort Bugeaud was the model *poste,* for efficiency, smartness and discipline.

"And then, suddenly, trouble began—quite remarkable, inexplicable, and ugly trouble.

"It began by Maartens and Burgher, two very good Dutchmen, being brought back from the bazaar one night, drunk and very much more than drunk. . . . Mad, in fact. . . . Absolutely raving mad, fighting mad. . . . *amok* . . . dangerous. . . .

Now Maartens and Burgher were two of those proper *légionnaires* who never get drunk in any circumstances, or under any temptation, inducement, or compulsion. Those two had never been drunk once in all their years of service, for nothing could make them drunk.

"Nor, if any conceivable mixture and variety of good liquor could have been poured into them, in such quantities as to intoxicate those two Dutchmen, would it ever have had the effect of making them fighting drunk.

"For they were stolid, sensible men who, being paid to fight, fought when they had to, for their pay and nothing else.

"When they had to fight, they fought like tigers, but they did not fight for amusement—any more than a navvy digs up a road for amusement, after he has done his day's work at digging up a road.

"And here were Maartens and Burgher dragged back from the village into the *poste,* like the most savage of wild beasts just captured in the jungle.

"*BEAU GESTE*" *presents*—

and DRASTIC

Legion

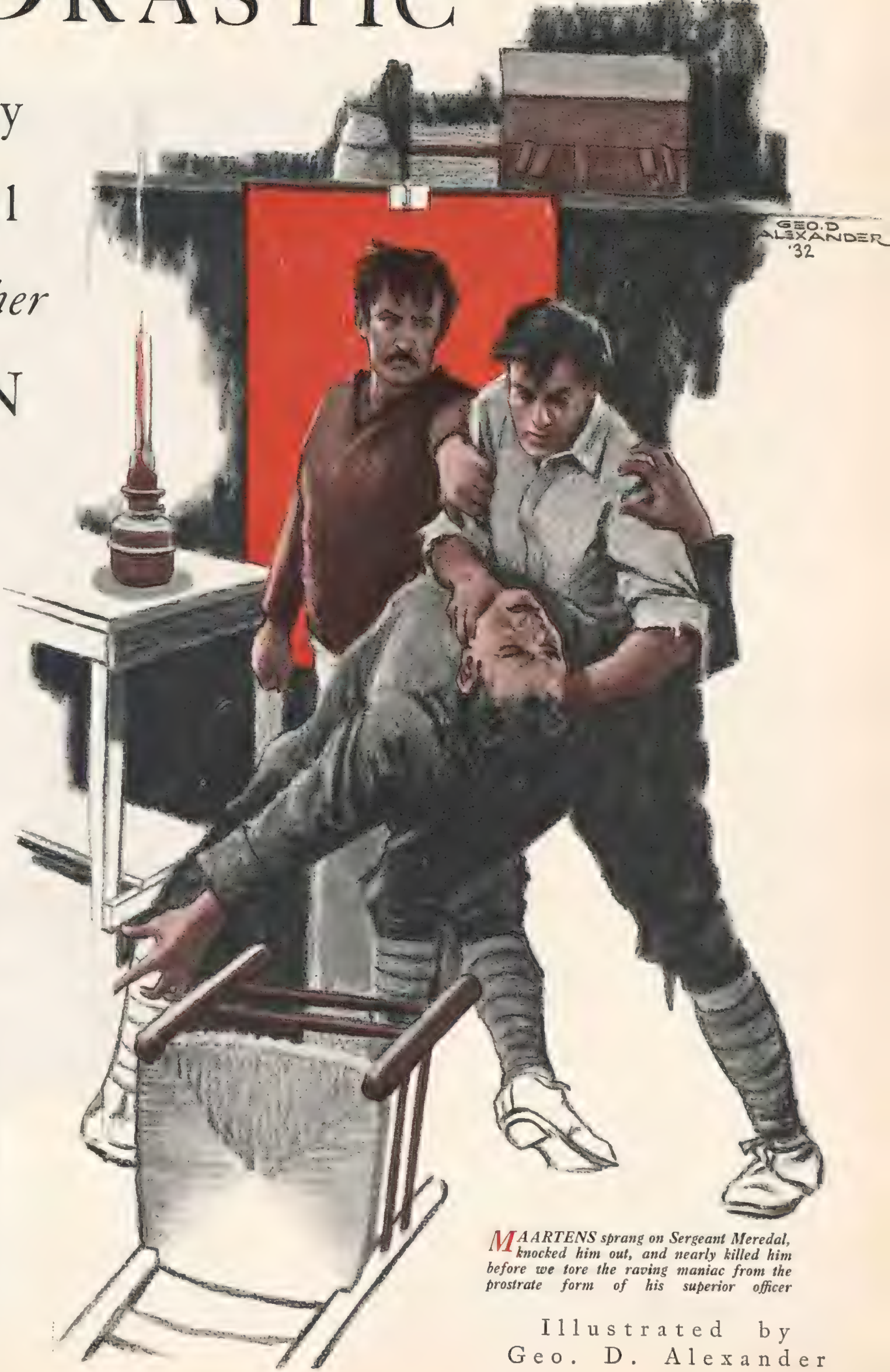
by

Percival Christopher WREN

"Their uniforms were shameful — and shameless — rags; they were covered in blood and dirt; and they had made the picket that brought them in nearly as bad as themselves. And, safe inside, they were like a pair of panthers in a trap.

"Maartens sprang on Sergeant Meredal, knocked him out, and nearly killed him before we tore the raving maniac from the prostrate form of his superior officer. Not that we tore too hard, for we weren't very fond of Sergeant Meredal, whereas we had the greatest liking for Maartens and admired him the more for putting up this wonderful drunk—Maartens who had always been as sober as a judge when full as an egg and tight as a tick. . . .

"And while I was trying to get Maartens's hands from around Sergeant Meredal's neck, just in time for that competent N.C.O. to recover (and no sooner), I saw Burgher shake off the three or four men who were holding him, and make a swift dash in the direction of Captain Le Sage, who was approaching to see what all the row was about. I stuck out a leg and luckily brought him down, for he had murder in his eye, and absolute madness in the hole where his mind should have been. . . . Just sheer blind maniacal lunacy, for both he and



MAARTENS sprang on Sergeant Meredal, knocked him out, and nearly killed him before we tore the raving maniac from the prostrate form of his superior officer

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

Maartens loved Le Sage as a father, and a fine one at that.

"WELL, it was a job of work to get those two madmen into cells, and then we had to go in to them again, for Le Sage said they were to be bound hand and foot, for their own good, and gagged for his. He'd have had no sleep otherwise, and he never lost his proper sleep unless he were fighting overtime or doing a forced march. He used to say that it was a soldier's duty to sleep when it wasn't his duty not to sleep. . . .

"He gave orders for Maartens and Burgher to be brought up before him next morning. But it wasn't next morning for the Dutchmen. They were deaf, dumb, blind and silly; and we only knew that they were still alive because they still breathed. Not that one should really call the disgusting noise 'breathing.' . . . Worse than old Père Poussin sleeping on his back . . . snorting, snoring, what you will. . . .

"Anyhow, they were making sounds indicative of life—and suggestive of early death.

"I never in all my days saw two such utter complete and perfect drunks—until a day or two later . . . and then I saw three of them.

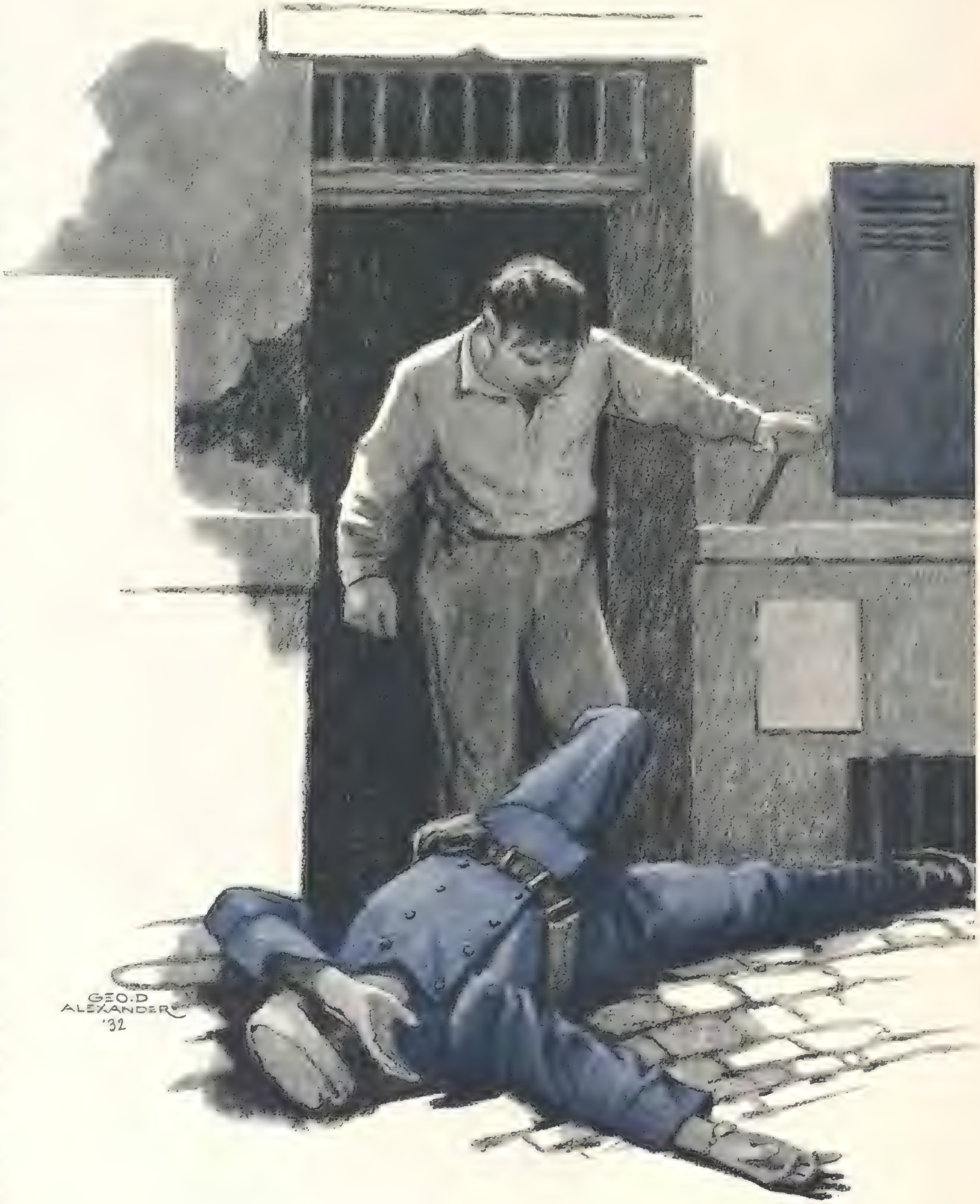
"One of them was Père Poussin here, and, as you know, Père Poussin is no drunkard. . . He does his best, I admit, but there is no man alive, except myself and the survivors of the garrison of Fort Bugeaud—if there be any—who ever saw Père Poussin drunk. But he was as drunk as seven owls that night all right. And the other two were Petrovitch and an ex-Prussian Grenadier named Krafft.

"Now Petrovitch was a former Sergeant of Siberian Infantry—the famous Preobrazhenski Regiment—a man weaned on vodka, who could drink vodka or any other neat spirit just as freely as the modern soldier can drink cold water after a dry march, and with as little effect on his brain, if he had any.

"And Krafft was a man of iron, a real Prussian who could look a nine-gallon barrel of beer in the face at sunrise, and defeat it ere the sun went down upon his thirst that day.

"Now what, I ask you (and Captain Le Sage asked himself), could have happened to three such men as these, that they also should be brought in—not so much intoxicated as poisoned—not so much drunk as mad?

"For they had gone mad as dogs do when they get rabies and develop hydrophobia. In a sense, they had always suffered from hydrophobia, of course, as they hated water whether inside them or outside them, whether falling upon them from Heaven as they marched, or splashing beneath their feet as they forded streams.



"The scene they made in the village, on the road coming back, and inside the *poste*, was similar to that staged by Maartens and Burgher, but conceived and executed on a grander scale because they were grander men—bigger and stronger, both as men and as drinkers.

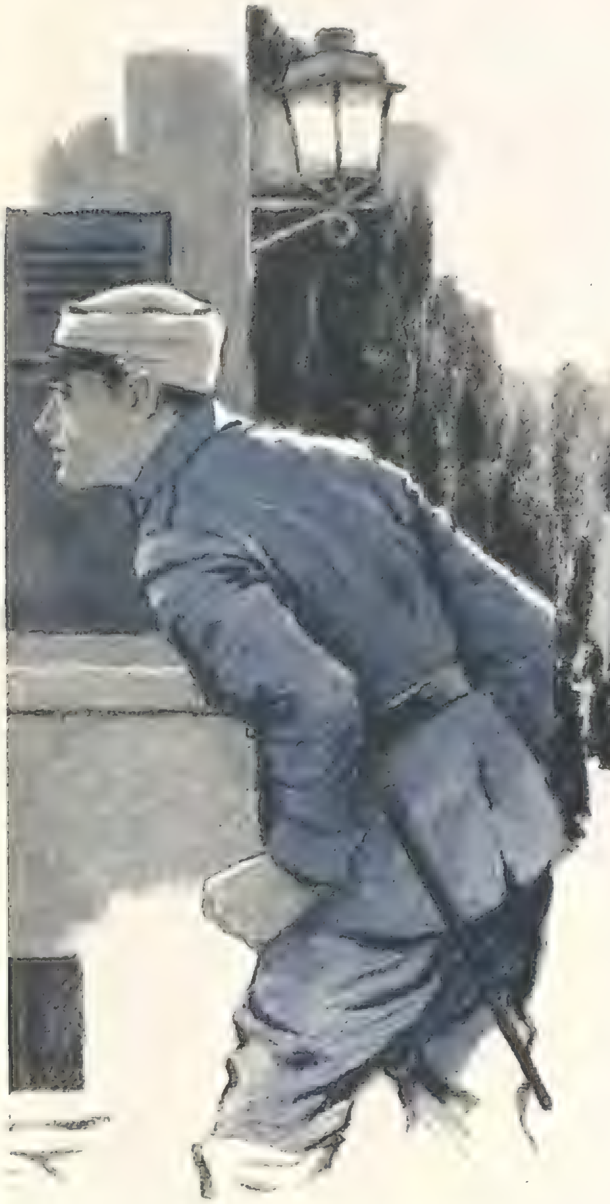
"Also there were three of them.

"And I can inform you, *mes amis*, authoritatively, that there was considerable wear and tear, especially tear, and much disharmony and friction, before those three heroes were safely trussed up in the cells. When I looked in later on, to see that Père Poussin was comfortable, I could only distinguish him from the Russian and the Prussian by the fact that his right hand still clutched a good fistful of beard. Not his own, for he shaved regularly every Saturday night so as to start the week well, and look smart and soldierly all the time.

"Well, while these three poor fellows were still unconscious and breathing like stranded whales, Burgher and Maartens recovered sufficiently to attend a reception held in their honour, and in the orderly room, by Captain Le Sage.

"The charge was one of resisting the guard, damaging Government property, over-staying leave, and using language prejudicial to good discipline . . . No mention of drunkenness . . . Nothing about striking a superior officer—which would have been somewhat more than serious for Messieurs Burgher and Maartens, with a prison and Penal Battalion sentence as the least they could hope for.

" The two Dutchmen, still as drunk as newts and sick as salamanders, pleaded absence of mind, recent bereavements, some bad tinned fish, birthdays, senility, moon-stroke and a bottle of flat beer between them, taken upon empty stomachs and a foolish impulse.



" WHAT'S this?" he bawled. "A corpse," said I. "A murdered man. A légionnaire. Killed in your house . . . assassinated by . . ."

" Captain Le Sage sentenced them to twenty-one years' solitary confinement—with remission of twenty years and fifty-one weeks—provided they told him exactly what they had drunk, and where they had got it.

" But that was the trouble . . .

" Anxious as they were to shorten their sentence by even twenty years and fifty-one weeks, they simply could not tell Le Sage anything about it . . . Not a word . . . They could not even tell us, their admiring comrades, who longed to emulate their really fine feat, and possibly to lower their record —until that night the record drunk of the Foreign Legion. They could not even tell each other—for they did not know . . .

" All they *did* know was that they had marched out of Fort Bugeaud one evening, sober soldiers of blameless life and spotless record, and had more or less awakened two or three days later more or less alive, to find themselves bound and gagged, comfortably at home in their old familiar cells.

" As to the intervening period, their minds were blank, and blank they remained.

" Le Sage sent them back to *la boîte* and there applied stimulants—to the memory . . . But you can't stimulate what is dead . . . You can't get something out of nothing—and their minds were nothing . . . They were vacant . . .

" THEN came the turn of Père Poussin, Krafft and Petrovitch, who, as I have told you, had set up a fresh record so soon after the new one established by Maartens and Burgher.

" Just the same with them.

" Not even the wiliness nor the ruthlessness, not even the cajolery nor the leniency of Captain Le Sage could get out of these three any account of what had happened to cause their downfall, from soldiers who could carry their liquor to the level of pimply *pêkins* who cannot.

" Nor is it for one moment to be supposed that these five were stoutly guarding a sacred secret—the whereabouts of a hidden shrine in which Bacchus could be invoked with a liquor so potent that even a seasoned *légionnaire* could not get away with it . . .

" Père Poussin would have told me at once, and if he had not, I'd have wrung his soul from his miserable body and his secret from his more miserable soul.

" No—they simply did not know.

" Whatever they had drunk was like one of those poisons that injure the mind more than the body, and destroy the memory completely.

" In this case, of course, it was only the destruction of memories and not of the memory itself—and of memories, curiously enough, connected with the drink itself, prior and posthumous . . . I mean posterior . . . What are you laughing at, Poussin, my gentle jackal? Yes, I said ' posterior ' . . .

" Speaking to the more intelligent of my audience, I remark that, curiously enough, they remembered everything up to the time of going in search of a drink . . . they clearly remembered what they said and did when dressing for walking-out, and when going along the road to the village . . . things like that . . . but nothing about the place to which they went, nor of what they did there.

" Not one of the five could remember that . . . A queer business . . . "

Tant de Soif fell silent in reminiscence for a minute, and I tried to recall the name of a drug (*dhatura*) of which I had heard a good deal in India—a horrible poison used by the *thugs* —of which a certain dose would infallibly kill a man, a lesser dose render him insane for life, and a yet smaller one cause complete loss of memory and general vacuity of mind.

" Well," continued Tant de Soif, " Le Sage dealt faithfully with the five of them, and promised that what they got was nothing to what they would get if it happened again, and less than nothing to what anybody else would get if it happened to him.

" Naturally this rendered us all very anxious.

" No, my excellent Harris, not anxious lest we should inadvertently drink of this new and strange potion and innocently come upon trouble. Not at all.

" Our anxiety was lest Le Sage should discover the source of it before we did.

" Then, while the five heroes were still *gareeb* and *miskeen*, still shaky and quiet, sick and sorry, distrustful of life and of alcohol itself, D'Alvers, a nice French boy, who had come to the Legion because his mistress had married his Papa—a distinguished General—followed in their footsteps . . . Only he did not follow them far enough . . . Only into the cells—and not out again . . .

" He died there.

" A joke's a joke, as Bellême frequently observes, but this was carrying a joke too far—carrying it to the Gates of Hell, and through them.

" True, he was only a child of three years' cavalry service and four years' Legion, and he had been trying to drink himself to death ever since he found us, but it was not right that one evening's fun should kill him.

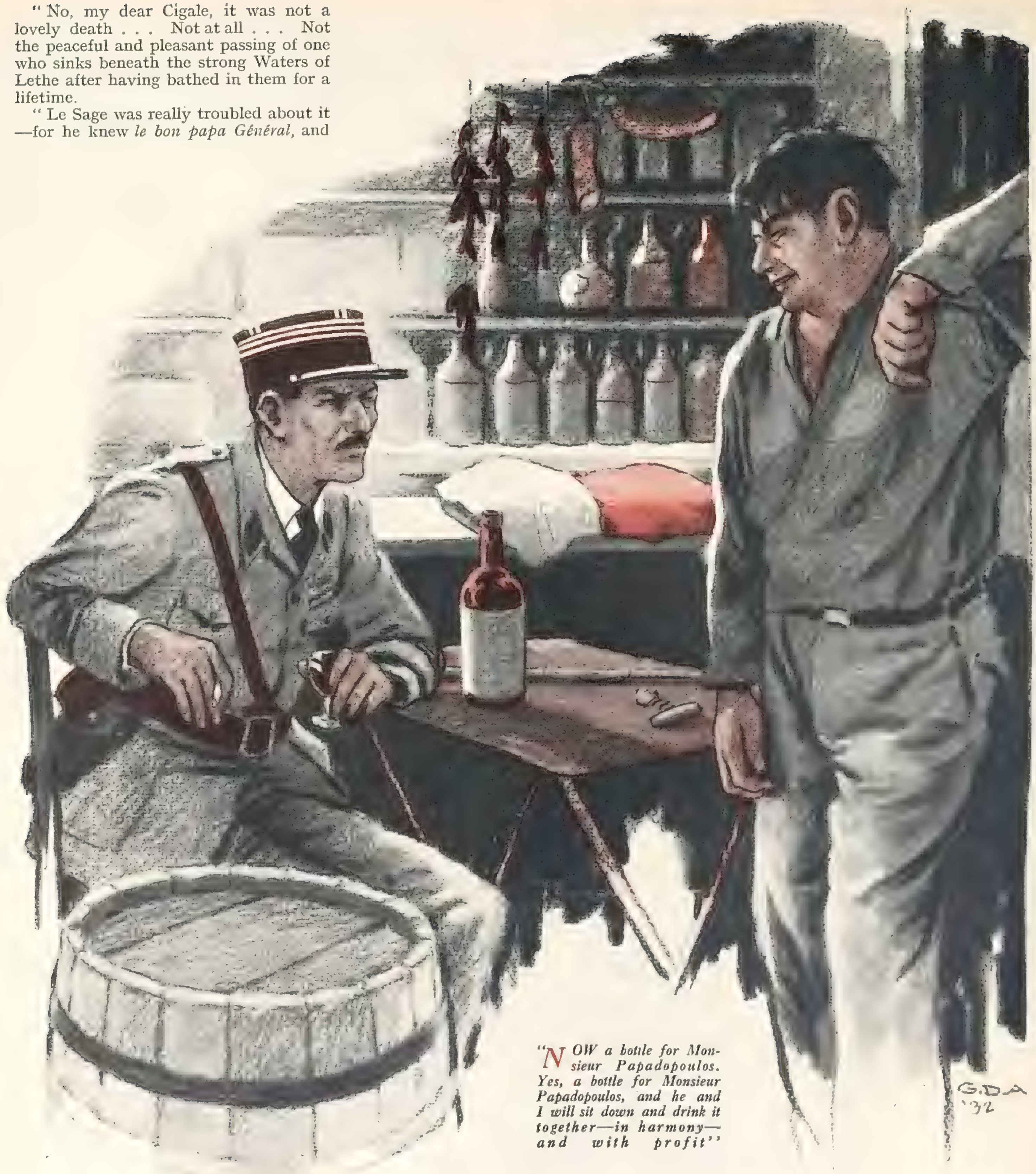
" Yes, he behaved exactly as the others had done—like a cross between a wild beast and a raving lunatic. No—he did not die of the treatment he got, because he was not gagged nor unduly trussed up . . . nothing like *crapaudine*, only just hands and feet for his own good.

" Why wasn't he gagged? Because he wasn't howling. He was dumb and frothing at the mouth.

" Either he had had a bigger dose than the others, which is likely—as he only drank in order to forget and to hasten his end—or else he was of poorer drinking physique than the others, which is also likely.

" Probably both. Anyhow he died.

" No, my dear Cigale, it was not a lovely death . . . Not at all . . . Not the peaceful and pleasant passing of one who sinks beneath the strong Waters of Lethe after having bathed in them for a lifetime.



"NOW a bottle for Monsieur Papadopoulos. Yes, a bottle for Monsieur Papadopoulos, and he and I will sit down and drink it together—in harmony—and with profit"

" Le Sage was really troubled about it —for he knew *le bon papa Général*, and he was fond of the boy, a real soldier who, but for the unfortunate love-affair, would undoubtedly have grown up to be a distinguished General himself. Yes, Le Sage was troubled, angry, and on his mettle.

" As usual, when in trouble, he sent for me.

" ' Tant de Soif,' he said, ' you damned drunken old scoundrelly *grognard* '—that was only his way of showing his affection for me, just a term of endearment—' Tant de Soif, *mon vieux*, I want your help . . . I rely on you . . . You have got to find out what this high-explosive poison is, and where these half-witted, half-human idiots are getting it. So far, I am defeated. I have been to every filthy *bouge* and *casse-croûte*, every hut and hole and shed that sells anything at all, and have found—nothing. Nothing but the usual muck with which you peripatetic barrels —no, you walking dust-bins, you wandering garbage-boxes, you perpendicular sewers—poison your foul and worthless selves . . .

" ' You are a Frenchman, Tant de Soif. You have been decorated twice. You are a soldier and a patriot, a man of honour, a real . . . ' "

" ' Liar,' " interrupted Père Poussin. " 'A real liar.' That's what Le Sage said. He also said ' Tant de Soif, if that great red nose of yours can't smell out this stuff, what good is it and what good are you ? None—for you certainly are no good for anything else, you drunken disreputable ration-robber.' That's what he said . . ."

And having delivered himself thus, Père Poussin closed his eyes and his mouth and began to snore.

" The poor ancient is failing—rapidly," observed Tant de Soif, with apparent concern. " Poor old soul ! . . . Drink . . . Drink . . . Alas !

" However, as I was saying, Le Sage turned to me in his trouble, and when such a man as my Captain wants my help, he gets it.

"'I want your help,' he repeated. 'I rely on you. You've got to solve this mystery. Find out what they're getting and find out where they're getting it.'

"'Consider it done, *mon Capitaine*,' replied I, in a prompt and soldierly manner, as I saluted, turned about, and marched from the orderly room.

"'Hi!' he called, as I reached the door. 'I can consider it done, can I? . . . Well, don't you keep me considering too long.

"'You are excused from duty until you've solved the problem or until somebody else gets drunk,' he added, and as I again saluted he added some more.

"'And if that happens before you track it down—I'll put you into cells for thrice that period . . .'

"Once more I saluted and turned to go.

"'Hi!' called Captain Le Sage again, as he saw my back. 'Here's a franc. Lay it out wisely and well, in the wine-shops; for I'll have it—and another—out of you if you discover nothing. So don't go and sit down and drink it and come back with a *conte borgne*.'

"WELL, off I went to the wine-shops of the *village nègre*, with a roving commission, and thoroughly and copiously, albeit discreetly, I sampled their goods—or rather their bads.

"Alleged wine I drank in each: near beer, problematical *pernod*, reputed rum, villainous vermouth, ambiguous absinthe, synthetic syrups, concocted cognac, absolute alcohol and pure, genuine unadulterated methylated spirit. Also *tchum-tchum*, a very beautiful rice-spirit.

"All these things I drank, severally and separately, as well as in every conceivable permutation and combination. Did they make me drunk? Not in the slightest degree, much less raving mad.

"Also I tried a very good combination of *tchum-tchum*, methylated spirit, *pernod* and *rogomme* on old Poussin here. Did it make him raving mad? No . . . Make him drunk? No . . . On the contrary. Our Poussin demanded that I add cognac to the mixture to give it a kick.

"By the time I had worked through the whole lot—every single place in the bazaar where one could get a drink of any sort—I had to confess that I was puzzled.

"Foiled, defeated, despairing? No . . . But puzzled, decidedly.

"I followed all our distinguished drinkers about, tracked them to their lairs, spied upon them—in their own best interests, *bien entendu*—but discovered nothing.

"For each one merely emerged on his feet, or on his ear, at closing time; or at such time as, having spent his *sous*, he could no longer maintain his position against the assaults of mine host and his myrmidons.

"But whether he came out on his own feet or on a comrade's back, whether he came out on his own back or beneath his comrades' feet, dragged along by his own, he was no more drunk than a good soldier should be. Every man of them was able to hit—or miss—a comrade; to embrace him or to kick him, and if some weakling were not equal to these feats, he was at least ordinarily peaceful, could easily be dragged along the road, and be quietly, comfortably, thrown into cells.

"Yes, I was puzzled; and, by the time a week had passed, I was worried as well as puzzled, for Le Sage was always a man of his word, and I knew that if we had another such *delirium tremens* case, that Saturday night, I should get three weeks' *cellule* punishment.

"Then Luck, Chance, Fate, or the Guardian Angel of all Good Soldiers, or my own private Patron Saint, took a hand and came to my help.

"There was a queer chap in the company then, a Finn. I don't know whether Finns are really Swedes, Russians, Eskimos, or a kind of Red Indian, but they have very fine heads.

"Manly beauty? No, I don't mean that. Great brains and intellect? No, that's not what I mean. When I say fine heads, I mean very strong heads.

"They're rightly called Finns, for fins suggest fishes and they can drink like fishes. In a manner of speaking, you might say that all Finns are teetotallers, inasmuch as no Finn has ever been seen the worse for liquor. No Finn ever gets drunk. He can't.

"Well, one night, when I was sadly returning to Fort Bugeaud very late—I had a permanent late-pass, of course—I suddenly almost stumbled over the body of one of our men.

"The corpse was lying with its feet in the gutter and its head against the doorstep of a house.

"'*Mon Dieu!*' thought I, 'Murder! Stabbed in the back for a handful of copper coins.'

"Stooping, I turned the body over, so that the moonlight fell upon its face. It was Idensalmisen—the Finn whom I mentioned.

"No need to close his eyes, as they were already shut. No need to staunch his wound, as there wasn't one. No need to fetch a stretcher-party for the body, as it suddenly heaved a sigh and emitted a gentle snore.

"In my relief, and to show my pleasure, I fetched Idensalmisen a good kick in the ribs. When I say a good kick, I mean one calculated to rouse the dead—or the drunk.

"It did not rouse Idensalmisen, and as he was not dead, obviously he must be drunk.

"Idensalmisen had broken the Finnish national record. He had achieved the impossible. He had got drunk.

"But what, *what*, could possibly have made Idensalmisen drunk?

"And then my Patron Saint or the Guardian Angel of all Good Soldiers opened the door of his guard-lantern and let in a great light upon my brain.

"Of course! Of course! . . . Ten thousand Thundering Tin Devils Capering Convulsively on a Corrugated Iron Roof! That which had put Idensalmisen gently to sleep must be the identical Drink that had driven Maartens, Burgher, Père Poussin, Petrovitch and Krafft raving mad, and had killed the French boy.

"It leapt to the eye. I felt certain that I was seeing daylight—as well as moonlight—at last.

"And assuming that I was right, where had Idensalmisen got it? Would he remember, when he recovered? And would he tell me, if he did remember?

"Both were possible, if not probable. Seeing that a poison, which had sent five men mad and killed another, merely put the good Idensalmisen peacefully to sleep, it seemed quite likely that the same poison might have no effect upon the memory of the granite-headed Finn.

"Another idea occurred to me—for, as you have noticed, I am a man of ideas—and that was the notion that the house outside which Idensalmisen was lying might very well be the one in which he had been defeated. Defeated by the bottle, I mean.

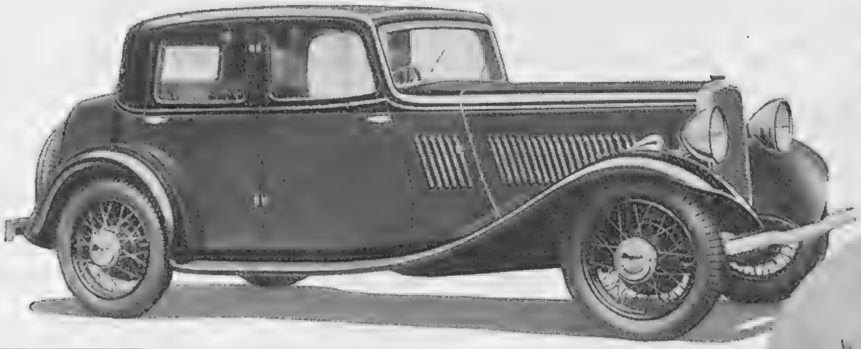
"I looked up at the house. It was one of the best, or should I say one of the least bad, of the shops in the bazaar, a place kept by a camp follower, a sutler who called himself a Greek because he was as much that as anything, or perhaps because he was neither wholly Arab, Negro, nor Mussulman.

"Anyhow, he dressed more or less like a European, wore a *fez* cap and called himself Papadopoulos. *Les légionnaires* called him Papa Something-else in recognition of the fact that even for a half-caste Greek sutler, he was something quite special.

"Yes, he was a bad one, that Monsieur Papadopoulos. And my comrade

(*Continued on page* 106)

Cars *of*



ONE of the Singer exhibits at Olympia. The 1933 Kaye Don coupé

AN entirely new model from Sunbeam, exhibited at Olympia. The "Speed Model" 20.9 six-cylinder sports saloon

A NEWCOMER from the Morris works. The 10 h.p. four-cylinder family saloon

In *a* World *of* Progress, *nothing* changes *more quickly* than *our* Motor C*ars*. Year *by* year they *grow* in *beauty*, *in* economy *and*, now, *in* simplicity

WHEN one is constantly testing and reviewing new cars, or new and improved editions of familiar cars, it is apt to become very difficult to visualise the constant but gradual changes that take place both in popular taste and in the manufacturers' attempts to cater for it. There is a danger, in fact, of failing to see the forest for the trees, and one has to make a conscious effort to visualise the typical car of to-day, and to contrast it with that of a year ago, and with that which we may expect a year hence.

The best judge of such matters would probably be the man who, for eleven months in the year, takes no interest whatever in motoring developments. If he were to make a really extensive tour of the Motor Show, and to test perhaps a dozen cars of representative types, he could probably give us a wonderfully clear and convincing picture of what is going on.

Trying to put myself in his place, I believe that 1932 has been an interesting year in the motoring world, inasmuch as it seems to have produced a new and quite distinctive type of car. Most people will remember the advent, a few years ago, of the " light six " type. That was a landmark. Then came the vogue for larger cars of the 20 h.p. £400–£500 class. Then, with the bad times, came a renewed interest in the light car, of which several excellent new examples were produced.

This year, with the continuance of bad times, the light car has maintained its popularity, but it has developed in a new direction. It is the small sports car that has been selling most briskly, and a very interesting type it is. With its obvious virtues, it has many equally apparent vices, but there is no getting away from the fact that it has caught the imagination of the sporting owner-driver, and is being eagerly demanded by a large section of the motoring public.

Its great drawback, to me, is that it does very little for the comfort of its owner and passengers. It has a very short wheel-base, and it is thought necessary to fit a very long and imposing bonnet. The result is that body space is reduced to the minimum, and a back seat on which one can, with decency, ask any normally constructed human being to sit is therefore the exception.

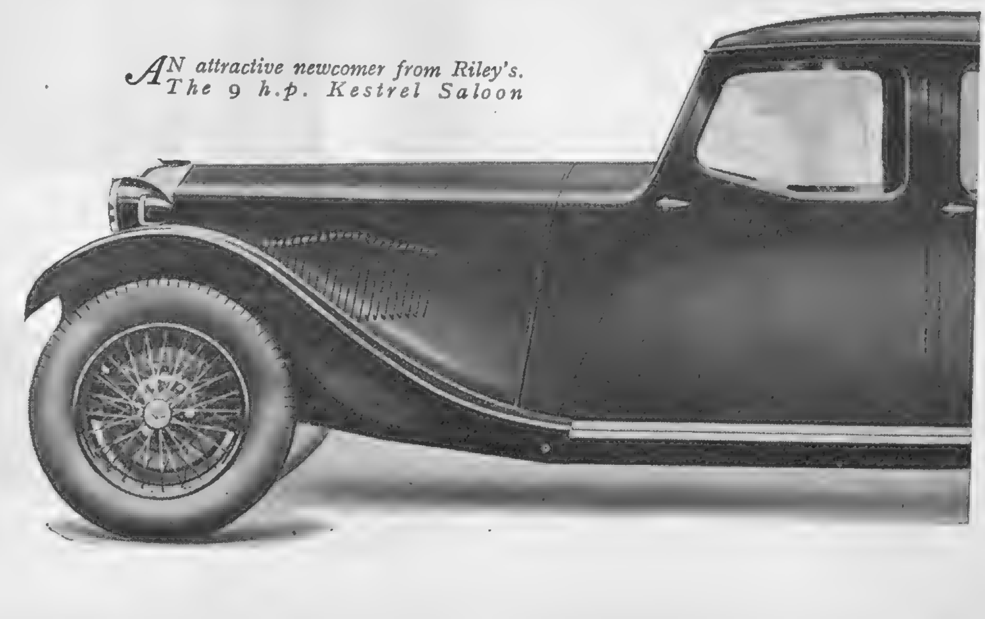
In the great majority of cases, the controls are placed centrally, so that two people only can be accommodated in front. Even these may have to remove their hats owing to the lowness of the roof or hood. The engine is usually capable of some 60 or 70 m.p.h., but has to turn over at a very high rate of revolutions in order to achieve these figures. Altogether, these cars, to me, seem rather more attractive than strictly practical.

THAT they are attractive no one will deny. They have the great charm of liveliness in traffic or on the open road, and are remarkably handy and responsive. Nearly all possess beauty of line, and are thoroughly smart and sturdy in appearance. We shall, I am sure, see new models of this type large featured at Olympia this year, but somehow I cannot see them making any permanent appeal outside the ranks of the enthusiasts.

Personally, I shall be rather more interested to see what developments there are in the various new forms of transmission. I cannot help thinking that there is going to be a very big future for the combination of fluid clutch and epicyclic gear-box. It will, of course, take the public some little time to accustom itself to the new method of control which this involves, but the advantages are so real and substantial that they must soon outweigh the inevitable objection to " new-fangled " methods.

The " fool-proof " gearbox, of whatever type, is certain to oust the older variety within a few years. It is only one driver in ten (if that) who enjoys exercising his skill in the more or less difficult process of engaging ordinary gears. I must confess to being in the minority myself, but that must not be allowed to blind one to the facts. Simplicity is the demand of the average man in the street, on whose custom, after all, the motor trade depends.

Moreover, the new gearboxes are not only more simple to manipulate; they are also more efficient. If two expert drivers were to race against each other

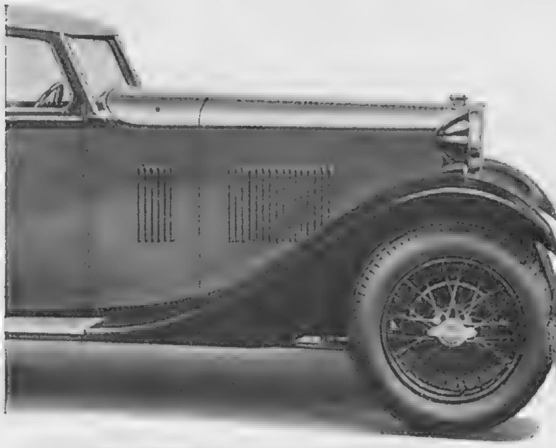


AN attractive newcomer from Riley's. The 9 h.p. Kestrel Saloon

To-day *and* To-morrow

THE Vauxhall "Cadet" saloon is an ideal car for the lady driver. One of its interesting features is the weatherproof sliding roof which moves at a touch. It is also fitted with a synchro-mesh gear-box

Below:
ONE of the Standard exhibits at Olympia. The 1933 "Little Twelve" special saloon



By The Earl of Cardigan

ONE of the new models Austin are showing. A light twelve-four de luxe saloon

with gearboxes of the old and new type, the man with the modern gears would, I think, win by a small margin. If the same race were run with amateur drivers at the wheel, the result would, of course, be much more striking. The man with the simplified gears would not only win, but win handsomely.

The reason for this is, in the first place, that very few drivers can make a succession of, let us say, one hundred gear changes, all of which are perfectly executed, and all of which are made at just the right moment. How many amateurs, for instance, can change down at 40 m.p.h. into third gear on a steep descent? It is not easy—even those who know how to do it will make a clumsy job of it occasionally—but it is a most valuable manœuvre under certain circumstances, adding to the car's braking efficiency, and therefore to its safety.

Secondly, there are some changes which even the expert cannot perform instantaneously. An instantaneous, or racing, change "up" is a very tricky thing, and, although it can be done, imposes a severe strain on the normal transmission. When it has to be done "through the gate," it becomes something akin to a conjuring trick, and I doubt whether one motorist in a thousand can be trusted to perform it. An epicyclic gearbox, however, makes light work of it, and in fact is designed to respond to such a change as part of its normal work.

When the fluid clutch and epicyclic gearbox were first introduced, I must admit that I was one of those who regarded this novel transmission chiefly as an aid to those who had never mastered the principle of the ordinary gear change, or perhaps as an asset for traffic work, where one appreciates great flexibility and the ability to slip easily to and fro from one gear to another. I frankly did not imagine that there were any real advantages to be gained on the open road.

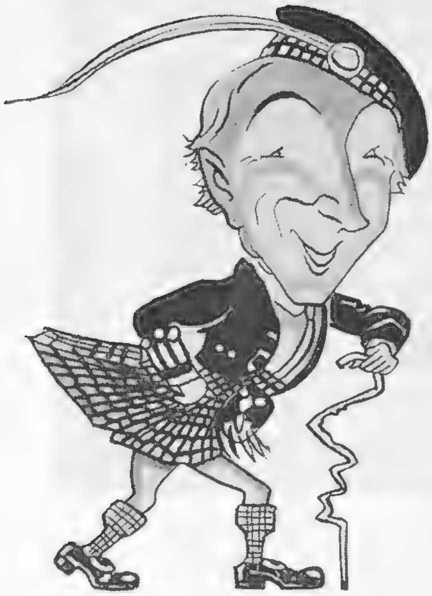
Then it so happened that I was able to spend a few weeks on the Continent with a car fitted with this transmission system. I took the opportunity of climbing a mountain pass, and was surprised at the ease with which we surmounted it. Then it occurred to me to ask, "Could I, without the aid of this transmission, have tackled that pass with the same degree of efficiency?" Like most people who have been driving cars for a number of years, I am probably a little vain on the subject of my own unassisted gear-changing. I should, therefore, much have liked to answer "Yes," had not ordinary honesty compelled me to say "No."

I HAVE dealt at some length with the fluid clutch and epicyclic gears, but I must not give the impression that this is the only, or necessarily the best, method of securing simple and efficient gear-changing. There are several other new transmission systems, and a notable example is that in which "synchro-mesh" gearing is employed. One well-known car has been fitted for several years with the synchro-mesh device, and I hear that, quite recently, another very influential firm has become converted to this principle.

The great advantage of the synchro-mesh gearbox over other types is that, outwardly, it has no peculiar features whatsoever. It demands nothing from the driver, and he has nothing new to learn. He merely continues to change gear in his ordinary manner, and a series of small clutches see to it that every change is quite perfect and practically instantaneous. It is only by this unwonted accuracy and perfection that he can perceive the action of this ingenious mechanism.

(*Continued on page 124*)

Open Letters to the "Would-be's" of



Lauder is supremely Lauder. He remains as ambitious and as painstaking as he was before fortune came to him

Dear Blah-Blah,

I do not know whether you are a male or a female. Anyway, the same advice does for both sexes, or for all three, nowadays. The West End of London is in Middlesex.

Yes, by all means become a music-hall artist. Never were times so easy as they are to-day. Never was a lower standard imposed. Never were audiences so uncritical. Just walk on...

All you have to do is to get one of the free songs that everybody else is singing, and sing it. Do not take any trouble. Just sing it in the same way that everybody else does—that is, in some mock American manner. You can copy it from the gramophone.

Get all the music out of your voice and croon. Get all the character out of your personality and cultivate a twang. Be as American as you can—yes, and as American as you can't.

Then, if you are silly enough, and ordinary enough, and you ape all the others with sufficient lack of skill—well, you never know the end. From the bottom of the ladder to the top of the bill is only two of my yawns.

I remember the days of the music-hall when, near Waterloo Station, at the corner of York Road, there were a few music-hall agents' offices and, near them, there gathered people, some of whom rose from earning £3 a week to £20 and £40—yes, and some of them to £200.

When I was a boy, the music-hall artist was ill-paid and overworked. He rose to such distinction that, even when he was unemployed, he started first of all to stand outside the Bun Shop in the Strand, and then the Bodega round the corner. The time came when even the Strand was not sufficiently fashionable for him. He moved to the neighbourhood of Wyndham's Theatre, further west. Now he has gone even further west than that. He has reached Leicester Square. Before long the out-of-work music-hall artist may reach Piccadilly, and then Park Lane.

The days of the music-hall's glory were the days in which individuality was cultivated. Though the music-hall artist rose to wealth, however, the all-important song-writer remained poor.

A song like "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow" made a star. "Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay" made another one—yes, one whose daughter married the son of a duke.

Songs like "At Trinity Church I Met My Doom" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" lived almost for generations after they were written.

Lauder came to London and established himself with "The Saftest of the Family" and "She's My Daisy." They were songs that would have made any artist nowadays, but, in spite of that, Lauder spent ten years in studying "The Saftest of the Family" before he sang it once in public.

Leslie Stuart's songs, "Lily of Laguna" and "I May Be Crazy," were so melodic that, even to-day, more than thirty years after it was first sung, "Lily of Laguna" will still stop any show if the orchestra plays it.

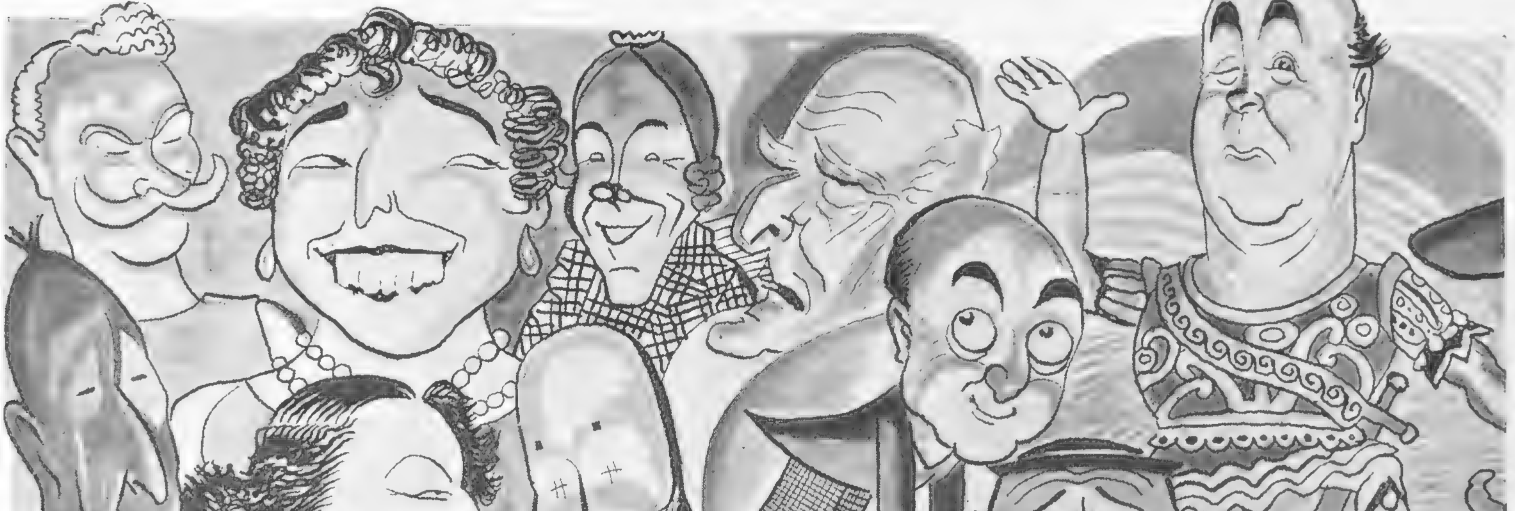
Yes, a star would be made the moment he or she got a song like that. But then those melodies were wedded to the art of the best coon singer of all time.

As for Marie Lloyd, even now her memory stands supreme in the minds of British people all over the world, and it was a day of such endeavour, and such work, and such training, that, although they are over sixty years old, the two of them, Harry Lauder and George Robey, remain at the top of their profession, respected, earnest, full of grit and character and without rivals.

You would not like to work like they did, I know. You just want an introduction. It is the way of the world to-day.

I knew Robey over thirty years ago. He seems as young as he was then. I remember Lauder's first West End appearances. I spent a day with him a few weeks back in the Highlands. He remains as ambitious and as painstaking as he was before fortune came to him.

You need not worry about being like this. Lauder is supremely Lauder, and Robey is supremely Robey. As for Marie Lloyd—well, there was only one and



Some past and present stars of the music-hall stage as seen by Tom Titt. The group includes: Neil Kenyon, Wilkie Bard, Charles Coburn, Little Tich, George Robey, Phil Ray, Gus Elen, Grock,

the Theatre

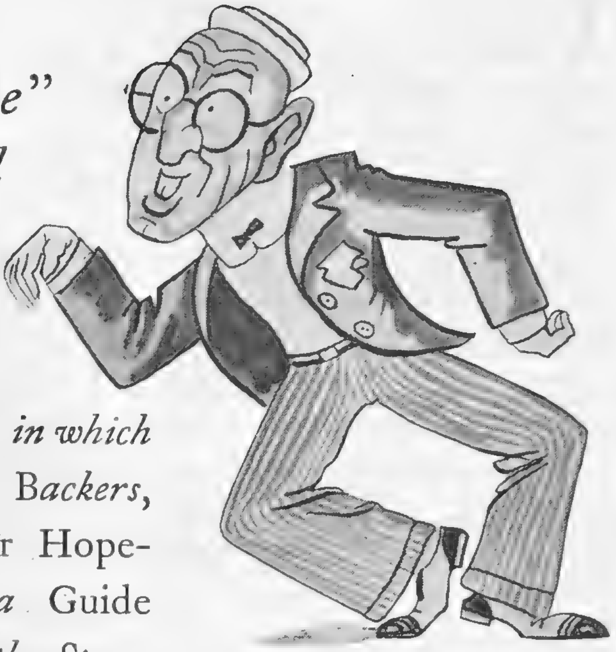
No. 10:

The "Would-be" Music-hall Artist

Continuing *a* Series *in which* aspiring Managers, B*ackers*, Authors, *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

By Hannen Swaffer

Illustrated by Tom Titt



BE as American as you can—yes, and as American as you can't

there will never be another. If you were supremely you—well, I should not think a lamppost would be jealous.

In those days, Paul Cinquevalli was the greatest juggler in the world. There is no world-famous juggler to-day. Where is the next Grock ? There is only one Grock. He belongs to my generation.

In an age when you find it easy to imitate somebody else, and, indeed, unless you do, nobody wants you, unless you are a survival from an older age, why worry ?

The agents of the old-fashioned type—the men who studied their artists and helped them and guided them—have gone. All agents want to do to-day is to charge so much per cent.

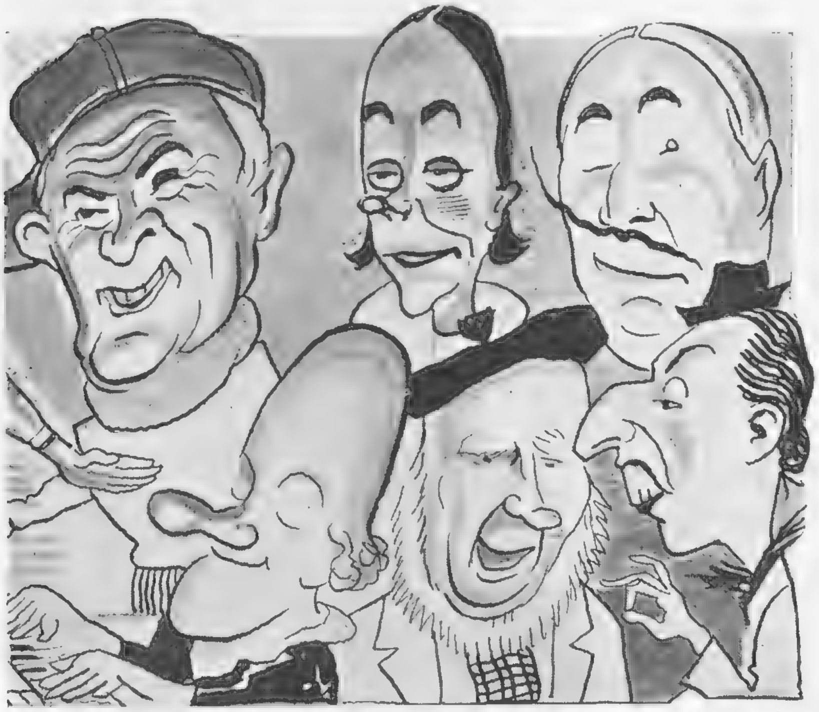
The old type of music-hall manager who understood his public has disappeared. A Newcastle manager, when I was a boy, knew what Newcastle wanted, and did not care about Hull or Wigan. Wigan had its own tastes, as it should have, and a Wigan manager understood and catered for them.

Now it is all run by accountants somewhere in the West End. They merely dump things down, or rather they did dump things on towns until the towns refused to have any more of them.

Then the music-halls died.

Song-writers no longer work for artists. They try to supply the world. And when you work for the world you cannot think of the individual.

It is better for the song-writer often. For instance, J. P. Harrington and George le Brunn used to get a guinea, sometimes, for a song that made a star.



Cinquevalli, Chirgwin, Marie Lloyd, Gracie Fields, G. T. Dunville, Will Fyffe, Harry Tate and Nellie Wallace

Now, a composer like Irving Berlin—well, he is a millionaire, or at least he was before the slump came, and he married the daughter of one of the richest men in America, yes, although he was a Jew and she was a Gentile.

When her father disowned the marriage Irving said, "It doesn't matter. I can afford to keep my wife in the way in which she was brought up."

But then "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which made Berlin's fame, was sung by artists all round the world. And to-day songs are written for publishers and not for artists, and the publishers give the artists motor-cars to sing their songs and bribe band conductors to play them and get them on the wireless by any means they can invent.

This makes the publishers rich. But it kills the stars.

If you really want to be an artist, choose some modern character which your own individuality can express. Take a taxi-man or a modern shop girl, or a man who makes a wireless set, or something like that. Get a song written about him that brings out the humours of his job and some of the pathos.

Spend months and months in thinking it out, and in working with the song-writer, and studying it out in every detail. Try all your winks before the glass and study the way in which you can best bring out the meaning of every word.

Get two or three songs like this, utterly different, and rehearse them until you can do them perfectly. Then I really believe that, even if you started in the smallest working man's club in the country, or you appeared on some wave-washed pier far away, ultimately you would emerge out of the rut and be acclaimed by the world.

But that may take you years. You may have to starve before you have found the right man to do your songs. You may have to experiment with a dozen ideas before you have found one that suits your style and your mentality.

You may have to spend far into the night, altering one line or even one word. But when you have got it right nothing can stop you.

But then you would have, in these days, to get hold of a song-writer who believed in you, and whom you were prepared to pay. If he gave you a song that made a star of you, you know, he would really be entitled to a quarter of your salary for ten years. Artists do not understand that, and they never will.

The song-writer was driven to making his songs free because he could not get enough money from one artist. The artist thought he did it all.

There is an artist I know

(*Continued on page* 88)

BIG

"COOK'S!" When you turn despairingly to the man in the familiar blue frock-coat at Calais, Copenhagen, Changchun or Cannes, there is more than mere tradition behind the smiling way with which he solves your travelling troubles: there is romance. Not the mere romance of million-making. The genuine article.

The cry of "Cook's!" has been heard in the sun-parched Soudanese desert, breathed by wounded soldiers waiting for relief; by starving children in a Paris besieged by the German army; by stranded tourists, caught in the mêlée of the 1914 upheaval; and by a party of Victorian teetotalers journeying from Leicester to Loughborough at a shilling a head.

That journey from Leicester to Loughborough was in July 1841, and was historic because it was the first time that the word "Cook's Tours" had ever been heard. It was the first venture in an enterprise that was to lead to an organisation so widespread and so completely international that no one can say who to-day is the one man who controls Cook's—the world's greatest travel organisation.

COOK'S
TRAVEL SERVICE

Above:
ONE of Cook's steamers on the river Nile. They enjoy almost a complete monopoly in Egypt

Right:
THERE is more than mere tradition behind the smiling way with which the man in the blue frock-coat solves your travelling troubles

The man who first thought of running the excursion between Leicester and Loughborough was a Mr. Thomas Cook. He was a Derbyshire man, born in 1808 in the village of Melbourne. His parents got him a job as a gardener's boy when he was only ten years old. But he had an active — and enterprising — brain, and subsequently became first a wood-turner and then a printer. After this religion seized him, and he spent his spare time as a Bible-reader in Rutland, alternating this work with temperance lecturing.

In his early thirties he organised a big temperance meeting at Loughborough, and induced the Midland Counties Railway to run a special train from Leicester bearing the teetotal enthusiasts. It was the first excursion train run in the world; and it was enormously successful.

Mr. Thomas Cook was delighted. After two years of negotiations he came to an agreement with the railway whereby they were to place at his disposal trains for which he guaranteed to find the passengers. The first of these pleasure excursions left Leicester on August 4th, 1845, for Liverpool, and there were subsequent branch-visits to North Wales, the Isle of Man and Dublin.

Strange as it may seem to us to-day, the fertile mind of this straight-laced temperance lecturer had actually discovered something entirely new in entertainment. No one had ever thought of travelling before for mere pleasure, save the richest in the land.

"Travel" said Mr. Cook to Mrs. Cook, "broadens the mind, keeps it healthily stocked with new ideas and is in every way a most admirable form of pursuit."

So he set to work with the little capital that he had already saved (from his commissions on the tickets sold) to reach agreements with all the railway companies. When he had planned an excursion he would first sit down, with all the gusto of the Victorian lecturer, and write a little pamphlet about the charm of the places to be visited. He developed a system of "selling" travel to the public.

MR. COOK'S first big chance came in 1851, when the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park by the Queen and the Prince Consort. The obvious virtues of the Exhibition were

BUSINESS: *The Romance of Great Enterprises and the Men behind them*

No. 9:

The Man Who Sold Travel

By Gordon Beckles

THE magnificent new headquarters of Cook's in Berkeley Street, W.

THE late Mr. Thomas Cook, founder of the firm. He died in 1892 at the age of 84

advertised by Mr. Cook's pamphlets in a way which must have delighted the high-minded Prince. Over 165,000 provincials bought inclusive Cook's tickets to visit the show's wonders. Two years later Mr. Cook took over the travel arrangements for the Dublin Exhibition.

And two years after that, Mr. Cook—greatly daring—ventured upon the Continent, which was destined to see his greatest successes as a salesman of travel.

The occasion was the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the success of his tours led Mr. Cook to devise subsequent tours to various Continental beauty centres led by himself. When the demand exceeded the arrangements he devised a "coupon" system that is still in use to-day. The tourist was provided with a book of coupons, to be exchanged for railway tickets and hotel accommodation, the railways and hotels remitting the coupons to Mr. Cook's Leicester office and receiving the moneys previously agreed upon.

A temporary pause in the development of the Continental tours was occasioned by the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. But when the French railways were all seized by the German military authorities, it was Mr. Cook who was commissioned by French sympathisers to transport food to the starving Parisians. His knowledge of railway methods and transport finance made him the ideal man for such a job.

Everyone now knew the name of Mr. Cook. He was already acquiring some of the legendary fame accorded to English business men of the calibre of Swan and Edgar, and Huntley and Palmer.

It almost seemed as if Mr. Cook was being pushed into new business, rather than having to go out in search of it. In the same year that he had helped to feed the Parisians, the Khedive of Egypt appointed him to act as Government agent for passenger traffic on the Nile. Thus he got a foothold in a country where his resources are still very strong, where his firm has, indeed, an almost complete monopoly. In 1882, when Arabi Pasha rebelled, it was Mr. Cook who was personally commissioned to convey Sir Garnet Wolseley to Egypt with his headquarters staff, and to transport the wounded down the Nile.

When the British Government eventually decided to do something about the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum it was again to the omniscient Cook that they turned. He was asked to transport 18,000 troops and 40,000 tons of stores as far as the Second Cataract. Lord Wolseley afterwards wrote to Mr. Cook, "No one else could have done what you did."

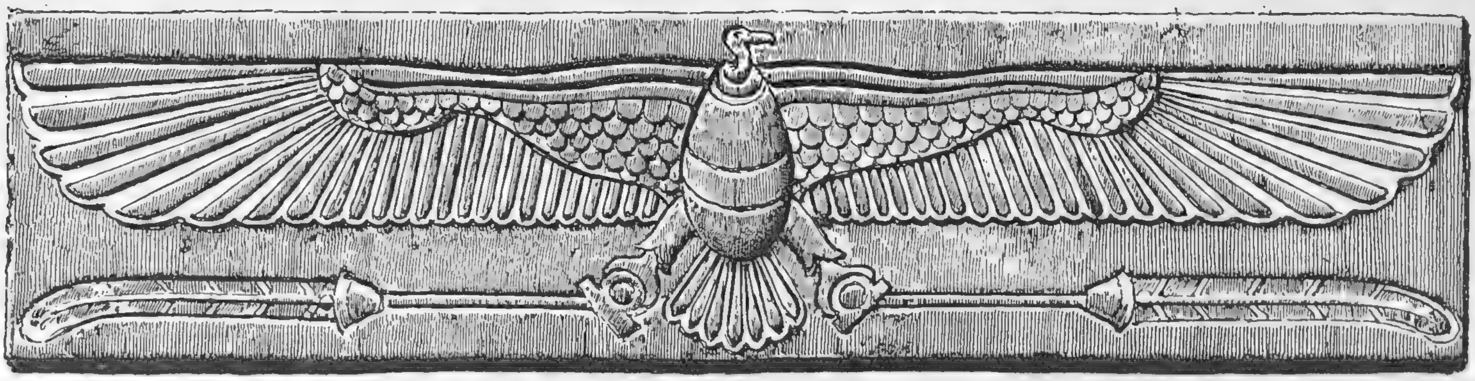
Yet he received no offer of a title for his increasing services to the Government and the public. And he was not the kind of man to tout for an honour.

At this point we leave Mr. Cook for some years, gradually developing his business all over the world, but keeping a tight grip on every detail from his big new offices in Ludgate Circus.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cook did not know of it at the time, there was an American called Mann who, in the early seventies, had filed a patent which was destined to materially affect the whole business of Cook's half a century later. This patent was called the "Mann Railway Sleeping Car Carriage."

A certain M. Georges Nagelmackers bought the European monopoly for the manufacture of carriages on the Mann pattern, and began—much in the same way that Mr. Cook had begun fifty years before—to reach agreements with the Continental railways for the running of these luxurious carriages on their systems. It was an arduous task, but by 1883 he had arranged to have his cars—dining and sleeping—attached to three important trains. Eventually the whole trains were made up of the Nagelmacker cars, and the railway was paid merely for the haulage.

The first three trains from which the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens derived their revenue (*Continued on page* 111)

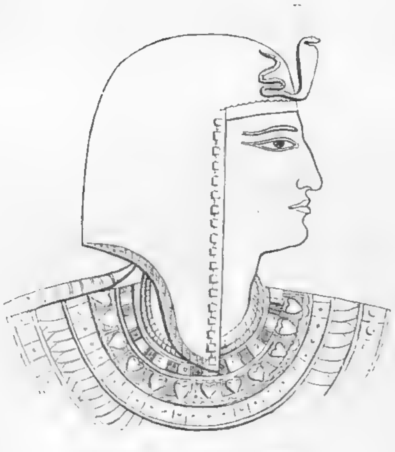


Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 29. Rhampsinitus and the Thief

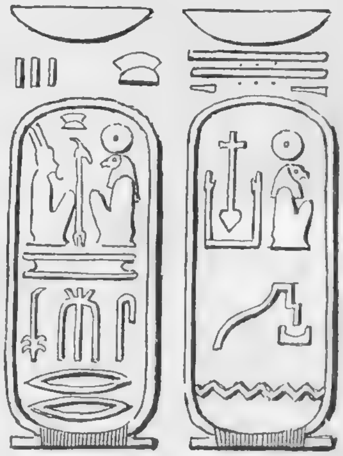


Portrait of Rhampsinitus as drawn by the Egyptians

THE glories and victories of Rameses III brought not only to him, but also to his successors on the Pharaonic throne such a great treasury that Rhampsinitus or Rhemphis was considered by the historians as the Crœsus of the Kings of ancient Egypt. An extraordinary story is related concerning this king, a story which seems to come from the immortal pages of the *Decameron* rather than from the historian of Halicarnassus.

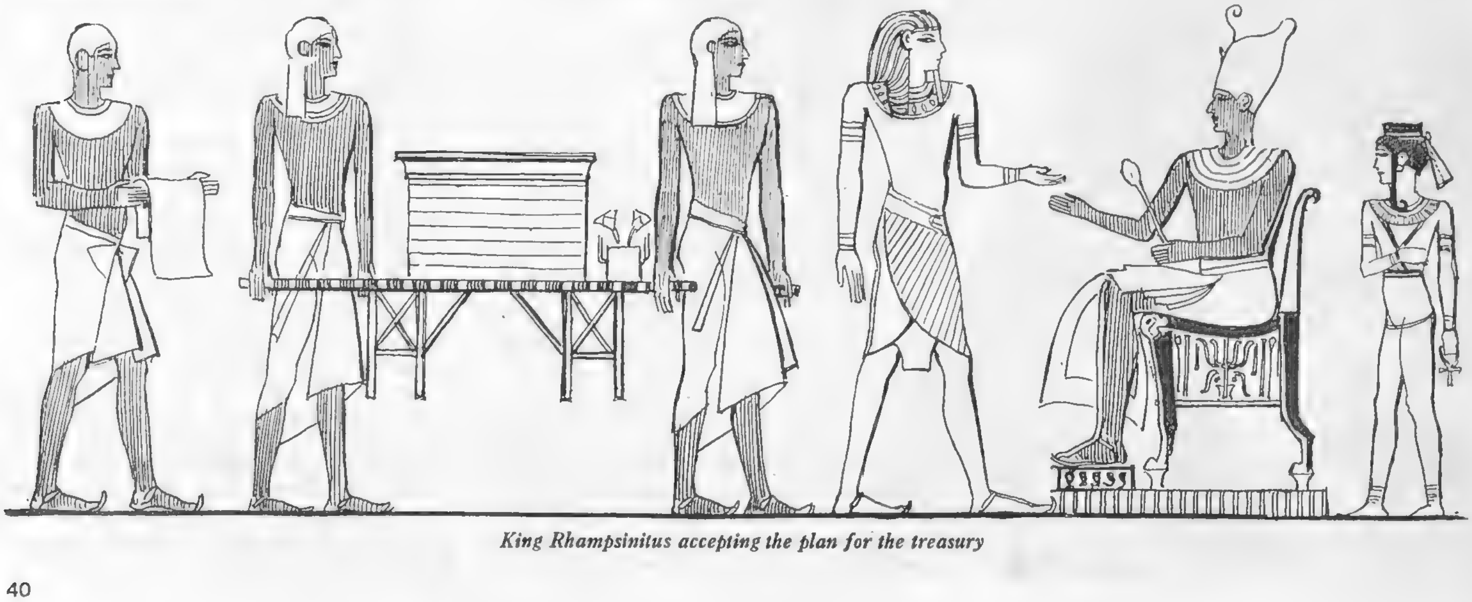
The fantastic wealth that he possessed gave him the idea of ordering a special room to be built wherein to keep his treasures. The task was given to an exceptionally talented architect whose name has not reached us. This treasury was an annexe to the royal Palace and was built of stone. Its only entrance was from the Palace, and the king was the sole possessor of the keys and seals. Diodorus describes this king as a man eaten up with avarice, but the magnitude of the monuments that he caused to be erected seems to prove that, like many other kings of Egypt, he was an art magnate and spared neither funds nor care to embellish the memorials of his own reign and leave to posterity immortal evidence of his grandeur.

The riches found in Tutankhamen's tomb have impressed the whole world; yet they were only a few personal belongings of the king. A very vivid imagination is needed to visualise what a royal treasury must have been. Jewels and all sorts of valuables were deposited within innumerable vases; coffers were filled with gold. They had no stamped coins as we know them, but bullion was cast into rings and pierced discs, the imperfection of which made it necessary to weigh them in order to ascertain their value.

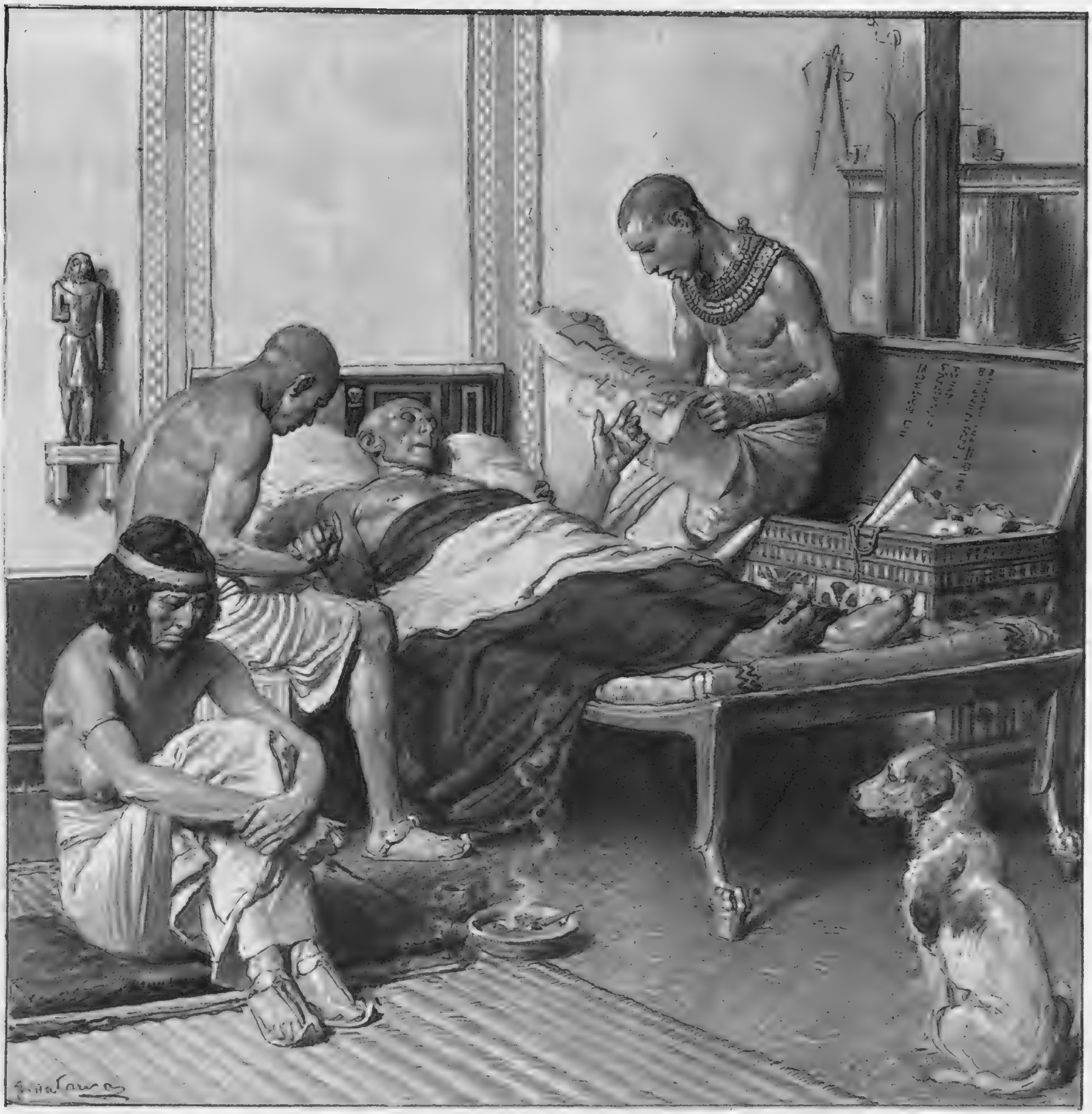


Crest of King Rhampsinitus

A FEW years after the completion of the strong-room, the architect fell seriously ill, and, knowing that his end was near, he called his two sons to his bedside and revealed to them a secret which until then he had jealously guarded. He told them that, when he built the room, he constructed an entrance unknown to anyone, and that only by moving one of the stones



King Rhampsinitus accepting the plan for the treasury



KNOWING that his end was near, the architect called his two sons to his bedside and revealed to them a secret

in a certain way it was possible to gain admittance from the exterior of the Palace. He gave them measures and plans and told them that it was for their sakes that he had invented this contrivance so that they might avail themselves of the Royal treasury, to which, so long as they kept the secret, they would have free access.

He died peacefully, never anticipating for a moment what consequences the revelation of this secret would have. Very soon after, they went to see for themselves whether it was possible to move the stones as their father had told them. In point of actual fact, the plans were perfect, and with very little or no difficulty they soon found themselves in the forbidden room.

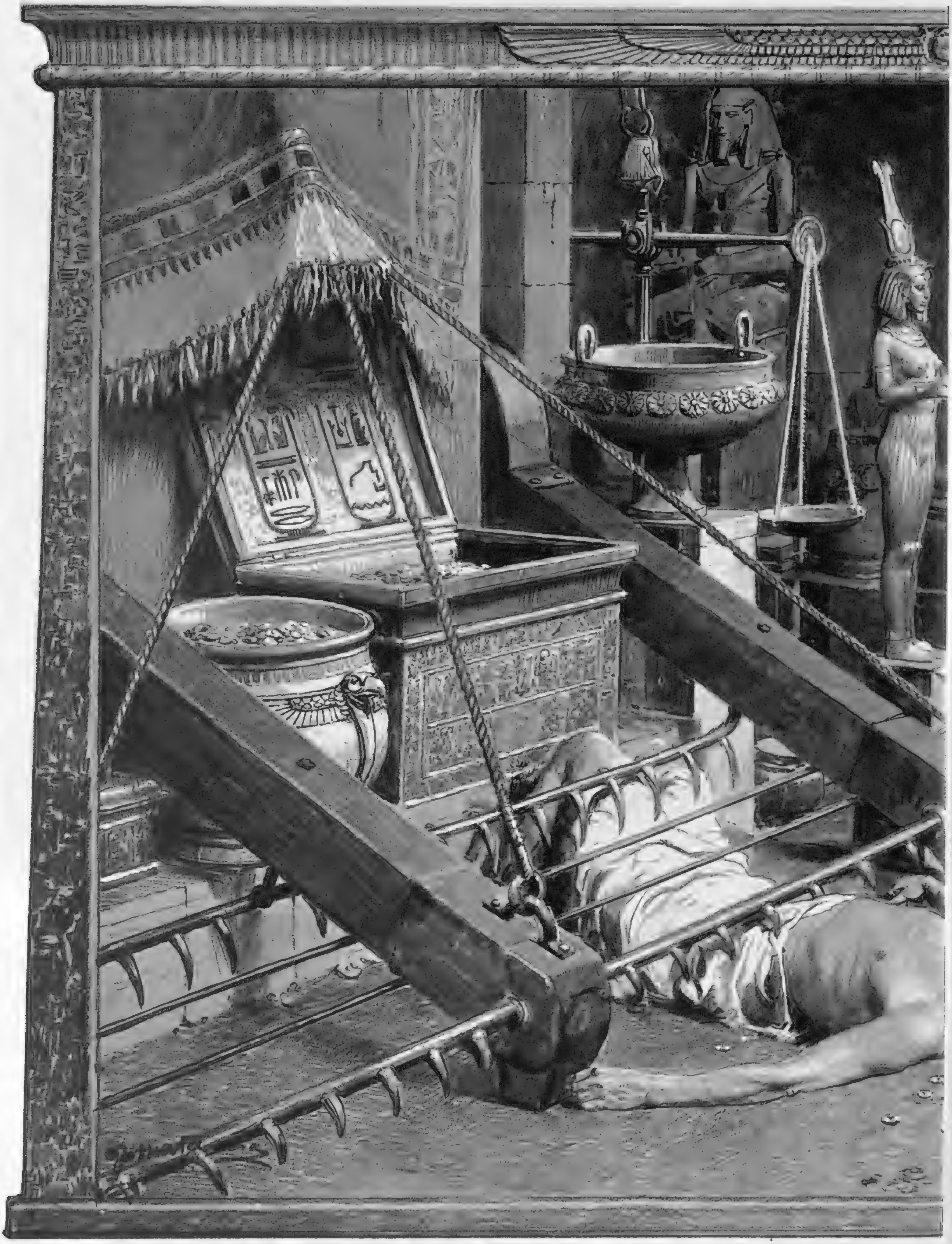
The great silence and solemnity amidst this vast amount of shining wealth impressed them solely with a sensation of overwhelming awe.

"THOU shall not steal" is a commandment that we find in every religion and in every creed. Neither shalt thou steal even the superfluous wealth of a king, nor covet his wealth, not though it be derived from the spoils of war or the very substance of the labour, slavery, and agony of others. It seems that this last consideration weighed no jot with these two young men, and a very substantial sum was spirited away.

Encouraged by their success, they came several times, until the king noticed the level of the gold had fallen considerably, but he was at a loss to explain how it had disappeared, for the seals and fastenings of the room were all intact. Yet every time he went, he had a fresh proof that the Royal treasury had been plundered. Faced with this problem, Rhampsinitus set in the treasure-house a man-trap strong enough to hold a jungle beast. It must have been a very difficult task adequately to conceal it, but eventually the contrivance was set up hard-by the vessels containing the gold.

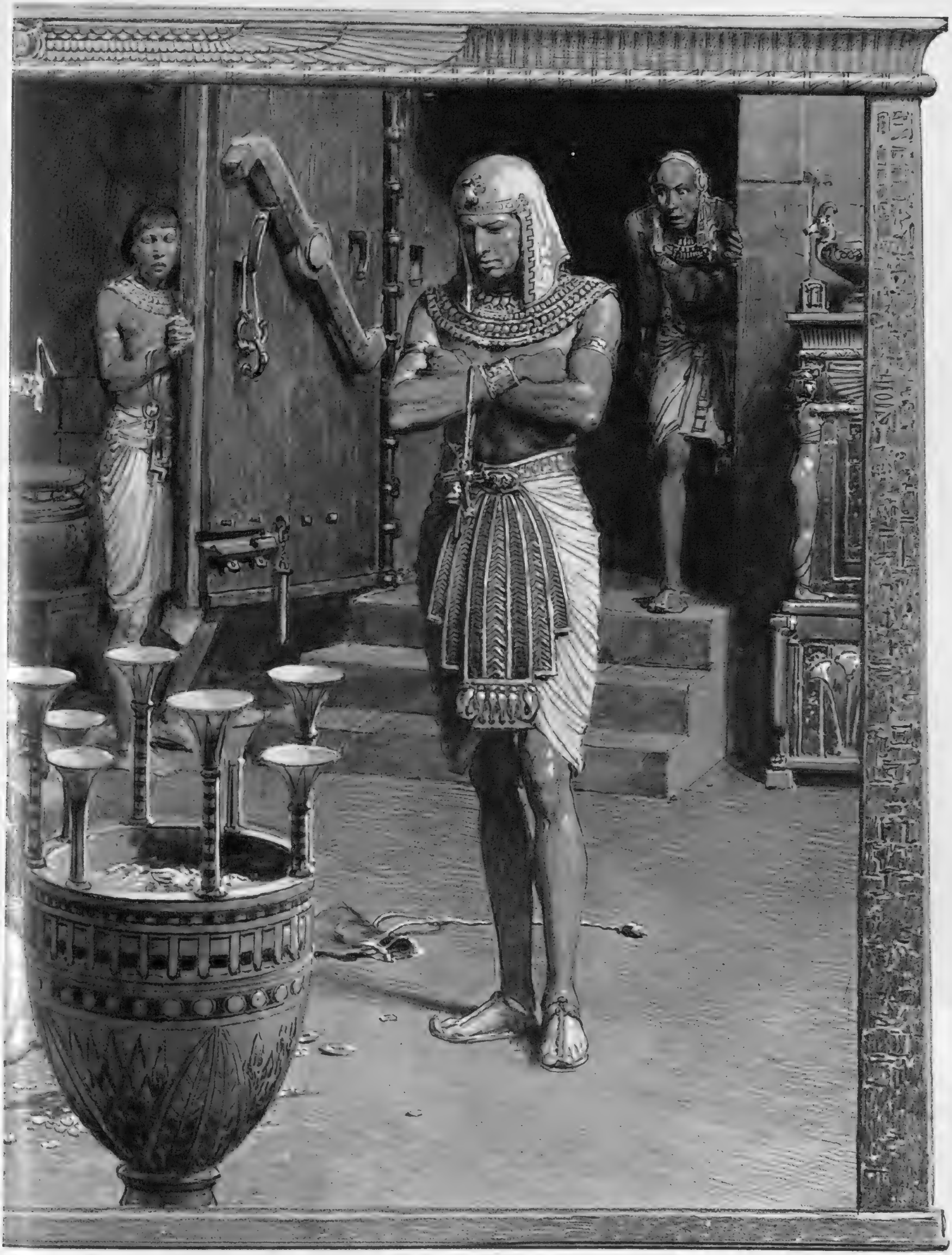
When the king paid his next visit, he was astonished to see the headless body of a man caught in the trap. The chief interest of the king was to find out who the thief might be and by what means he had managed to get in. But the gruesome find did not help him very much. The thieves had foiled the king, but at a hideous cost. On entering the treasure-chamber, one of the architect's sons, making straight for the vases, was caught. His brother tried to extricate

(*Continued on page 44*)

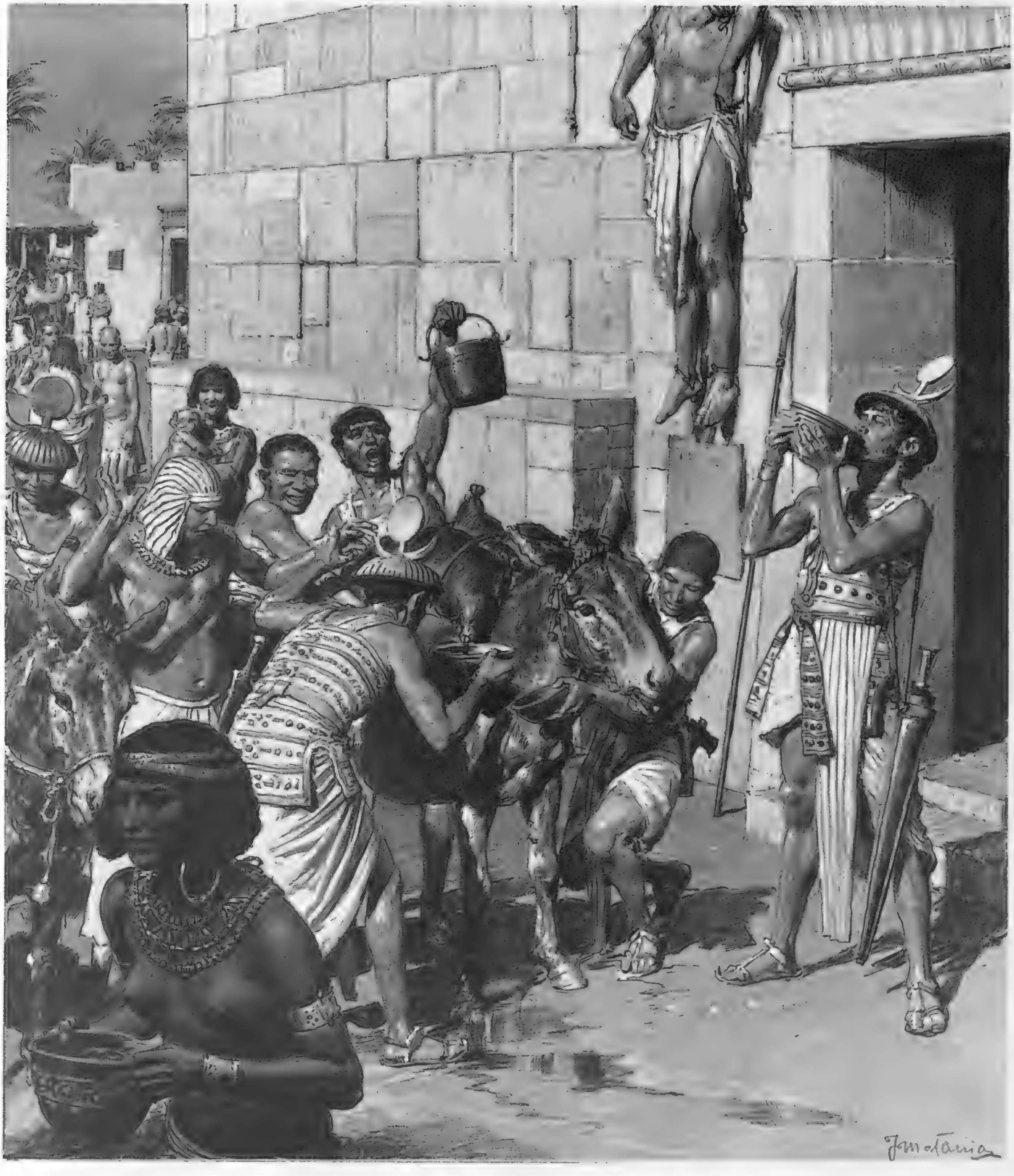


When the King paid his next visit he was astonished

No. 29. Rhampsinitus and the Thief



to see the headless body of a man caught in the trap



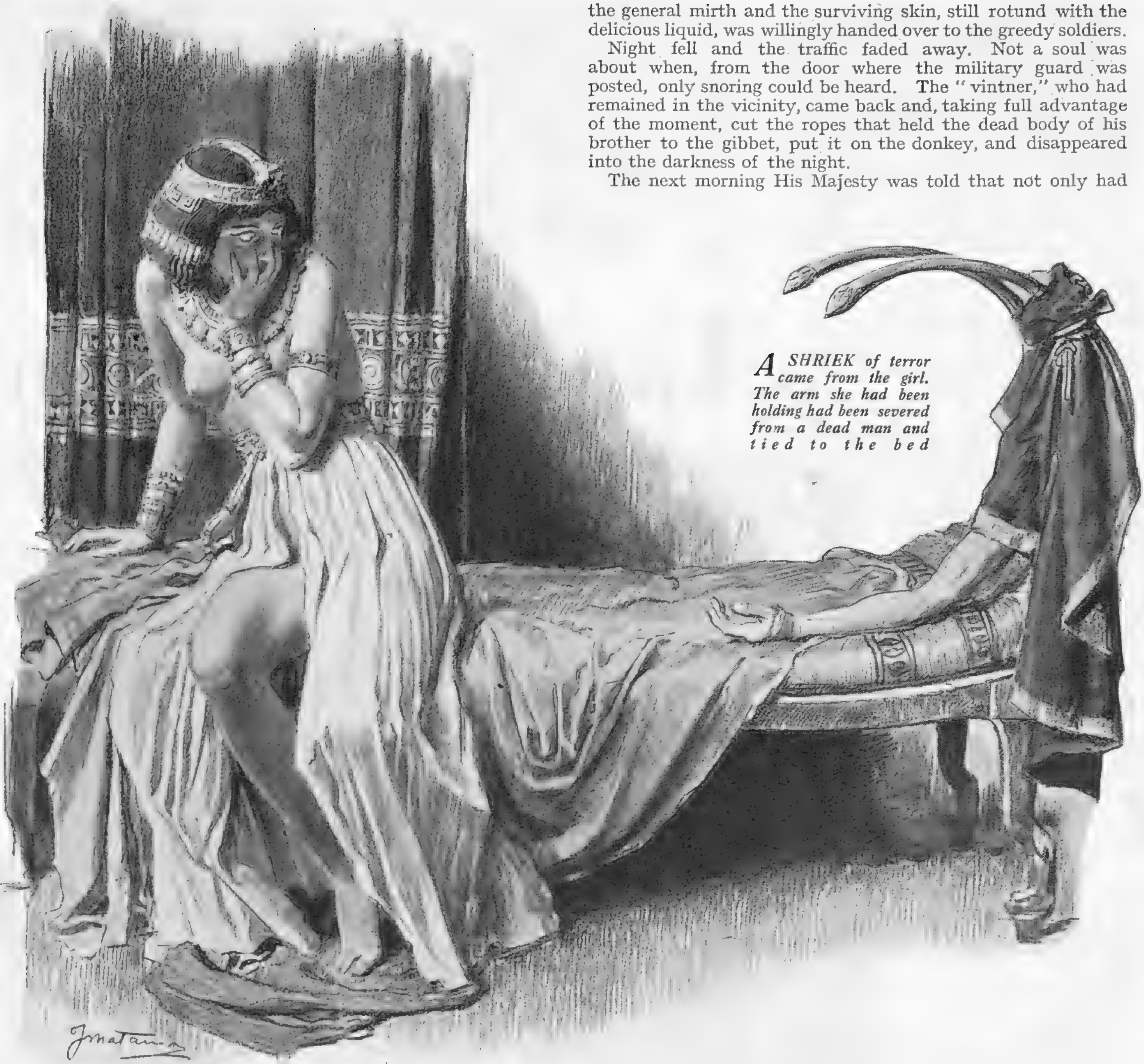
OUT they came with pots and mugs and, instead of helping, other strings came undone, and the scene soon became a little orgy of drinking

him but in vain; and the victim, knowing well that only torture and death awaited him were he discovered, induced him to cut his head off so that, when his body was found, he would not be identified. Thus he would avoid bringing ruin and disgrace upon his family. There was no alternative, and the frightful deed was done. The survivor departed, taking his brother's head home to a distracted mother.

WANTING, at any cost, to solve the problem of the identity of the culprit, the king ordered the body to be publicly exposed. It was hung up outside the Royal Palace with a guard to watch if anyone was seen lamenting or weeping near the place, a guard instructed to seize such a person immediately and bring them before the throne.

The unhappy mother, on hearing that her son's body was hung up and exposed to the public contempt, implored her surviving son to use every possible means to recover it and at least accord to him, secretly, but decently, the funeral rites that formed the greatest object of veneration of antiquity. He was, as may be imagined, very reluctant to do so, fearing that, if he were discovered, the very reason for their sacrifice would be destroyed. But the mother was relentless, and threatened him with a full denunciation to the king.

A SHY young man leading two donkeys, laden with skins laden with wine, made his way towards the crowd of onlookers at the dangling, headless corpse. He, too, glanced at the gruesome exhibit



A SHRIEK of terror came from the girl. The arm she had been holding had been severed from a dead man and tied to the bed

and shuddered. As he approached the door where the guard was stationed a peg slipped out of one of the skins and the wine began to pour from it; at the same time, the string attached to another skin, carried by the other donkey, became unfastened and more was spilled. The poor boy was at a loss to know to which side first to attend.

The sight of wine has always inspired the human mind to gaiety and the misfortune of the young man caused a gay commotion, especially among the soldiers. Out they came with pots and mugs and, instead of helping the merchant, they helped themselves!

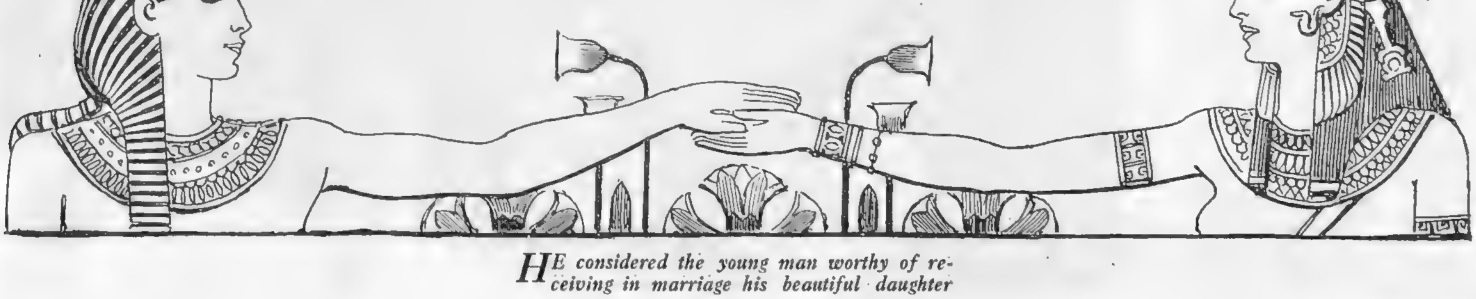
OTHER strings came undone (quite by accident, *bien entendu*) and the scene soon became a little orgy of drinking and laughing. One by one the skins deflated, until only one remained intact, but by this time the young stranger had philosophically joined in the general mirth and the surviving skin, still rotund with the delicious liquid, was willingly handed over to the greedy soldiers.

Night fell and the traffic faded away. Not a soul was about when, from the door where the military guard was posted, only snoring could be heard. The "vintner," who had remained in the vicinity, came back and, taking full advantage of the moment, cut the ropes that held the dead body of his brother to the gibbet, put it on the donkey, and disappeared into the darkness of the night.

The next morning His Majesty was told that not only had no arrest taken place but the body of the thief had disappeared and the guard been found in a drunken stupor. For the powerful Pharaoh to be foiled like this was more than he could bear and, not wanting to admit defeat, resorted to yet more subtly drastic methods.

Speculating on the supreme masculine weakness, he suggested that his beautiful daughter should go to the common stews and appear to be kindly disposed towards any man who would confess to her an interesting secret. The intention was to detain by every means the one who confessed himself the author of the robberies. Many men, attracted by the unique prospect, tried, but were invariably rejected, until a shy young man, wrapped in a cloak, came forward and requested the Royal Princess to extinguish every light in the room. After this request was complied

(*Continued on page* 112)



HE considered the young man worthy of receiving in marriage his beautiful daughter

Two White Men

By Achmed Abdullah

THE end of the world it seemed, this vast stretch of tropical China. But not the end of human ambition, nor—to quote Fuller Hyatt, the missionary doctor—of human suffering; nor, finally, of riches—riches in the steaming jungles, the towering mountains, the deep, black forests that yielded huge quantities of rubber, gum-copral, and fossil ivory. There were, furthermore, traces of alluvial gold; and the overhead expense was not large. For all the work was done—and cheaply done—by coolies, greatly to the enrichment of Guy Channing, who represented the American Development Company here at Ta-liang, and John Ackroyd, his British rival, who was the local agent for a Hongkong firm.

These two were the only white men hereabouts, unless one included Fuller Hyatt—whom they did not include; at least, not exactly.

Not because of his race. Indeed, the doctor, who came from Montana, was almost exaggeratedly Anglo-Saxon by every token of blue eyes, fair hair and tall powerful frame. But—well, listen to Channing and Ackroyd chewing the rag on the veranda of the ramshackle inn where they lived, an inn called, without intentional irony, the "Grand Hotel de France."

"Saw him ambling down the street this morning," said Ackroyd in his harsh Yorkshire accents, "star-gazing as per usual—and bumping into a fat old Buddhist priest, who gave him hell. And—what d'ye think Hyatt did . . . ?"

"Took a poke at him?"

"Don't be silly! You know our Holy John. He swept off his hat to that ancient heathen as he might to a duke. Craved his pardon. And a dozen damned coolies looking on and making dirty Chinese wise-cracks. Can you beat it?"

"Sure can!" came Channing's soft Virginia drawl. "Remember that woman bandit they executed last month?"

"Don't tell me she was his sweetie!"

"Just as bad. He adopted her children. Yes, sir"—as the Englishman stared incredulously—"adopted every one of the female Robin Hood's lemon-coloured brats. Allows he's going to teach them everything about—oh—loving-kindness and hygiene."

"Good Lord!" Ackroyd was shocked. "He—a white man—to . . ."

"I wouldn't call him white, John."

"Nor I. Still, it's beastly."

"Not beastly at all—but decent. Too damned decent. Hyatt, you see, is that most dangerous thing called a thoroughly good man." Channing laughed rather bitterly. "Too good to be white."

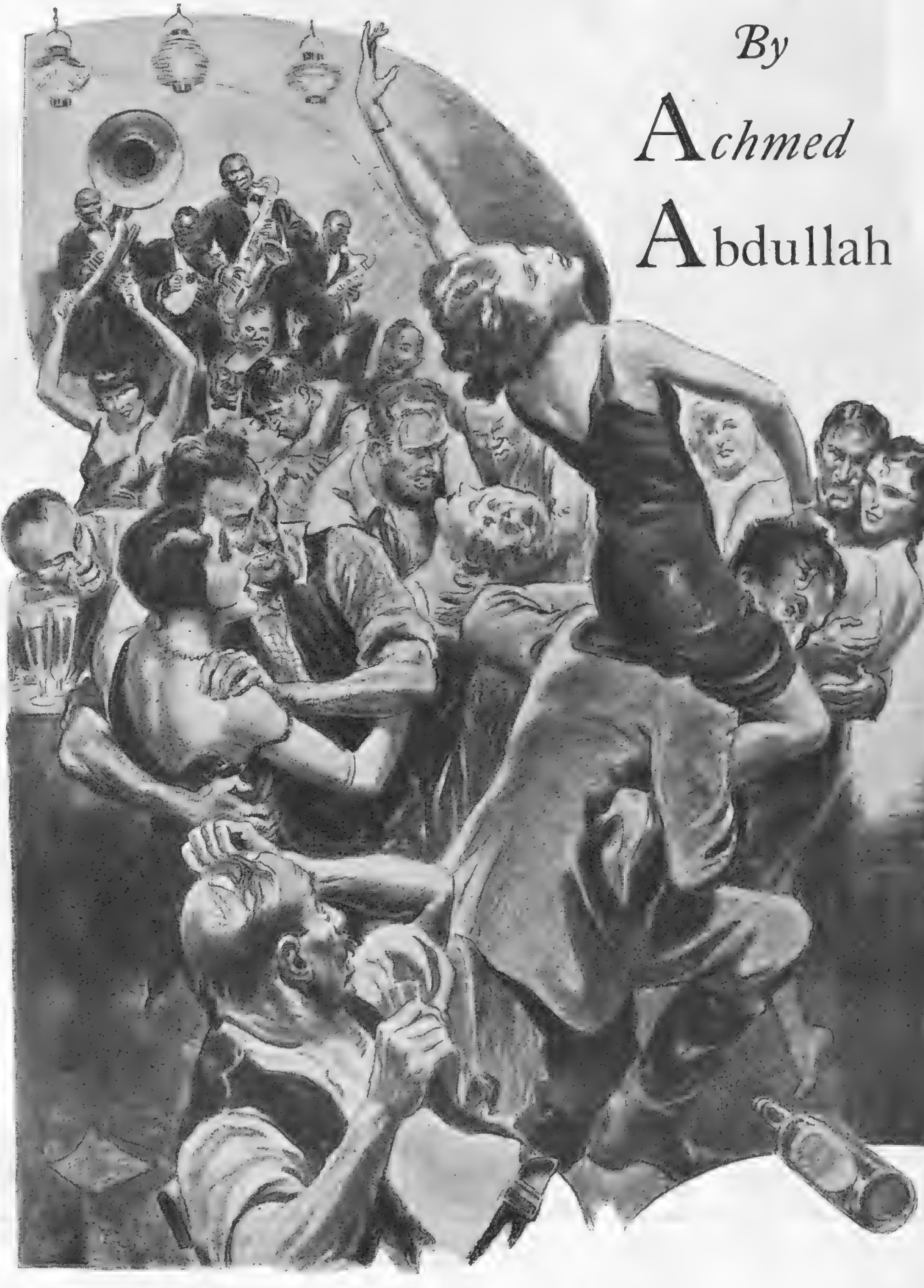
"What d'ye mean—too good to be . . . ?"

"Well, you and I are white. Quite white. But—we aren't exactly good, are we?" He clapped his hands. A Chinese appeared. "Two double whiskies."

"*Yau sam lok*, mister . . ."

The waiter brought the whisky. Potent whisky it was, so that, after a while, Hyatt was forgotten and they talked business. They talked presently of home. Talked of returning, Ackroyd to a grey Tudor pile that faced the Yorkshire moors, and Channing to a pleasant little house up the Shenandoah valley.

Nor was there anything to prevent them, since both were rich. But they remained year after year. For the subtle poison of the tropics had entered their brains.



and Another . . .

Not to mention a Red-headed Girl

Thus one day there would be whispers about an untapped store of fossil ivory far above the last bush station of the Burman frontier. Or there would be the same old will-o'-the-wisp tale of alluvial gold up in the Chiang Mountains.

Then there would be excitement. Channing and Ackroyd—friends and rivals—would be down on the spoor like jackals, using pressure, diplomatic and commercial; gilding many a crooked finger of Chinese officials. And victory would swing her ironic pendulum, throwing the flash of red treasure now into the lap of the American, now into that of the Briton. But there were never any hard feelings; and they would meet at night on the veranda and boast a little of their success and stand each other drinks.

And when they had drunk too much they would bait and bully the owner of the hotel, a small berry-brown man who answered—amazingly—to the name of Dom Manuel dos Reis de Villareal d'Acosta.

An aristocratic name that smacked of knight-errantry and gold-inlaid armour and the crusaders' oriflamme. A name, incidentally, to which the little man had authentic claim, in spite of Channing and Ackroyd's ribald comment. For—as he liked to point out—he was the descendant of a noble Portuguese clan that had made brave history for hundreds of years. But he never mentioned that since its proud beginnings his people had travelled far afield, geographically as well as maritally; that in the days when the frigates out of Lisbon had luffed and looted across the seven seas and the colour line was not as rigidly drawn as nowadays, they had mated with kinky-haired African Gallas; and that, in the following century, with all the world's adventurers sailing to the Indies and far Cathay, a strain of Mongol and Hindu blood had added yet more dross to the picturesque mixture in his veins.

So, then, was Dom Manuel: neither white nor black nor yellow. A man he was who loved with the hectic passion of his various ancestral elements; who hated with the knife-sharp cruelty of these same elements, and who, most vindictively, hated Fuller Hyatt.

He hated him even more than he hated Channing and Ackroyd, though—or perhaps because—the latter baited and bullied him, while he, on the other hand, could bait and bully the doctor with impunity. As, for instance, on that evening—not many hours before "Corky" Bennett drifted out of the jungle, not many weeks before Odette de Maucair arrived from Shanghai—when, with the two business men splitting a quart of champagne on the veranda, Hyatt hastened in from the street, a little Chinese girl in his arms . . .

The child, one of those whom he had adopted, had been struck on the forehead by a tile that had dropped from a roof. The injury was not dangerous, but it bled profusely, and so Hyatt took a clean napkin, tore it into strips, and began bandaging the wound.

Just then Dom Manuel came from the kitchen.

"Oh!" he cried angrily. "My napkin . . ."

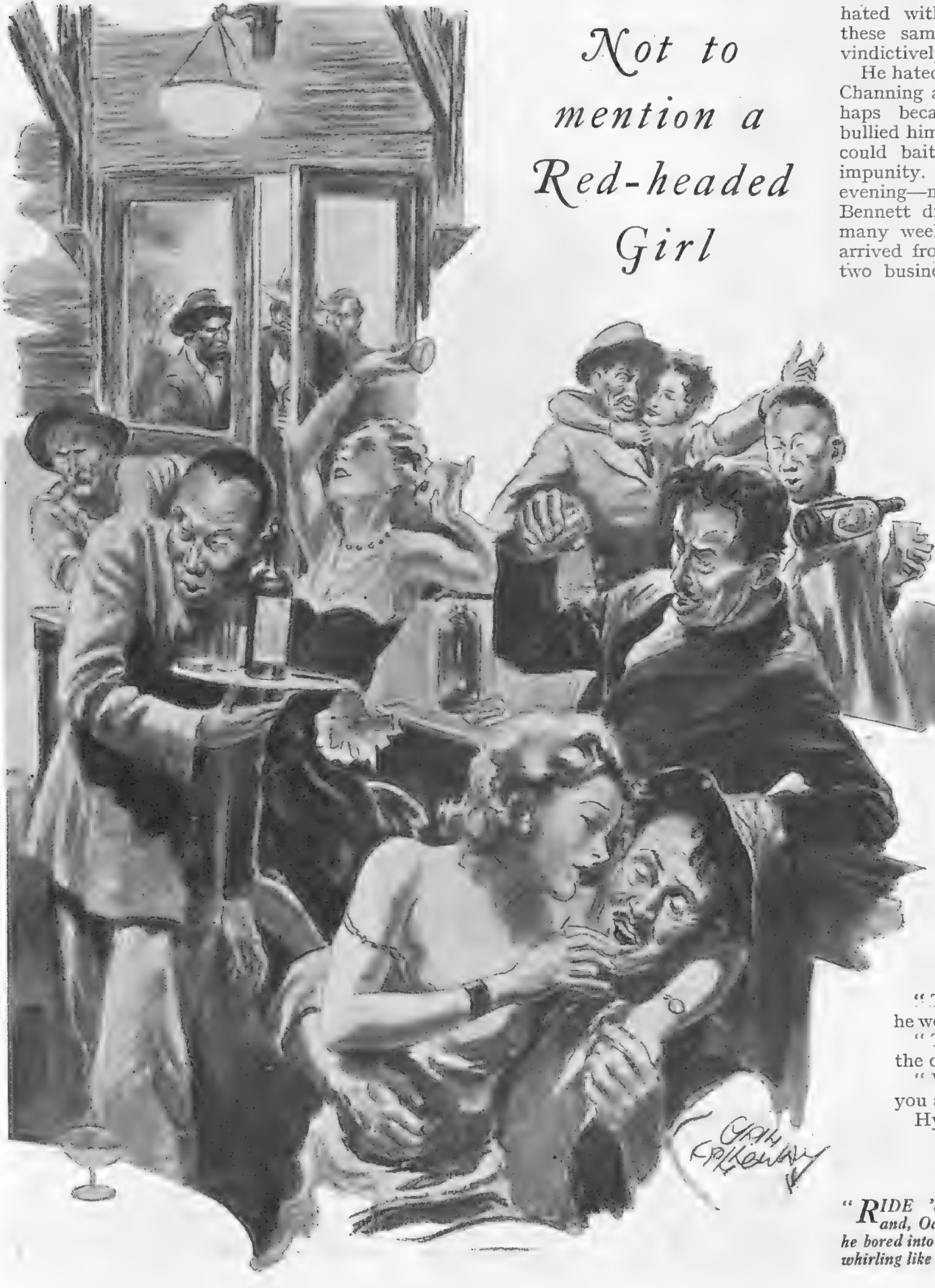
Without a reply, the other put a silver tael—ten times the price of the bit of shoddy cotton—on the table. Dom Manuel pocketed it. But his ire grew, perhaps because of Hyatt's wordless gesture, which—rightly or wrongly—he interpreted as contempt.

"This is a white man's place!" he went on. "No Chinks allowed."

"The child is hurt," explained the doctor calmly.

"What of it? Get out o' here—you and your yellow brat!"

Hyatt paid not the slightest



"RIDE 'em, cowboy," he cried; and, Odette high on his shoulders, he bored into the thick of the dance floor, whirling like a dervish, stamping his feet

attention. He bent over his small patient, attended her with gentle, agile fingers; and the half-breed became more and more incensed.

"*Canalla!*" he yelled. "Get out o' here! Don't you hear me . . .? Get the hell out o' here!"

Still the other paid no attention. Without hurrying, he finished the bandage—and, all at once, Dom Manuel's anger surged into blind frenzy. He rushed up to Hyatt. He cursed him foully, and suddenly struck him in the face.

Silence then, tense, tragic; and, momentarily, Dom Manuel was afraid. For the doctor's eyes were narrowing. His jaws clamped. The veins on his temples stood out like ropes.

"Oh!" the single cry broke from his lips. High. Almost squeaky. Ludicrous. And terrible.

His hand reached toward his hip pocket; Dom Manuel seemed frozen with fright; and then, the very next second, Hyatt's rage left him as quickly as it had come. He smiled—a queer smile, crooked, grotesque. He picked up the little girl, who had begun to whimper. He soothed her with soft, crooning Chinese words. He walked to the door, and once more there was silence, splintered by Ackroyd's mocking query:—

"Forgot to turn your right cheek, didn't you?"

"Did I?" was the slow reply. "Ah—I don't think I did."

And he crossed the outer threshold, accompanied by the hotel owner's hooting laughter and smiling that same crooked smile as he heard Ackroyd's exclamation:

"Not an ounce of guts! And he calls himself white!"

The Yorkshireman was furious. He despised Hyatt for having let himself be struck by Dom Manuel; despised the latter for having struck the former—for standing there, rubbing his hands, obviously pleased with himself.

HYATT walked down the street, turned the corner. If feelings were in him—shame, embarrassment—he did not show them, except, perhaps, by the expression in his eyes, something like a grey memory issuing from the past—a hopeless memory—a memory which he hated, which made him shudder. . . .

With a hard effort he dismissed it. He reached his home. The child ran in. He was about to follow when he heard a confusion of cries—cries of fear, cries for help.

He looked. A new road was in the process of construction. Not far from his house, where work had temporarily stopped, it turned sharply, leaping into space and tumbling to the rocky bed of the Ta-liang River a thousand feet below; and toward this abyss, carrying its rider to certain death, galloped a white stallion, completely out of control.

The man astride the horse was Po Shen, the presiding local mandarin. A gentleman with an expensive and charming taste in ancient Sung porcelain and less ancient Nanking sing-song girls. Too, a brave man. For even as he passed in a whirlwind of dust and flying hooves; even as Hyatt rushed forward and stood there ready to help, feet well braced, body slightly bent, arms curved like a wrestler's—even at that moment Po Shen succeeded in raising a hand in a warning gesture, yelling:

"No, no!"

But already Hyatt had jumped from the ground and, brain and muscles acting in perfect unison, had caught the crazed animal around the neck. He swung himself up in front of the rider, reached out, inserted strong fingers into the stallion's nostrils.

Double weight and cruel fingers acted like a brake. Less than a foot away from the abyss the horse stopped, snorting, shivering.

And so, presently, Po Shen bowed deeply to Fuller Hyatt.

"My gratitude," he said, "is a vase of white jade, exquisitely carved." He added: "Your courage is flawless."

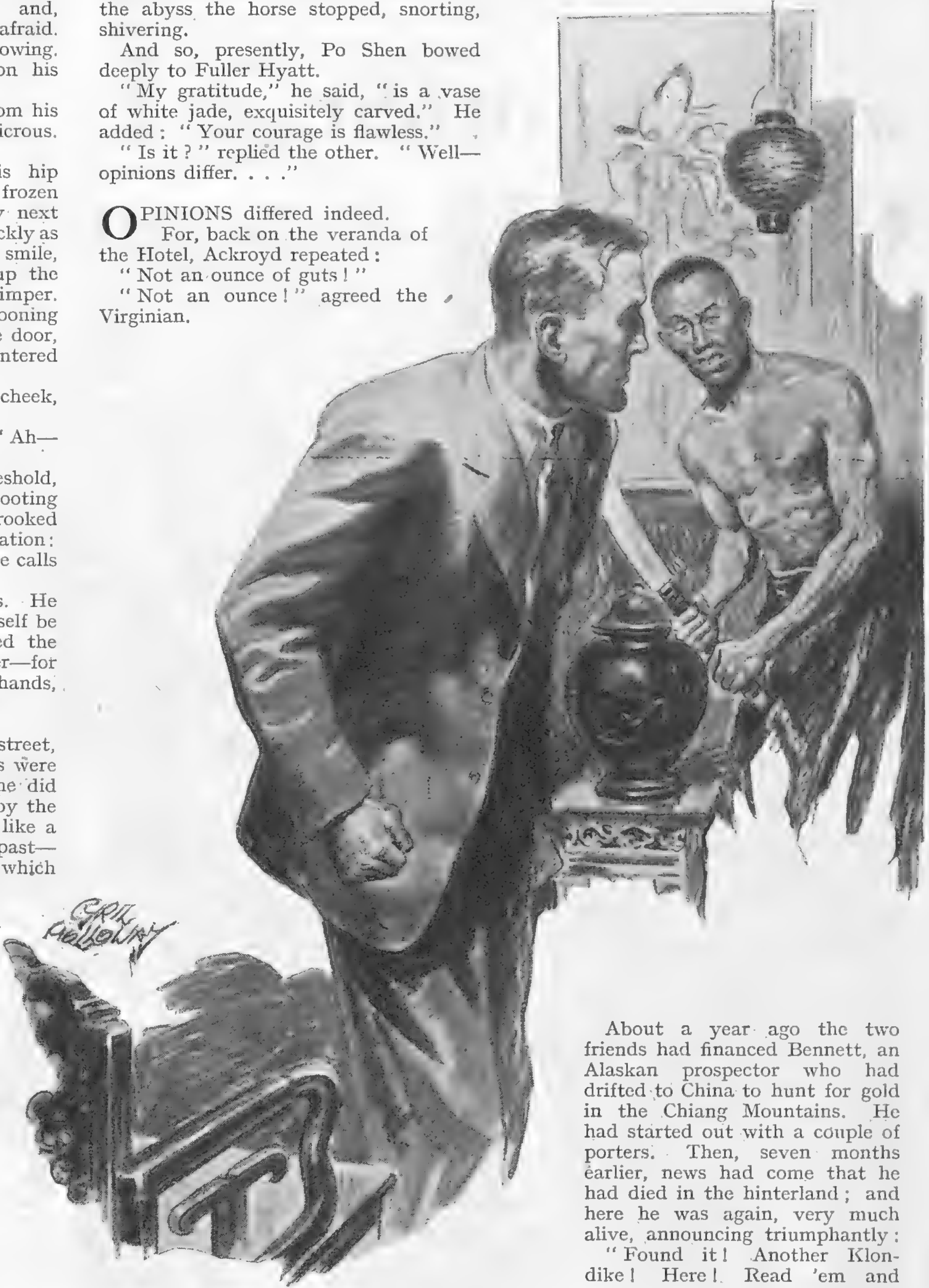
"Is it?" replied the other. "Well—opinions differ. . . ."

OPINIONS differed indeed.

For, back on the veranda of the Hotel, Ackroyd repeated:

"Not an ounce of guts!"

"Not an ounce!" agreed the Virginian.



They finished another bottle. It was growing late: midnight trailing a purple cloak; overhead great stars wheeling slowly. The hotel was quiet. The streets were deserted.

"What about bed?" suggested the Yorkshireman. "I've a raft of work to do to-morrow and . . ." All at once he interrupted himself. He stared toward the door; demanded: "And who may *you* be?"

For a man had appeared on the veranda—a man who was tall, ragged, his bearded face burnt the colour of teak. This man laughed—and Channing remembered the laugh and jumped up.

"Corky!" he cried. "Corky Bennett! But—I thought . . ."

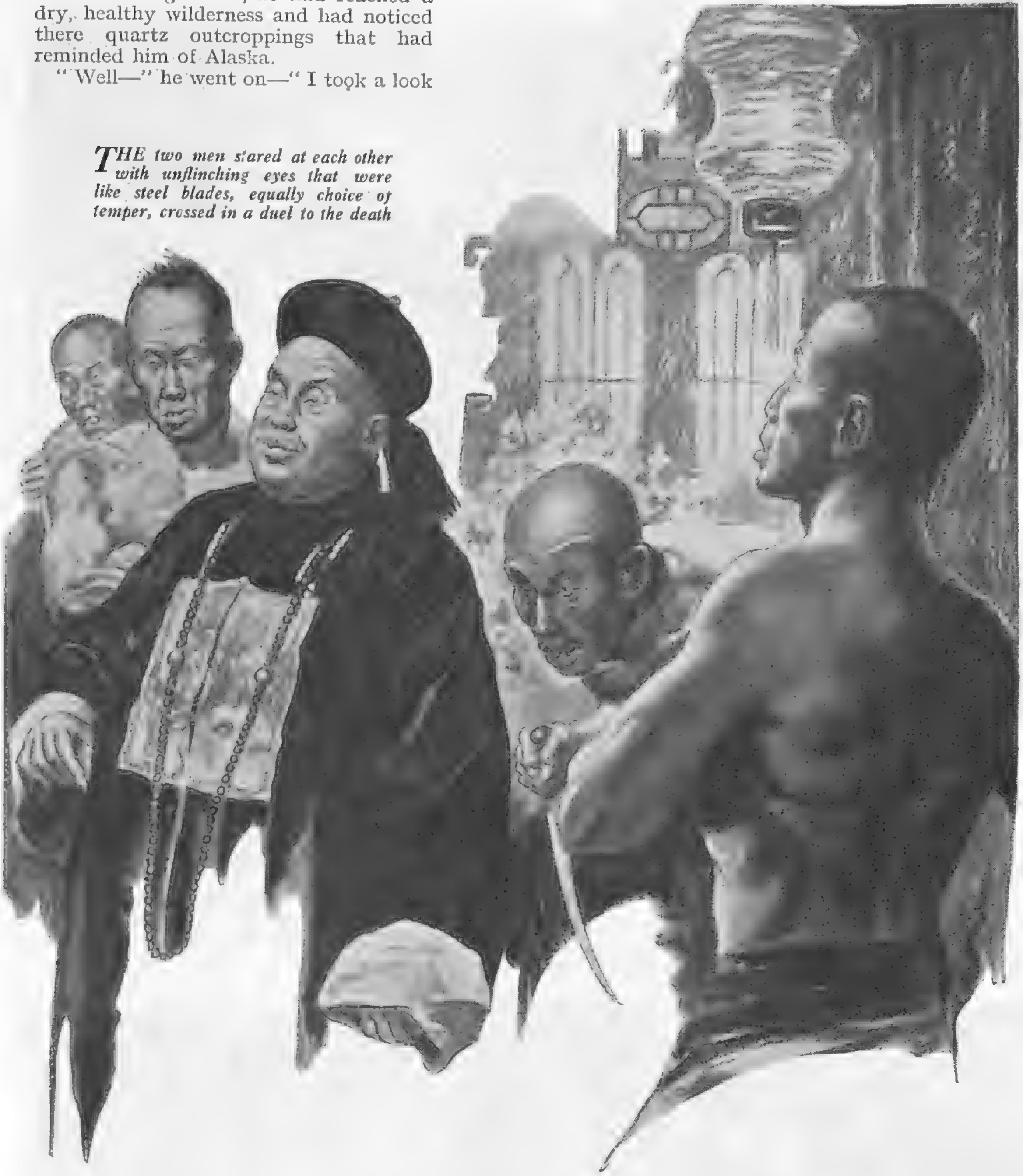
"I'd kicked the bucket? Well—ye've got another guess comin'!"

About a year ago the two friends had financed Bennett, an Alaskan prospector who had drifted to China to hunt for gold in the Chiang Mountains. He had started out with a couple of porters. Then, seven months earlier, news had come that he had died in the hinterland; and here he was again, very much alive, announcing triumphantly:

"Found it! Another Klondike! Here! Read 'em and weep!"

From a small leather pouch he poured a thin stream of yellow dust on the table—and they touched the dust; became excited. The will-o'-the-wisp rumour come true: raw gold! Why—somehow it seemed more precious than gold earned by trading and investing . . . and they listened eagerly while Bennett related how, terribly ill with fever, he had been left by the porters to perish; how he had pulled through and—what else was there to do?—had decided to return to Ta-liang. So he had trekked —alone, weak, with neither money nor provisions, since the porters had taken both, begging his way. Finally, after heart-breaking weeks, he had reached a dry, healthy wilderness and had noticed there quartz outcroppings that had reminded him of Alaska.

"Well—" he went on—" I took a look-see. And—" pointing at the shimmering heap—" there she is! And d'ye know where I found her? Why—no more'n a few hours in a flivver from Ta-liang. And the stuff itself—say—it's soft and crumbly. Ye can pick it up with a shovel and grind it through a coffee-mill! And—millions, boys! Millions!"



THE two men stared at each other with unflinching eyes that were like steel blades, equally choice of temper, crossed in a duel to the death

They talked far into the night. They knew that it would not be possible to keep the discovery quiet for long nor, in spite of their influence, to get a mining concession for the whole district. Therefore, the next morning, they called on Mandarin Po Shen. He listened and pocketed a handsome cheque.

Yes! He would keep the news under cover for two months; enough time for them to prospect more thoroughly and file claims on the most promising property: eight claims each—twice the legal limit—which meant thirty-two claims all told. . . .

"Three times eight is twenty-four," Ackroyd corrected him.

"But four times eight," purred the mandarin, "is thirty-two."

"I get ye!" laughed Bennett. "Shake, partner!"—and he held out a horny hand which Po Shen touched delicately. . . .

By the end of the second month they had struck rich pay-dirt. By the end of the third the news of the find had flared up like powder under spark and the gold rush had begun, with Americans and Europeans hurrying from all the Far East, from Siberia and Australia. So, presently, in the mining camp, machinery was throbbing and zumming; while, near the diggings, Ta-liang itself changed to a rowdy, tawdry boom town where men were talking gold, thinking gold, dreaming gold—and spending gold.

Spending it recklessly. Spending—most of it—at the *Grand Hotel de France*, no longer a ramshackle hotel, since Dom Manuel, shrewd in his knowledge that more gold came out of miners' pockets than out of mines, had made considerable additions. Dozens of new rooms. An immense bar. A gambling place. A dance hall—and all its fixtures imported; imported the jazz orchestra; imported, furthermore, the girls.

Girls of a dozen nations for whom he had combed the treaty ports and Japan. European girls all; white flotsam tossed on Asia's yellow sardonic shores. Girls to whom the half-breed, with a wink, referred as "hostesses" — and amongst them the loveliest was Odette de Maucair.

So at least she had called herself these last few years, up and down the China coast, though some people suggested that her accent was less French than her name. But there was no doubt of her amazing beauty. No doubt that men desired her as bees desire sugar.

Indeed a most notorious woman—who, a week or so after her arrival in Ta-liang, went for an evening stroll with Channing and, not far from the hotel, met Fuller Hyatt.

Then a queer thing happened. For she stopped when she saw him. She trembled and grew deathly pale.

"Charlie—" she whispered—"Charlie, . . ."

Channing looked up. He wondered who Charlie was? And, the next second he knew, as he noticed Hyatt smiling thinly and studying Odette from her small, pigeon-blue hat to the tips of her tiny shoes.

"Hullo, Kitty!" said the doctor.

"Tell me," she asked, moving a step nearer, "when did you . . . ?"

"Break jail? I didn't." His voice was ironic. "I was pardoned."

They stared at each other. Momentarily they seemed unaware of the Virginian's presence.

She sobbed. She stretched out her hands.

"Charlie," she stammered, "I wasn't to blame. I mean—not entirely. I tried to explain. You wouldn't listen then. . ."

"Nor shall I listen now. You lie!"

"No, no! I swear it. . . ."

"You lie!" he repeated, and walked away.

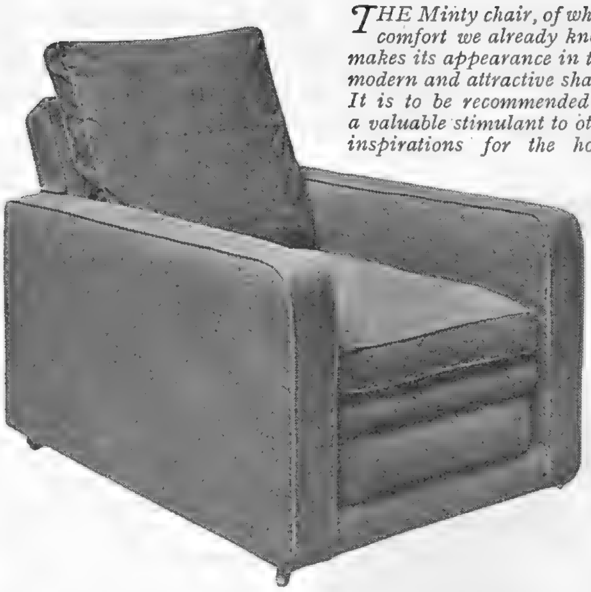
She shrugged her shoulders in bitter resignation.

"You heard?" she demanded, turning to Channing.

"Yes."

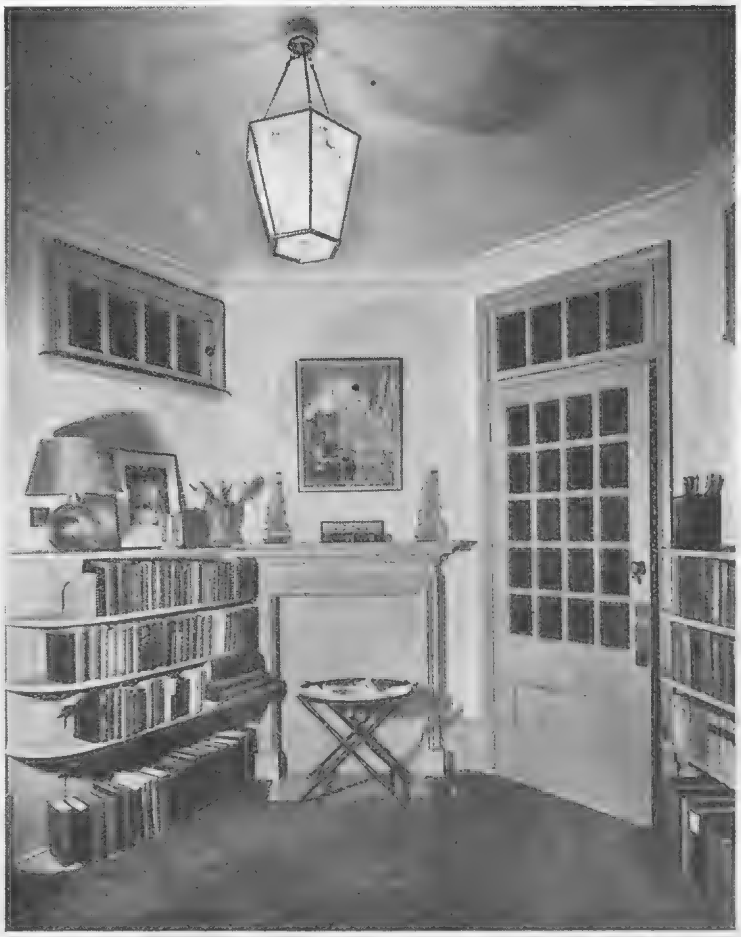
"And—you couldn't forget all you heard, being a Virginian and a gentleman?"

"I've already (*Continued on page* 99)



THE Minty chair, of whose comfort we already know, makes its appearance in this modern and attractive shape. It is to be recommended as a valuable stimulant to other inspirations for the home

INSPIR

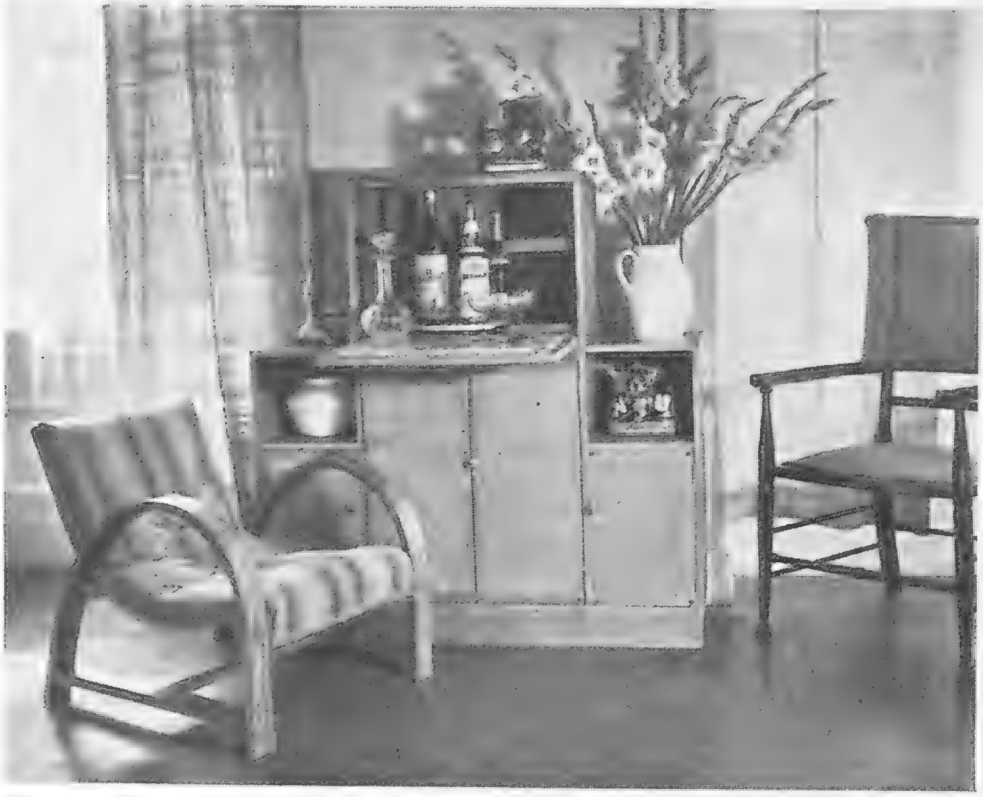


THE hall of the small flat presents a familiar problem. The pictured one solves its problem by becoming a miniature study, decorated and lighted in such a way as to conceal its dark and humble origin

OCTOBER does seem to be the right time for introducing small improvements into the home, a season between the pleasant occupations of summer and the darker days which dampen one's enthusiasm for such things. True, one may have carried out certain alterations in the springtime, but however elaborate that programme may have been it is invariably necessary to make some further small adjustments to meet the demands of winter and to add comfort and attractiveness to rooms in which so much time will be spent within the next few months. Realising that costly projects are likely to be frowned upon just now, I have confined myself, in this article, mainly to simple but effective means of introducing comfort and decoration into autumn schemes. Moreover, since these are practical times and a great many of us have undertaken, for reasons of economy, to dispense with domestic help, it shall begin with a suggestion for the woman who is coping with domestic tasks alone.

Why not have a kitchen sitting-room and work in agreeable surroundings as well as take your meals upon the spot? It is not always easy to camouflage the practical nature of a kitchen, especially if both kitchen and scullery are combined. At the same time, pots and pans are offensive only if they are unclean and one has only to recall the traditional charm of a farm kitchen with its spotless pans to be convinced of this.

Conventional kitchen furniture is sometimes drab, but there is so much practical and decorative furniture with which to replace it nowadays that a kitchen sitting-room is really the simplest of all things to accomplish.



WITH this article I have illustrated some very suitable furniture for this purpose, gay and decorative, practical and reasonably inexpensive. Chairs fashioned on striking lines—a modern version of the familiar wheel-back—are strong, attractively painted in colour and retain in every sense the most practical features of kitchen furniture whilst actually being of more decorative appearance.

If one were converting a kitchen into a two-purpose room it would be wise first to ensure a cool, clean background with glossy cream walls and woodwork before further brightening the scheme with this attractive furniture, the original of which was a deep pink outlined with black. The table of the same kind should be fitted with a

ANOTHER triumph of elimination. A bureau-cum-sideboard cocktail cabinet in limed oak with potentialities for the bachelor flat. To the right a near view of the "dispensary" is given. Price £10 . 15 . 0 from William Spriggs

ATIONS

Worth remembering in the season when homes are asking for new interest and small adjustments in preparation for the winter

By Winifred Lewis

plate-glass top so that all cooking operations could be conducted there and the surface easily cleaned for meals. A plain black linoleum fitted to the floor and varnished with an uncrackable varnish would obtain the coveted polish with the least effort, while black oilskin curtains would adorn the windows in a practical and effective way, and one could be thus certain of stimulating surroundings at the daily task and a perfectly agreeable setting for occasional meals.

FOR the easy-to-run home an efficient service-hatch is really a most important factor and if not already built is not costly to install. Variations of the original idea are many and well worth noting for present or future reference.

The latest service hatch between kitchen and dining-room is elaborated to include drawers which pull out on both sides, either into the kitchen or the dining-room, as well as smaller cupboards which do the same. Cutlery, china, glass and a great deal more paraphernalia of the table can be stored in these receptacles and are "get-at-able" from either room with equal ease. The woman who has walked incessantly about the house in search of this and the other will properly appreciate the saving of labour involved in this apparently simple device.

NEW designs in cutlery have come at last to relieve the monotony of older ones. This design from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company is most acceptable to the modern taste

Helen Macgregor

AFTER the susceptibilities of women guests have been provoked by the exquisite design of this English crystal beer set, the men can be depended upon to approve its practical proportions. Tankards 28/6 each, jug 45/6

In one house, I am told, a very low cupboard near the sitting-room fire which has a chromium-plated door, reveals itself as a coal-box which opens, ingeniously enough, on the kitchen side of the wall as well, eliminating the carriage of heavy scuttles and at the same time hiding the coal from view.

But to revert to the subject of meals—and this time to less informal ones—it is welcome news to those who are seeking inspiration for winter entertaining that, at last, new and interesting designs in plate and cutlery have appeared to replace the monotonous conventional pattern that has been with us so long. At a recent exhibition by one of the most famous silversmiths I saw plate in designs that will give an entirely new interest to the formal table scheme. At the same time there were tea services, coffee services and every other imaginable form of silver ware in fascinating form to harmonise with present schemes of decoration and present pockets!

Quite apart from its interest to modern hostesses in general these will be a welcome inspiration to the harassed present giver and will, in fact, afford him or her a new lease of life as such.

Generally speaking, the tone of our entertaining this winter is to be modest, which in most cases is very much to our taste, financially speaking. In sympathy with this trend, all the newest productions for the adornment and comfort of the home are, one notices, correspondingly modest in character. For instance, the day of elaborate table schemes is gone and table-mats are, I am assured, fast disappearing in favour of the substantial and more "homely" all-over damask cloth. Coloured damasks are much favoured, though the most approved fashion is

Inspirations

(*Continued from page 51*)

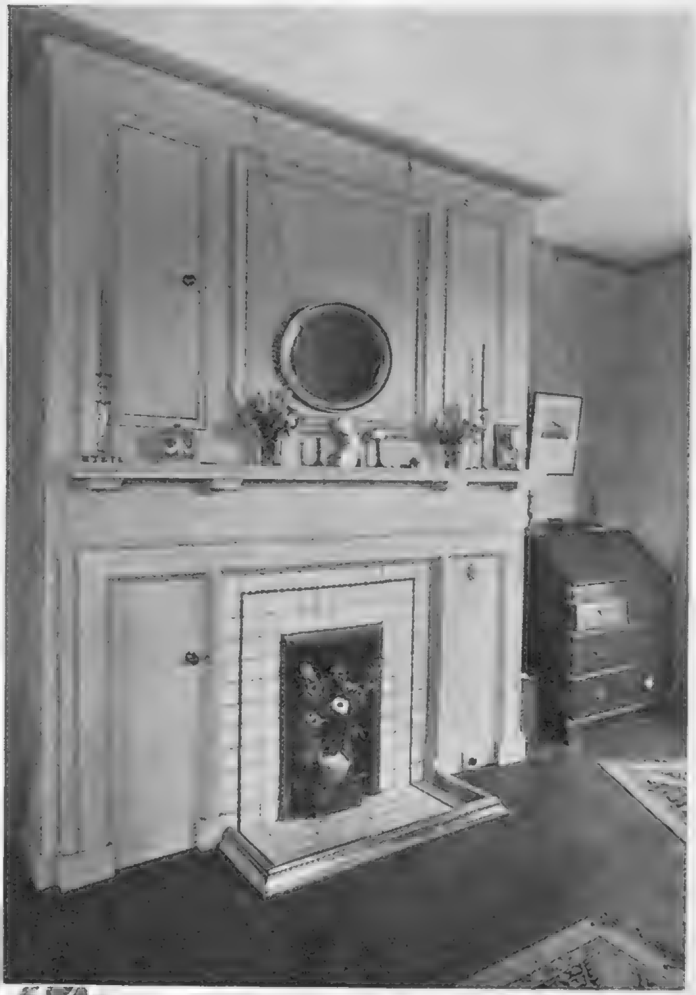
ABDULLA
SALISBURY
SALISBURY
TURKISH

A CIGARETTE box and ashtray in polished wood which delivers the cigarette when the lid is raised suggests a worthy receptacle for one's favourite cigarettes

that of the gaily checked linen cloth and napkins of peasant manufacture. Even formal dinner tables are to be set with this pretty but unpretentious linen, and floral decorations will correspond in their simplicity.

This also is a reminder that floral decorations are quite an important factor in the household budget during winter months and that some suggested economies in this respect may be welcome.

At a very original little shop I recently came upon the amusing and pretty wooden flowers which are illustrated on these pages, and was immediately struck with their decorative possibilities. These flowers are hand-painted in natural colours and have a formal charm which lends itself splendidly to bolder forms of decoration. They were originally fashioned, I understand, for use in window boxes but have proved themselves to offer a much greater scope than this alone. Displayed in the graceful coloured pottery jugs one sees about these days they are a most effective substitute for the real thing and have a refreshing "difference" which adds to their charm.



A SIMPLE fireplace which has an inlet coalbox at the side. The small door opens to reveal a spacious receptacle for coal and quite eliminates the more unsightly scuttle

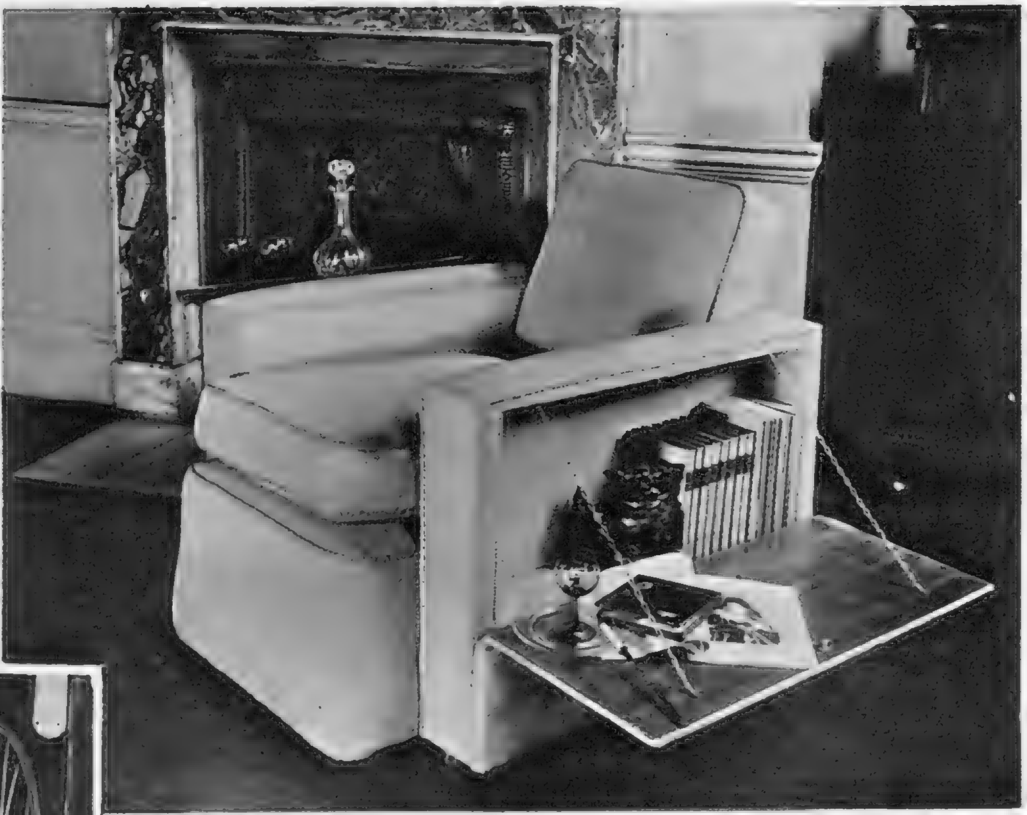
PAINTED wood flowers have a gaiety and a formal charm for winter decoration as well as an enduring quality which suggests some valuable economy. The initial cost is 2/- each

Another amusing and pretty substitute for real flower decorations is the aquarium to which so many variations can be applied. The square tanks which are obtainable at most stores now and which, incidentally, can often be bought as disused accumulator jars, for a mere song from one's pet garage, are really splendid things with which to experiment and are capable of charming effect. I have been experimenting lately with coloured waters in my aquarium and I find its appearance is much enhanced in this way. The brilliant blues and greens of the chemists' window bottles have always fascinated me and I eventually persuaded someone to impart the secret of these pretty mixtures to me.

Now, in a room with parchment coloured walls and palest marigold hangings I have an aquarium which catches the sunlight in its liquid green depths amusingly peopled with coloured china flowers, strange china beasts, shells and even a glass marble or two. And, however unimpressive the description may be, the actual effect is charming, if I do say so!

Simpler still, for "everlasting" decoration are the round glass bowls in iridescent colouring that have been so much in use during the summer. Little china rock gardens blooming with coloured flowers can be bought for use inside these bowls in winter time and, magnified as they are by the water, the effect is exceptionally pleasing. Tiny blue gentians on a "rock" background are among the many pretty and delicate flowers made in this china. For a smallish bowl one "rock" is sufficient, and costs twelve and sixpence. Hardly expensive, one feels, in comparison with the many, many shillings spent on real flowers during the scarcer months.

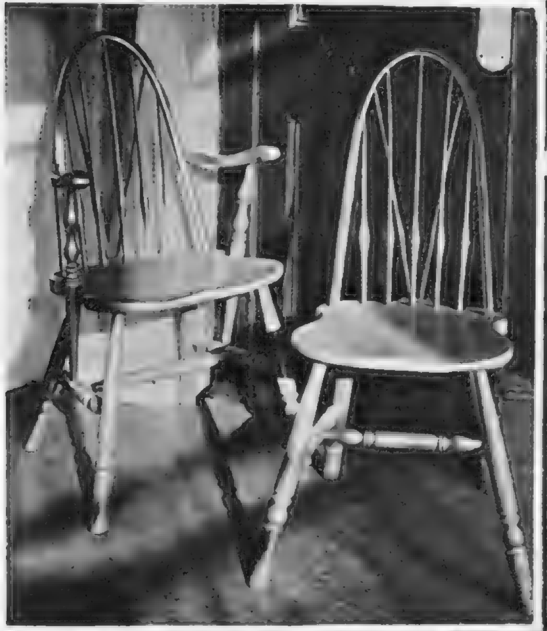
At the same time it is possible to add to the aquarium in many simple and inexpensive ways if one is on the look-out. Sea shells and coloured stones or small pieces of rock are important assets with real decorative value worth experimenting with.



SOMETHING more than a mere seat—a lounge chair of modern design, with a receptacle for books and cigarettes on one side, and, on the other, a flap tray. Price £9 - 9 - 0

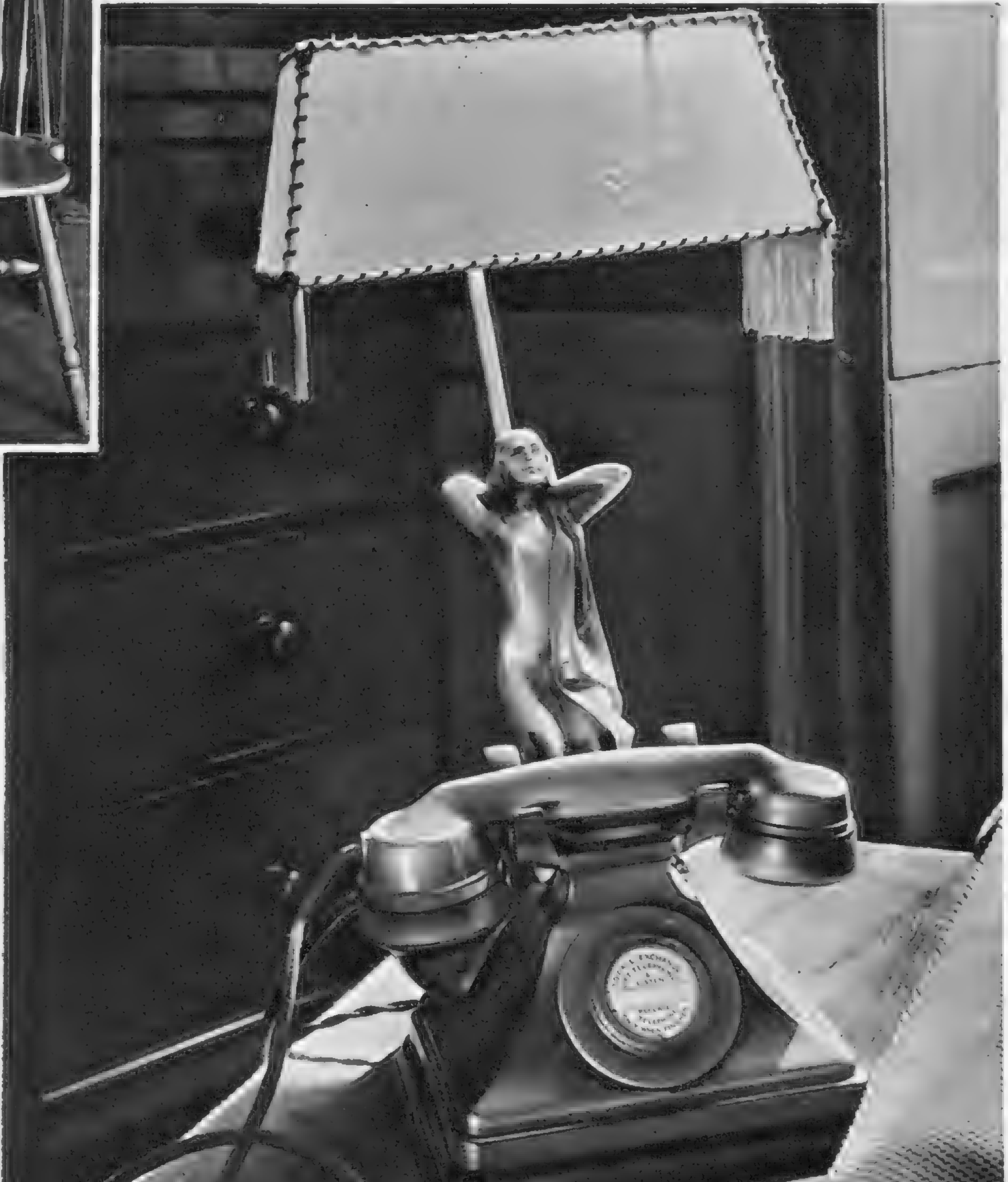
Helen Macgregor

SUITABLE loose covers for winter schemes are often something of a problem unless one has unlimited money to spend. For this reason alone, a new fabric which has appeared this season, and which is appropriately named monks' cloth, is sure to find a warm reception. The fabric, which is 48 inches wide, has an appearance which I can best describe as that of fine sackcloth, and is, for that reason, remarkably durable. It is given a delicate appearance, however, by the charming shades of colour in which it is made (there are seven, to be exact), while the price of 1/11 per yard makes it an even more attractive proposition.



THESE chairs, modern versions of the wheelback, are painted a gay pink, and belong to a family of chairs that might do admirable service in the kitchen-dining-room or in any room where service and appearances combine

Embroidered linen by the yard for household purposes is another fabric which offers attractive scope for the needlewoman during winter evenings. The linen is made in several pale colours, and is already simply embroidered—a particular advantage to the busy woman. Table-cloths, tray-cloths, and other useful items can be made with this material at quite a trifling cost. The price of the fabric is 3/11 per yard, which, for pure linen, is not unreasonable.

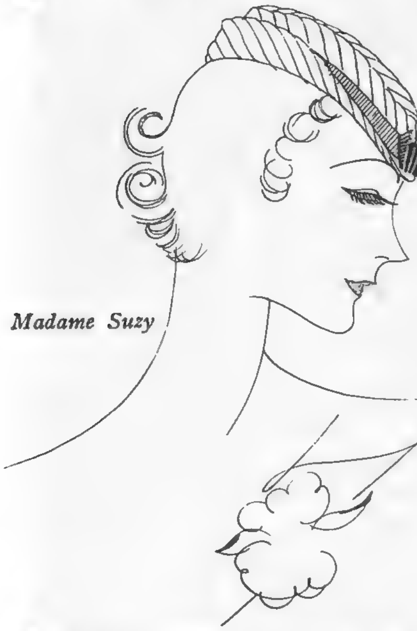


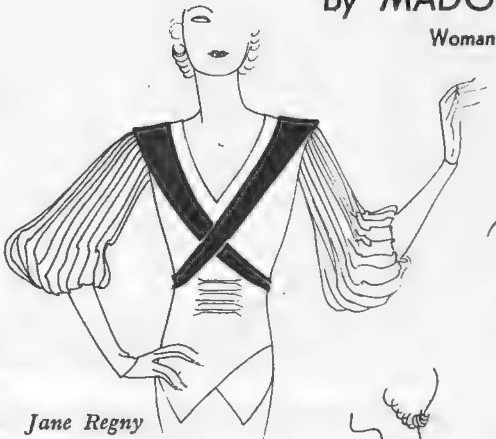
IT costs 2/- per quarter extra to have one of the new design telephones in colour, and £3 - 10 - 0 for the attractive lamp standard to which this instrument is attached

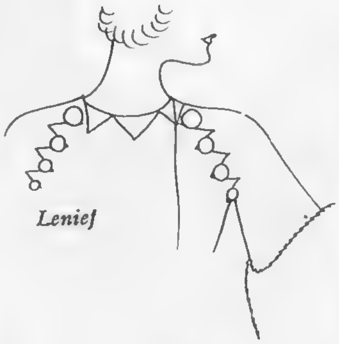
PARIS: AUTUMN, 1932

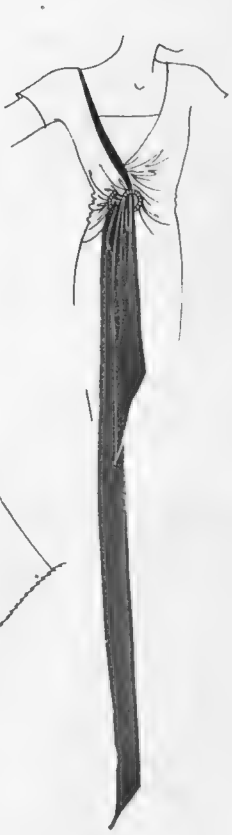
THE FICKLE WAISTLINE and WHAT-TO-DO about the Shoulder—

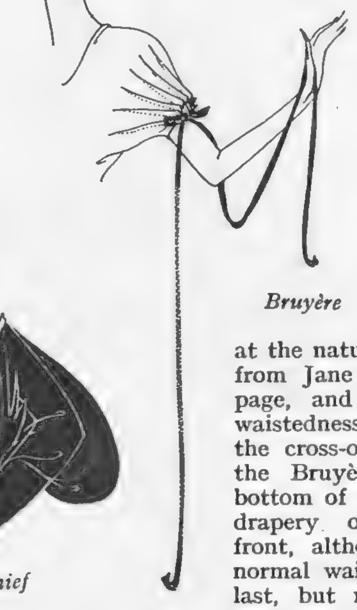
By MADGE GARLAND
Woman Editor "Britannia & Eve"

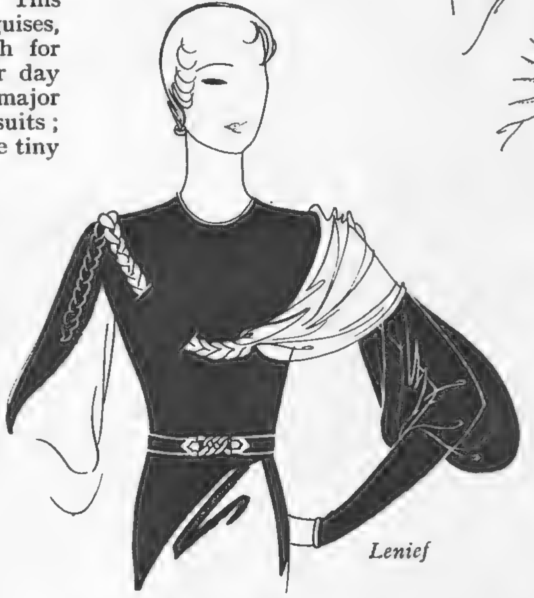

Madame Suzy


Jane Regny

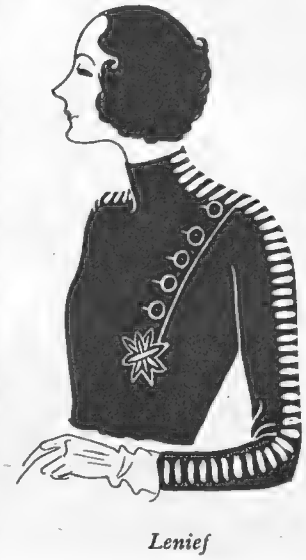

Lenief

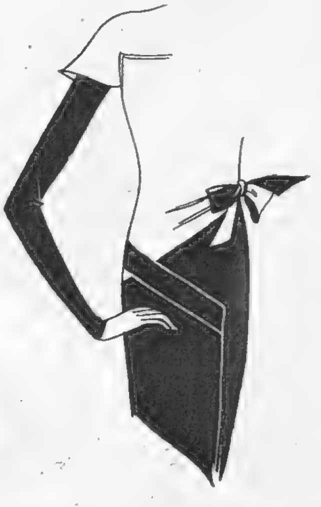

Bruyère


Bruyère


Lenief

EVERY season, Fashion has at least one white-haired boy who is her favourite of the moment. Last Spring I referred to the Apotheosis of the Button; this Autumn might be termed the Triumph of Velvet. This material is seen in a dozen different guises, cotton velvet with a chamois finish for evening gowns at Chanel, where, for day wear, corduroy velvet makes the major portion of the day and sports suits; crinkly velvets at Schiaparelli's, where tiny little evening jackets are made from it, but where novelty woollens are exclusively used for day wear; wool velvet, cotton velvet, chenille velvets—all are utilised not only for our afternoon and evening gowns, but for a dozen other purposes. Already we have seen a plethora of velvet hats, but now our gloves, shoes and bags are made of velvet. Chanel accompanies every velvet evening gown with a long wrinkled pair of gloves made of the same material, while there are shorter gloves of corduroy velvet to match coats made of that material. Court shoes to match the dress are also seen.

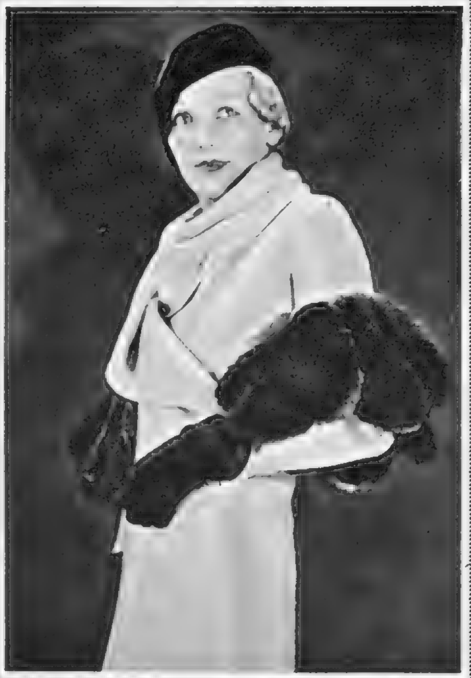

Lenief


Jean Patou

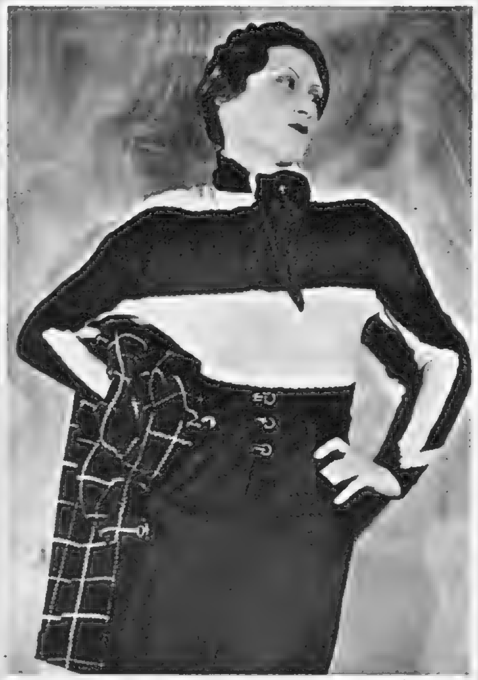
THE waistline fluctuates, and many clever couturiers have made what one might call a "compromise waistline" which is definitely in three places—one around the hips, one at normal, and one above. This requires much cutting and corseting, but it conveniently begs the question. Molyneux has another method—he attaches the belt at the back in two little notches, leaves the rest of it free, and lets it be wrapped about the middle or above, or below, as you like. Or, if you are still undecided, you can wear an enormous belt about ten inches wide and let people guess. Something like this must be done until the season is in full swing, and until we find that waists are here, there, or somewhere else. One house, which made an immense success last season with high waists, keeps them aggressively high in front but lets them droop at the back just enough to suggest that even the highest may fall. Consider the tucks at the natural waistline in the dress from Jane Regny sketched on this page, and the false air of high-waistedness lent to the bodice by the cross-over fichu; then look at the Bruyère dress shown at the bottom of page 59, where a clever drapery obscures the waist in front, although a belt marks the normal waistline at one side. And last, but not least in importance, is Patou's six-inch drop. An example of his hip-length waist and fitted mediæval bodice is shown at the top of page 59. In other words, and to finish with the waistline, Paris decrees that you yourself must decide where you like it best, but before deciding, try everything at least once.

Next in importance to the undecided waistline comes the shoulder and the sleeve. Who would have thought that shoulders could carry so much magnificence? Everything has been tried to emphasise the shoulder-line, from puffed sleeves, gathered at the shoulder in stiff notches, to making wide sleeves in contrast with the material of the coat, to cutting the sleeve all in one piece with the dress, to hinting at, and just avoiding, the raglan by piecing it underneath with another colour or material—to the final idea: that of Worth, who cuts out little scallops (*Continued on page 59*)

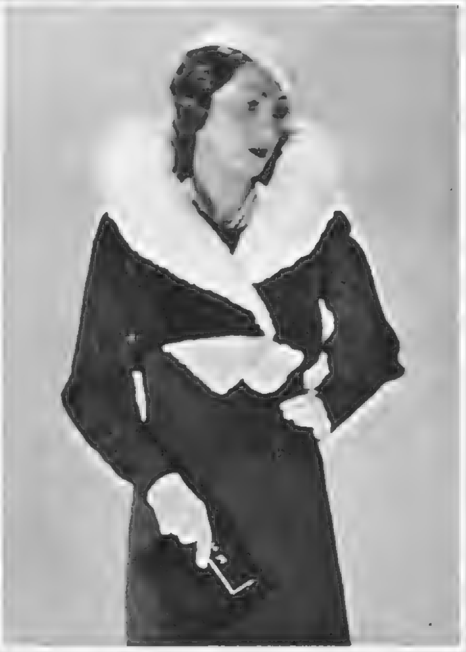
NEW METHODS OF USING FUR



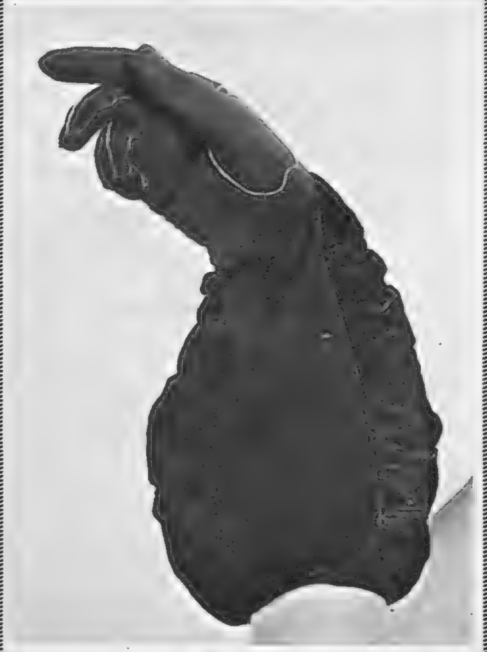
WITH a coat of beige kasha, which has a draped collar and enormous scallops of beaver just above the elbow, is worn a grey-brown velvet béret and gauntlet gloves to match. Mainbocher



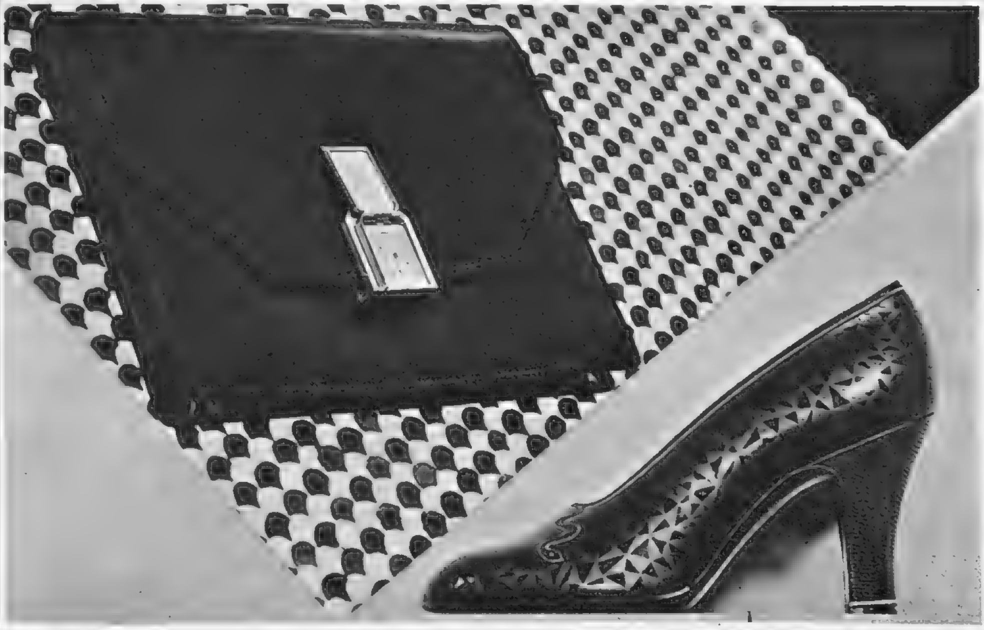
THIS black and white tricot blouse is allied to a skirt of black homespun fastened with black enamel and steel clips. The accompanying coat is of black wool checked in white. Maggy Rouff



A NEW puckered material makes this black coat with its breitschwantz bolero and ermine collar. The sleeves are slightly puffed above the elbows and the hat is of white velvet. Maggy Rouff

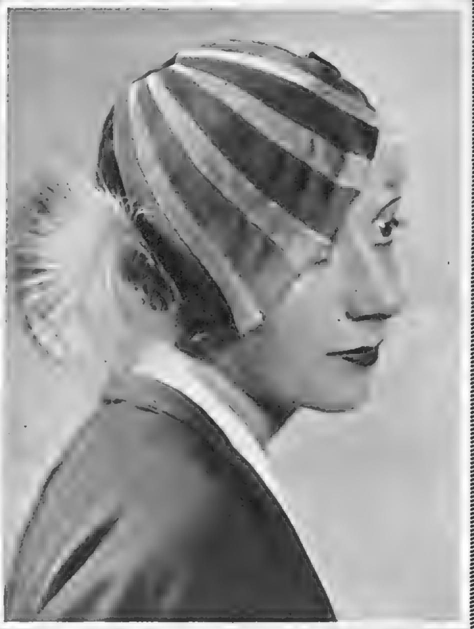


GLOVES are more elaborately trimmed than they have been for a long time. This pair of black suède from Alexandrine has puffs of black silk velvet on either side

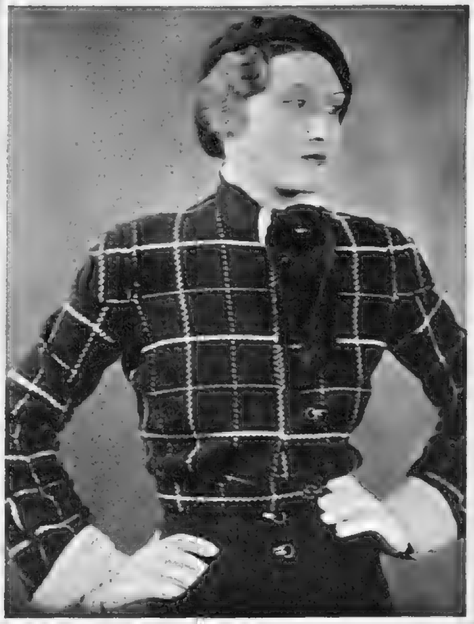


A SMART brown box-calf pochette from Hermès has a silver clip which conceals a small but serviceable watch. The bag is lined with leather; no silk is used in its making. A novel shoe by Greco shows the surface varnished in triangles and a border and heel of snakeskin. It is trimmed with a tiny snake which has a silver eye

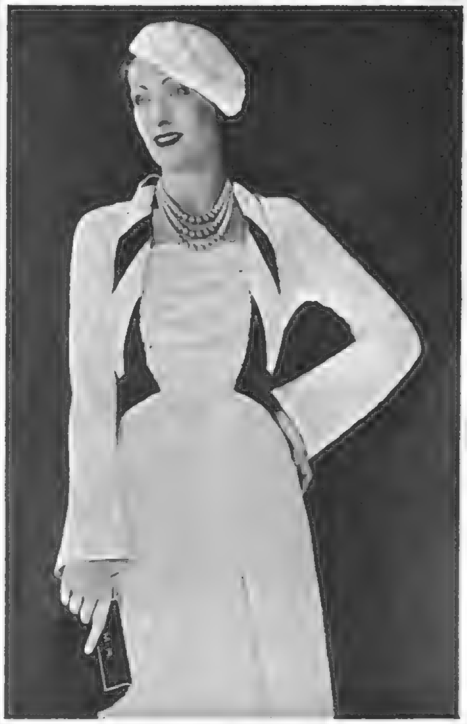
NOVELTIES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN



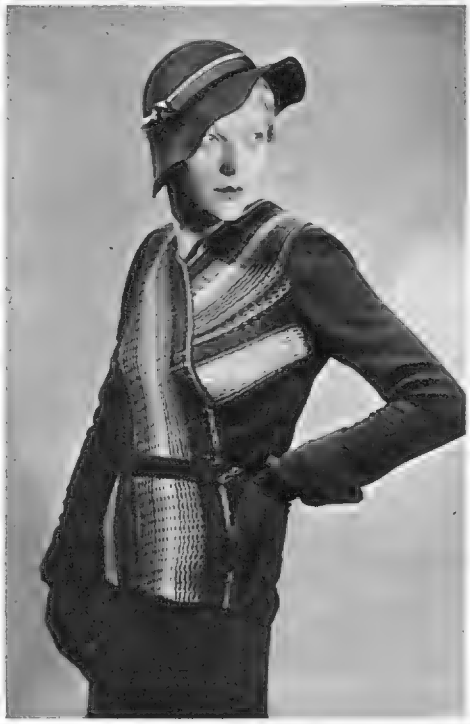
THIS unusual hat is carried out in three shades of velvet, orange, beige and dark brown, and is trimmed with a soft plume of beige and brown glycerined ostrich feather. Rose Descat



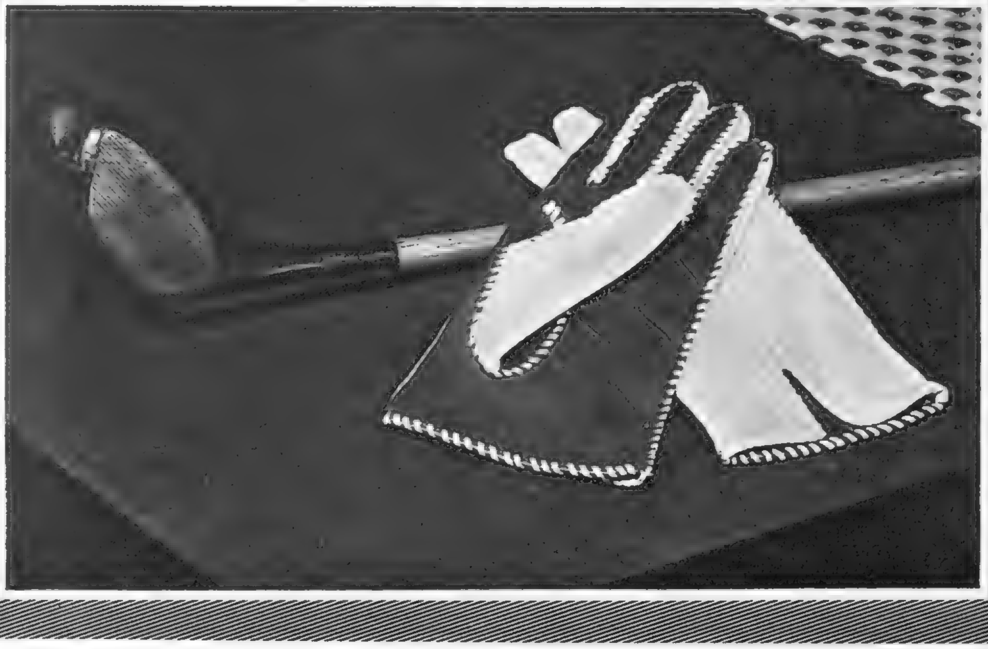
OUR old friend the golf jacket has obviously inspired Maggy Rouff to make this attractive jacket of black and white check homespun, fastened by metal clips. The blouse is shown on the preceding page



A DRESS of white crêpe cloque, a material with a rough, bubbly surface, is trimmed with bands of black breitschwantz. Note the loose raglan sleeves and the white velvet hat. Maggy Rouff



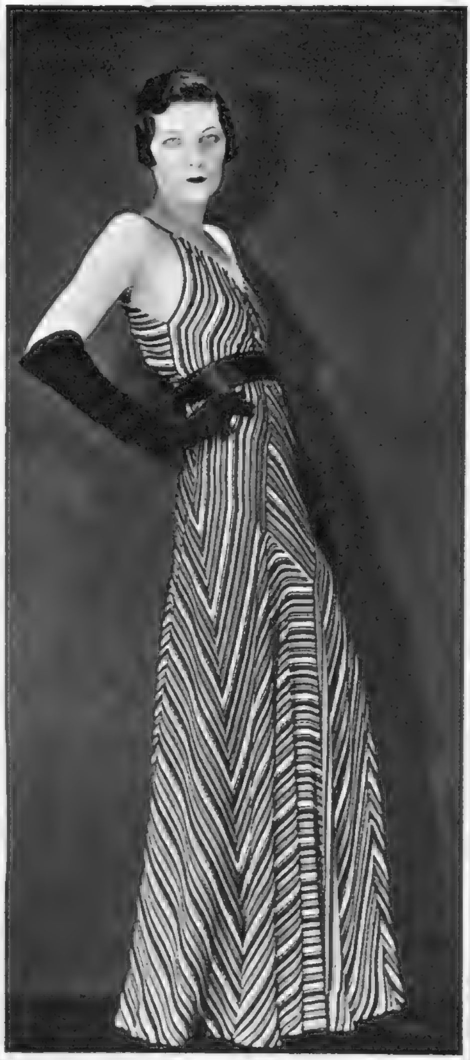
AN ensemble of brown wool jersey has a waistcoat effect achieved by a cross-over band of fancy striped jersey in yellow, orange and red. The hat is of brown felt and the gloves dark brown. Mainbocher



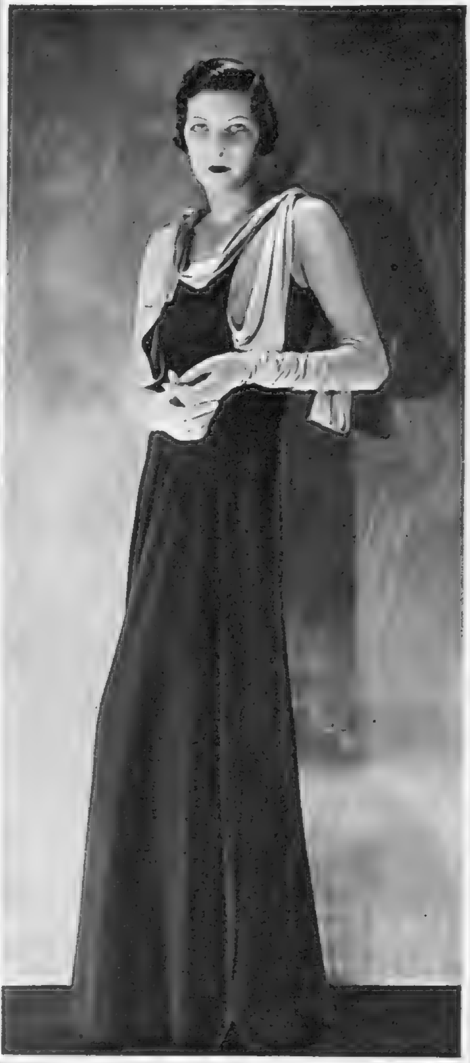
THESE golf gloves from Hermès are made of very soft and supple tan leather handsewn with narrow strips of white leather instead of thread. Their backs are of crême-coloured suède. The palms are ornamented by zig-zag patterns of stitching in order to increase the firmness of one's grip

NEW MATERIALS
FOR
EVENING WEAR

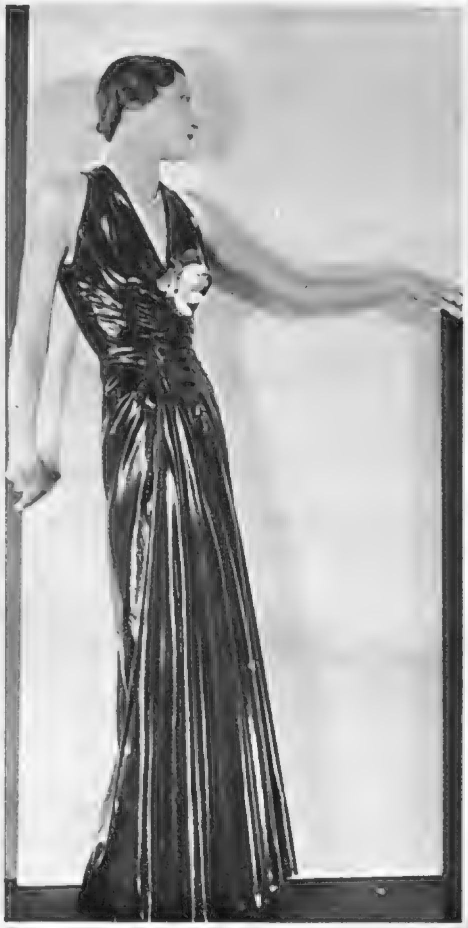
A THICK silk with a crêpe surface woven into uneven stripes of black and white makes this original gown from Mainbocher. The belt is of black satin and the gloves of black suède



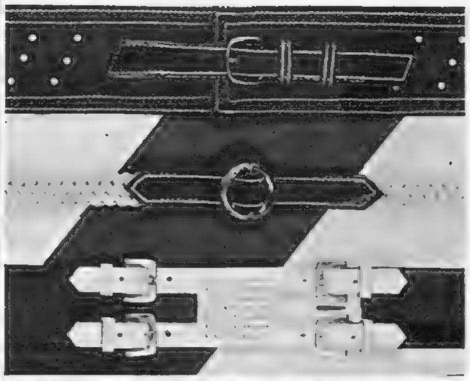
BLACK crêpe romain makes this gown trimmed with double-faced peau d'ange in two shades of yellow. The skirt is split half-way to the knee. The gloves are of yellow suède. Mainbocher



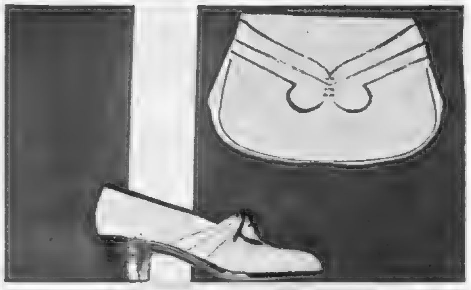
FULLNESS in the front is a feature of many of the new evening gowns. This one, made of black ciré satin, has all its fullness concentrated in a series of gathers in front. From Maggy Rouff

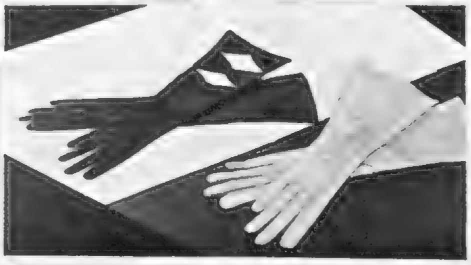


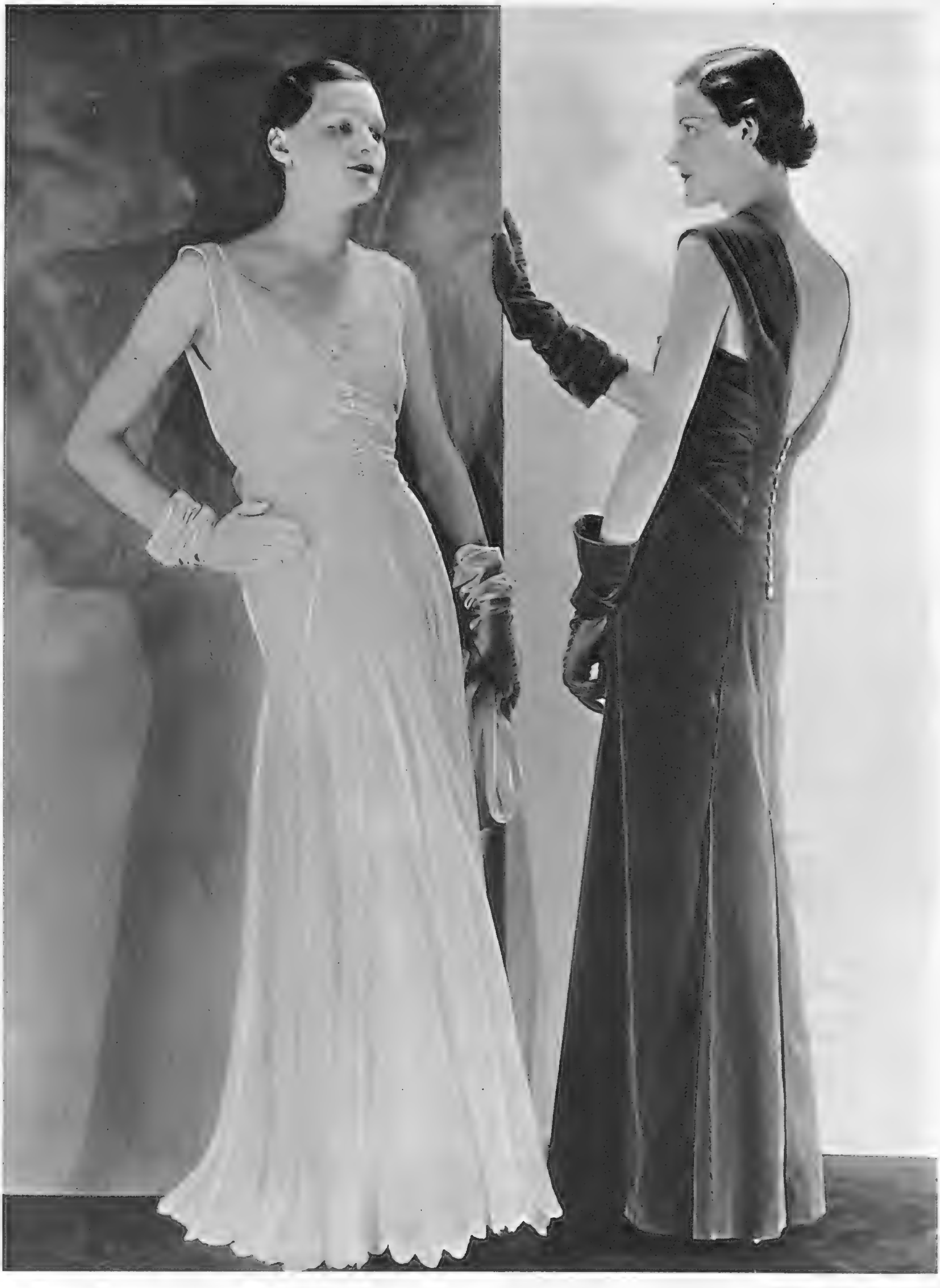
ELABORATE belts studded with nail heads and jewels are much worn. On the right is a selection from Hermès showing two leather belts studded with nails and one of woven white silk



BAGS and shoes of the same material, not necessarily leather, are very smart. Here a pochette and shoes are made, by Greco, of coarse ivory cotton denim trimmed with brown lizard. Below are seen a pair of black suède gloves trimmed with black galilith buckles and so cut as to reveal sections of the bare arm, and a beige suède pair stitched with dark brown. Alexandrine







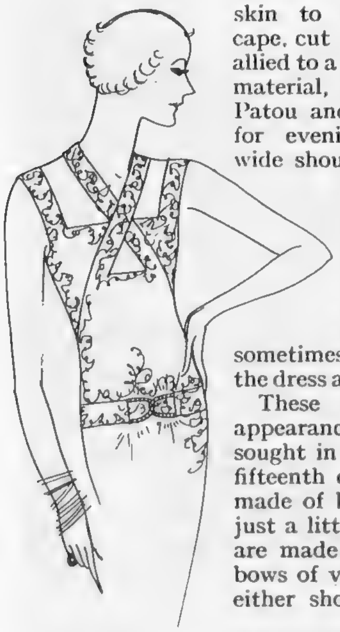
Photograph by Rockwell

Velvet and Chiffon a New Combination

PALE sky-blue chiffon and cotton velvet of the same shade is an unusual combination, but one used with great success by Chanel in the evening-gown shown on the left. This is worn by Mademoiselle Britta Hockauff: and has a tight-fitting bodice of chiffon over velvet and is trimmed with diamanté buttons in front and flat bows at the waistline behind. A chiffon overskirt with a scalloped edge falls from a tight slip of the velvet. On the right the Comtesse de la Falaise is seen in a gown of green velvet, also by Chanel, which is fastened by buttons at the back. Both dresses are worn with gloves made of matching velvet

PARIS: AUTUMN, 1932

(Continued from page 54)



Jean Patou

at the shoulder which allow the skin to show through. The short cape, cut in one with the bodice and allied to a long, tight sleeve of a different material, is shown with success by Patou and several other houses, while for evening wear broad, four-inch-wide shoulder-straps of stiff velvet are used by Chanel. Another method of giving importance to the shoulders is to heighten them. A few houses are daring enough to show little fences of material sticking up around the shoulder seam, sometimes made of the same material as the dress and as much as two inches high.

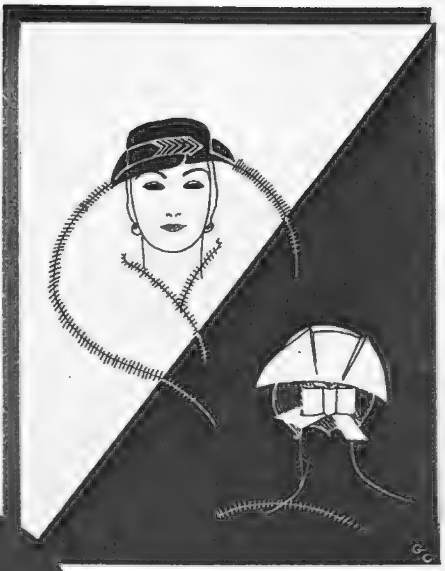
These are definitely mediæval in appearance, and their origin is to be sought in many pages' costumes of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they are made of bands of crinkled ribbon, and just a little too often they are made of big butterfly bows of velvet perched on either shoulder.

THIRD in importance come skirt lengths. Longer for day, shorter for dinner, and a few trailing trains for formal evening wear.

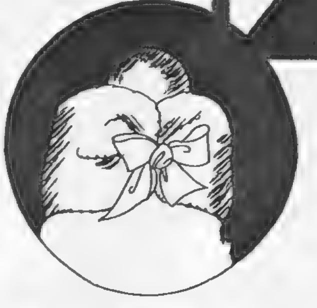
The very full circular skirt, falling from a bodice which is little more than a bandage draped around the bust, and slit up almost to the knees, is a whim of Mainbocher's which has met with a considerable success. With gowns of this description he adds a large rose tucked into the bosom, long gloves of dark suède, and a trailing, parti-coloured chiffon handkerchief. Another favourite skirt consists of a shaped tunic of heavy crêpe falling from a high waistline to just below the knees, and allied to a full, shaped skirt such as that described above.

Chanel favours, for evening wear, velvet gowns with princess bodices cleverly fitted around the waist, and over the bust and hips by extremely complicated cutting, and flared skirts which sometimes have scalloped hems. These sometimes dip towards the back and form the semblance of a train. Maggy Rouff gathers all the fullness of her ankle-length skirts to the centre front, and so creates the impression of an uneven hemline ; Patou goes further, and definitely pulls up the skirts by means of gathers at one side in the front—again a mediæval note—and stresses a four-inch difference in the length.

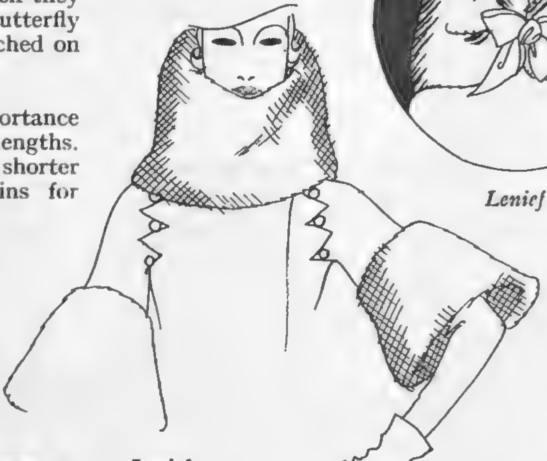
THE all-day ensemble, which exacts a short skirt, is something we can no longer do without. An engagement for lunch, for tea, for dinner and perhaps, the cinema, is hereby happily met : your morning costume becomes your dinner dress, providing you have the necessary ingredients—coat and dress of broadcloth or velvet, a detachable bolero of either of the same materials, and a removable guimpe of net or chiffon. A number of these coats show the upper part and the bodice made of some flat fur—lamb or caracul—a certain amount of elaboration in the sleeves, an almost complete absence of belts, and a tendency, which is even more marked in the accompanying dresses, to fasten at the back. An example from Lenief is sketched on this page. Detachable collars of fox are a popular and practical detail. When there are belts, they are often uneven in size. Chanel shows them narrow at the back and wide in front.



Jean Patou

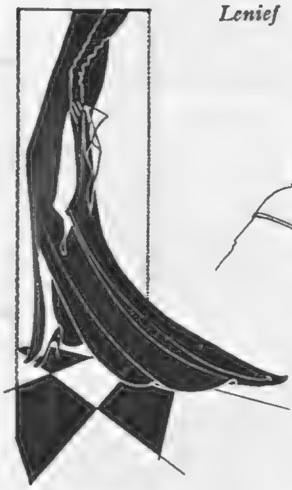


Lenief

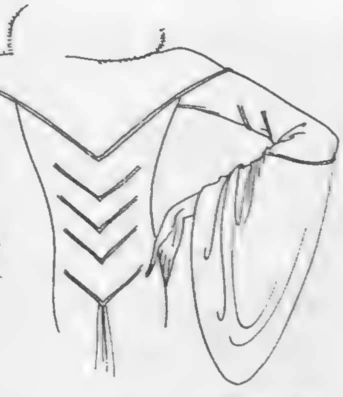


Lenief

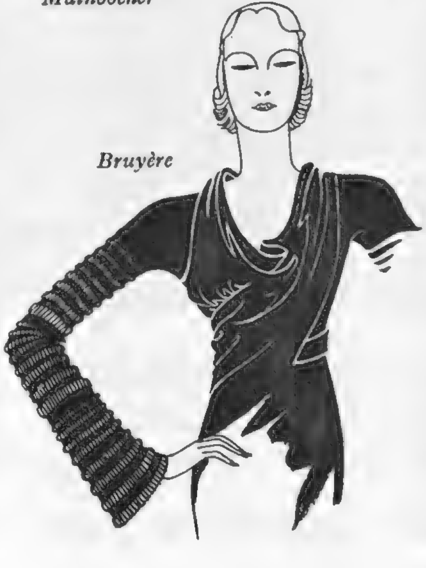
NOW to return to a major subject—materials. Silk is in eclipse and is replaced by silken tissues that look like wool or crinkled paper, or anything at all except silk. The printed crêpe, the crêpe-de-Chine, even the crinkly silks have gone. Our silks must look rough, or they must be replaced by velvet. Our woollens are appropriately important, and they are rough surfaced and loosely woven. Rodier has had a great success with his openwork check woollens and with his new material, which is interwoven with rabbit's fur. Vera Borea has a novel jersey material into which a certain amount of elastic is incorporated. This allows the material to snap back into place, and precludes any danger of a garment losing its trim shape. Red is the colour, unless you can call black a colour, and all shades of red, from almost-orange to wine, are being shown, with vermilion as first favourite.



Mainbocher

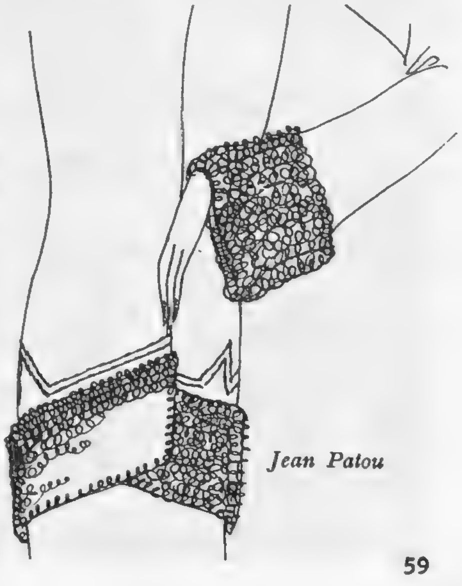


Jane Regny



Bruyère

To sum up—Paris says: Let the waistline be where it will ; let the shoulders be prominent, let the skirt length remain the same, or be slightly longer, and let the material be velvet. And if you must be what the French call *sportange*, be woolly and tweedy —in fact, remain essentially British.

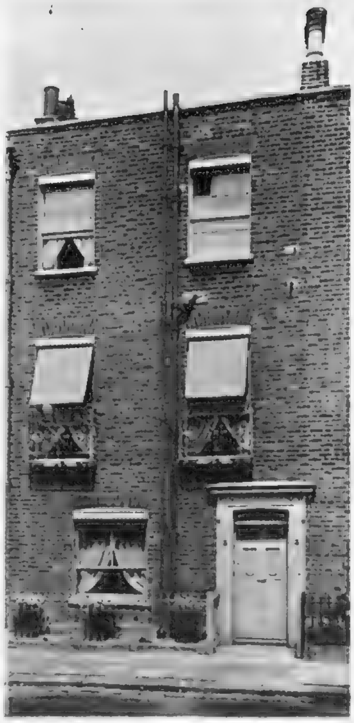


Jean Patou

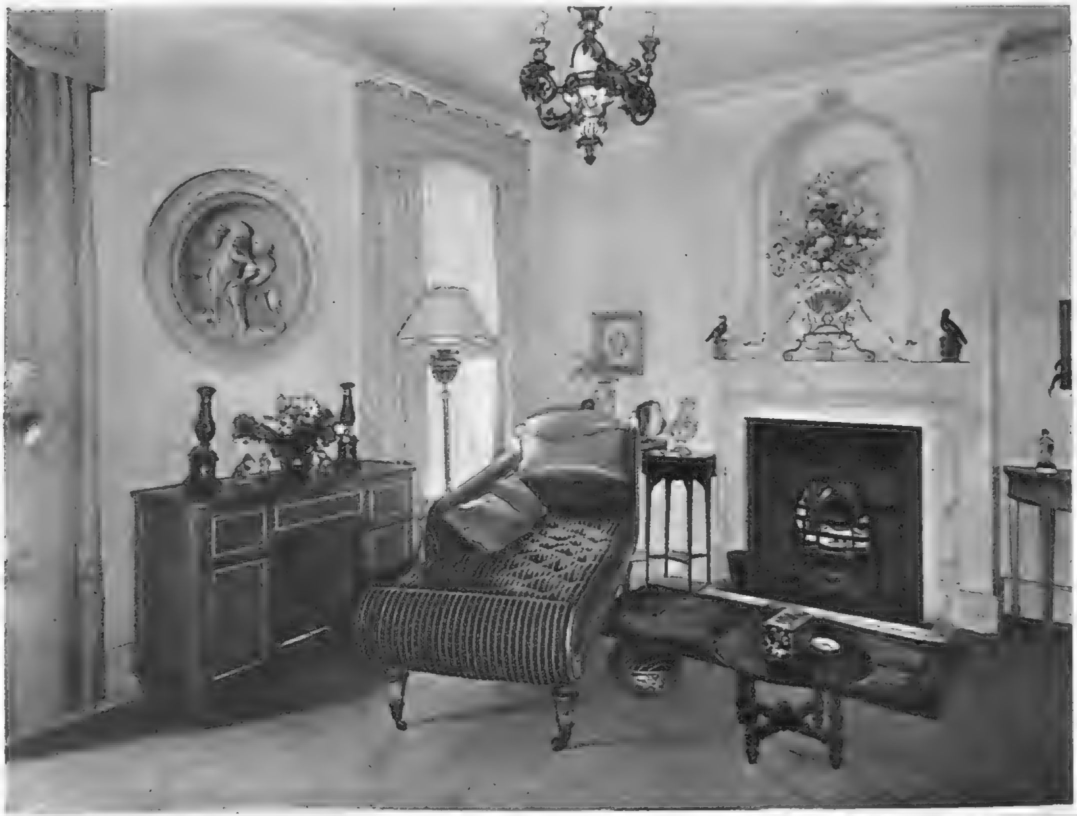
NEW-OLD DECORATION

PHOTOGRAPHS describe better than any words the witty charm of this house in Selwood Place decorated by Mr. Alexander ffrench. But photographs cannot convey the attractive and carefully thought-out colour-scheme of the various rooms, so that these notes may help you to visualise it better still.

The Dining Room.—The walls are stripped and painted to look like light grained wood. The recesses that hold dull red china and turquoise blue jars are painted a colour which Mr. ffrench calls "sour green," a sharp green with yellow in it. The carpet is grey with one very beautiful long hook rug in exquisite faded tints, and the Hepplewhite

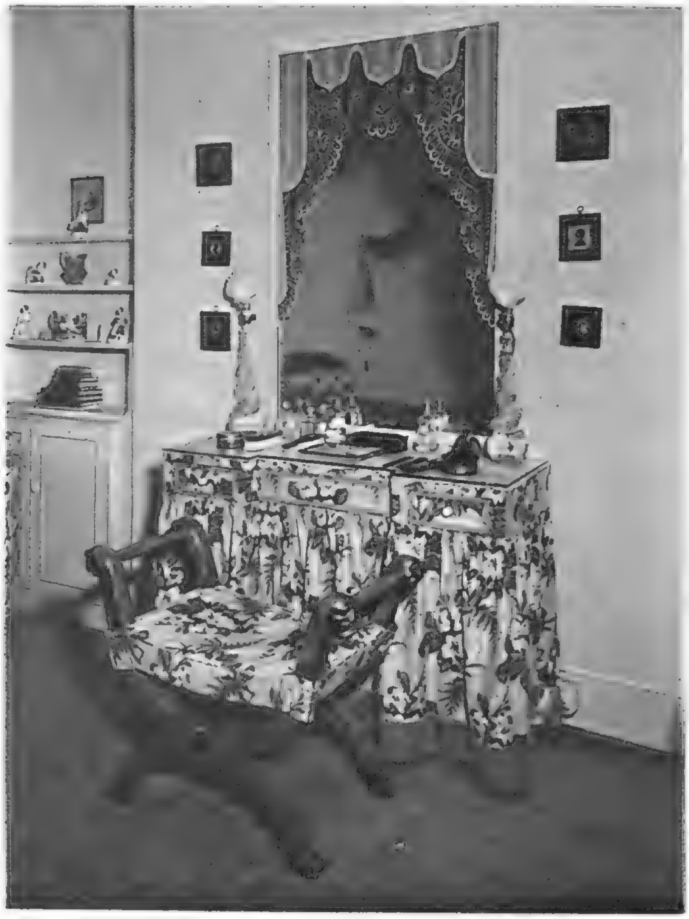


A GREAT improvement has been made to the outside of the house by stripping the door and windows, which have been grained, and the railings painted to match



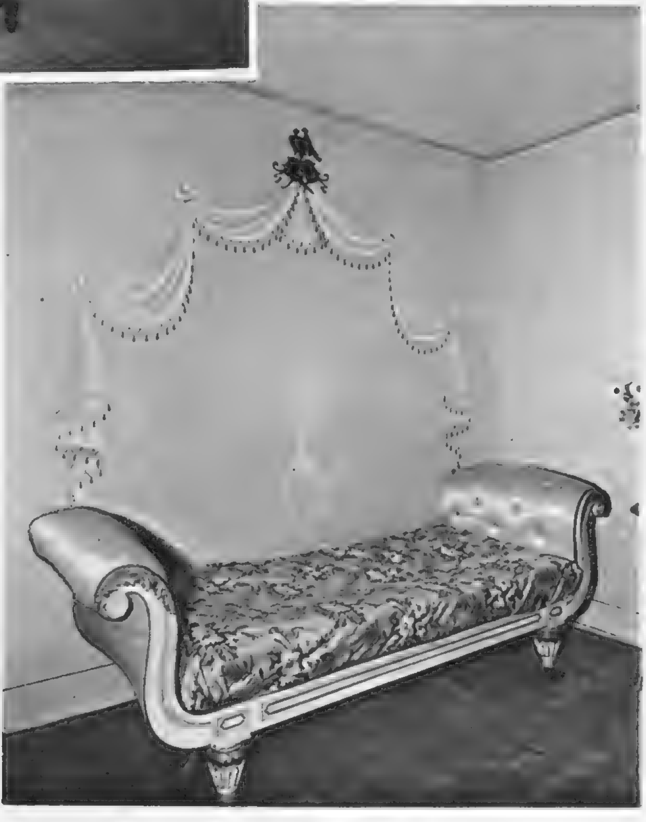
Left :

THE drawing-room has white walls and a varnished turquoise-blue ceiling. The curtains are of pink quilted chintz. The flower-piece above the fireplace was painted by Mr. ffrench himself



Left :

THE ingenious dressing-table has a petticoat of the same chintz as the bed-cover and a glass top. Above it is a large mirror on which has been painted a blue pelmet and a fanciful lace curtain. The lights are converted wine-bottles with shells for shades



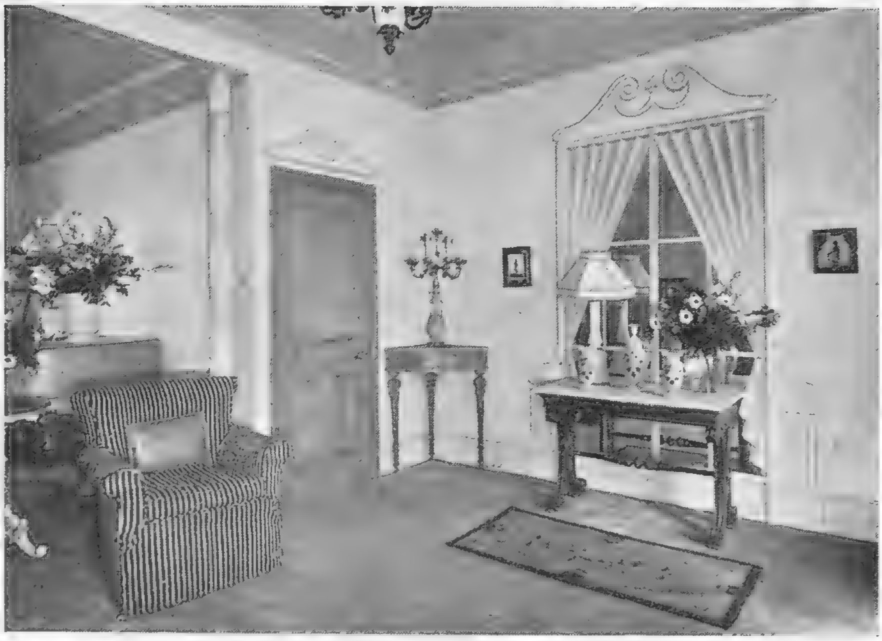
Above :

THE ice-cream pink walls of the tiny bedroom are painted with white traceries, and the bed is a converted sofa upholstered in Nattier blue satin with a cover of pink and blue chintz. Over the bed is painted the semblance of looped and fringed blue curtains

Antique furniture used in a contemporary manner: An essay in twentieth-century Victorianism

By

Antonia White



WALLS painted to look like grained wood make a charming background to the niches painted green and filled with red china and blue glass in the dining-room. The curtains and chair cushions are of brown and yellow striped chintz

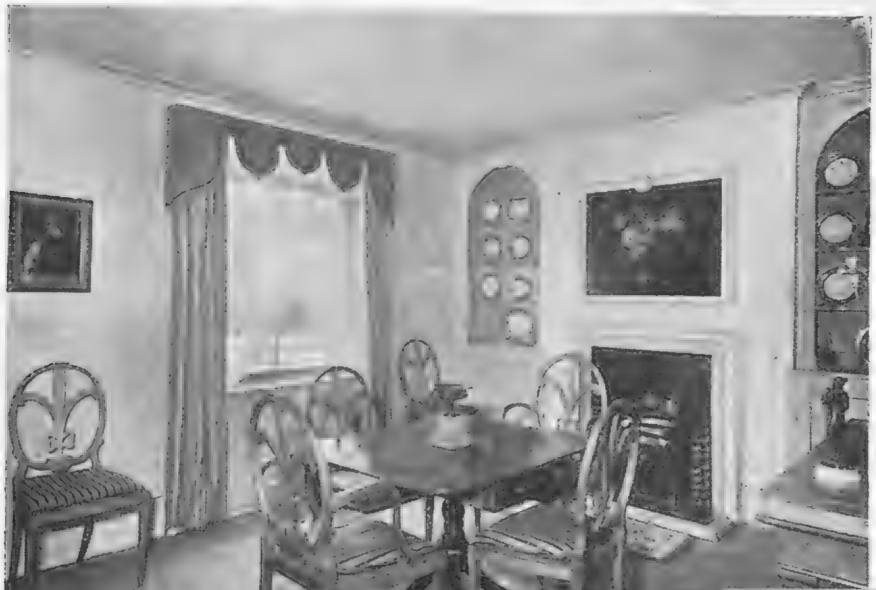
chairs have flat chintz cushions in brown and yellow stripes. The curtains are of the same chintz, but brown and black, and the apparent size of the room is doubled by one of Mr. ffrench's most amusing devices, a mock window made of a sheet of glass realistically painted with wooden frames, pelmet and curtains. Such a sheet of glass could be bought for £2, and the painting would probably cost about £5. Apart from the wall brackets all the lighting is concealed, and very cleverly concealed at that. Ordinary scallop shells, such as one can buy at the fishmonger's, mask the hidden lights.

The Drawing Room.—Here Mr. ffrench's combination of the Georgian and the Victorian displays itself with great bravura. Two small rooms have been knocked together into an L-shaped drawing-room, whose size is enlarged to the eye by a clever use of mirrors, including another of the "mock windows." The walls are white, with a pink marbled cornice, and the ceiling a shiny turquoise blue. For £6 apiece two pink marbled columns have been erected in the space between the two rooms, and add greatly to the architectural effect. Mr. ffrench has also painted mouldings above the doors and fireplaces, and for another £6 has rebuilt the chimneypiece and inserted a real marble slip in the fireplace. The charming flowerpiece painted on the wall completes a very effective piece of design.

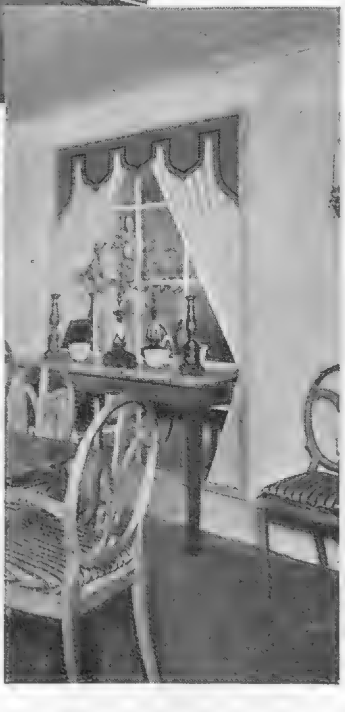
The curtains are of pink quilted chintz (quilting costs about 2s. 6d. a yard) trimmed with ruchings of turquoise ribbon, and the crossed inner curtains are of net edged with Nottingham filet lace. To avoid a "chocolate-boxy" look, the designer has introduced a strong dark note in the black and white striped horse-hair chintz (6s. 6d. a yard) which covers the chair and the sofa. The tiny oblong cushions are of glazed and quilted chintz in two shades of vivid green. Among the Georgian elegance of the actual structure Mr. ffrench has made a witty pastiche of Victorian fripperies with silhouettes, porcelain chandeliers, occasional tables and even a "whatnot" complete with cactus. He has even solved the problem of the grand piano by having his ebony one stripped and grained, at a cost of £5, to a fashionable lightness.

The Bedroom.—No Victorian heroine ever had a more fanciful bower than this engaging one inspired by a valentine. The walls are ice-cream pink, painted over with white traceries like paper lace; the bed is a converted sofa which Mr. ffrench picked up for 25s., and had upholstered in Nattier blue Courtauld satin and pink and blue chintz. The same chintz makes the curtains, which are elaborately looped and draped with white fringes and little white bows and have Nattier blue satin skirts and pelmet. Blue curtains are painted on the wall above the bed, and the dressing table has a most original glass on the wall above it, painted with draperies and Nottingham lace. The glass-topped dressing table could be made for about £4 by any carpenter, and the little pink cupboards and shelves fitted into the recesses would probably be about £6 apiece.

The bathroom is white, with a green ceiling painted to look like a canopy. The curtains are apple green, and the lower part of the window is covered with looking glass painted to look like a continuation of the window itself. At the top of the landing leading to the bathroom is an arch, and on the outside of the bathroom door is a panel of looking glass with a curved top which exactly repeats the shape of this arch. This is not only decorative and practical but gives one an impressive sense of space.



THE apparent size of the dining-room is doubled by one of Mr. ffrench's most amusing devices—a mock window which faces the real window and is painted with white curtains and a pelmet exactly like the original



A MOCK window complete with gathered curtains and painted mouldings to match those above the door gives extra light to the drawing-room.

W*hat* I have Bought *this* Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

THIS reading lamp, made of painted wood stand and gaily painted shade is very well finished and costs 25/9 complete with shade and flex

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS
E. F. BENSON
BACON ESSAYS

THESE attractive book-ends exhibited at the last British Industries Fair are now on the market. Made in various designs and colours. The pair illustrated cost 7/6

AT the last British Industries Fair I noticed that a firm were making use of a new composition for the most attractive book-ends and other articles. I saw these book-ends for the first time in a shop quite recently—price, I believe, had been the cause of their belated appearance. That, however, is now settled, so that for the modest sum of seven shillings and sixpence you can purchase those which are illustrated. There are other designs, but I think the "ship" is far and away the nicest both in colour and form. The backs of the book-ends are polished, giving the appearance of green marble.

REPLACING summer cushions always seems to me a difficult problem. Heavier fabrics so often mean heavier colours, for silks and satins do not solve the problem for every room. Beside this, it is often enough a necessity to get inexpensive cushions, for usually there are several to be bought at the same time, and this soon mounts up to an unwelcome sum. Happily for me, I found the cushion which I needed for 8s. 11d. The embroidery is worked in wool, in deep and rather rich colours; the base is a natural coloured cotton material. Usually at such a low price there are hundreds of cushions exactly alike. The reverse is the case here, for among all that can be bought there is very little repetition of design.

Another well-known London store is making a speciality of what they term "pound" cushions, and they really are very good value for the twenty shillings. Each one is a "model," and made either of damask, tapestry or velvet, and all are down filled. Even if you are not thinking of replacing your cushions yet, you really should go to see their stock, because there is sure to be one which you simply cannot resist—unless, of course, that is the very good reason why you should stay away!

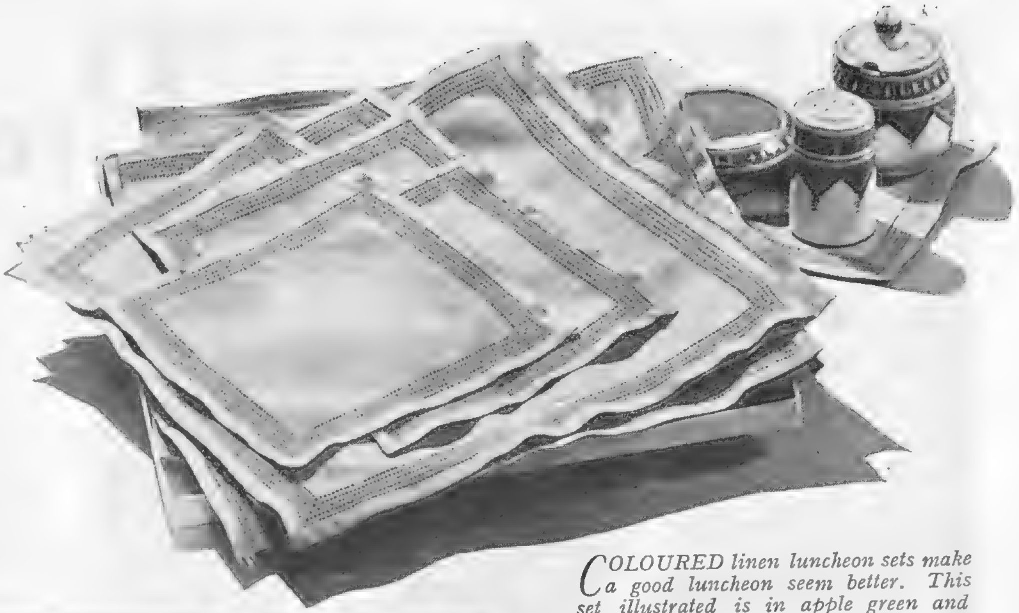
UNLESS one has the really modern form of lighting, there is nothing particularly new in the way of lamp stands and shades. The painted wooden stands are among the newest, and one form of this is shown in the photograph. Apart from the colouring and design, which are particularly pleasing, the fact which one notices about this lamp is the finish. The whole thing is an example of how charming a really well-finished piece of work can be—there are so many articles which can be bought these days, the lack of craft often being mistaken for an abundance of art. This lamp, complete with the shade and flex, costs 25s. 9d.; there are others of different colours and designs.

THREE shillings and sixpence for six hand-worked Irish linen tea napkins seems

LINEN kitchen towels gaily coloured and decoratively marked to distinguish their usage. They are obtainable from 9/6 to 10/9 a dozen

Left:

A NEW cushion will often brighten up any room and if it is good and cheap is not a luxury. The one illustrated is embroidered in wool in deep rich colours and costs only 8/11 almost incredible. Yet these, as is shown in the photograph, can be had for that money. That they are well worked on good linen can be seen also, though the many designs which can be bought are, of necessity, not illustrated.



COLOURED linen luncheon sets make a good luncheon seem better. This set illustrated is in apple green and costs 12/9 for the set of thirteen pieces

"BRING colour into the kitchen" is almost an old cry now, though there are many new things which tempt us to follow the good advice. Among those which are most irresistible are the linen kitchen towels which you can see photographed. Whoever thought of putting these colours and designs into the drab task of wiping up should certainly be rewarded, either in this world or the next. Meanwhile, it behoves us for our own sakes to invest in these towels which are so amusingly and decoratively marked to distinguish their usage. Perhaps I have dwelt too much on the æsthetic value? But then, it goes without saying that such attractive colours and designs would not be used but with the best of suitable linens.

SIX hand-worked Irish linen tea napkins for 3/6 seems almost incredible, but the set illustrated above can be obtained for that sum

THE apple green attracted my notice when I was in search of some linen to replenish my store. A search which was not entirely easy, for I insisted that the replenishments must look good and cost little. They had to be attractive as well, for all the "goodness" in the world will not make a dull article charming. But, as I said, the apple green attracted my notice, and, going nearer, I saw orange and rose, a natural colour, and saxe blue, *and* I saw 12s. 9d. on the tickets. In the illustration you will see one of the luncheon sets which I saw in these colours for 12s. 9d.—a thirteen-piece luncheon set of hand-drawn linen. I found, too, that I could buy napkins to match for 10s. 9d. half a dozen, a useful size too, being 18 by 18 inches.

ATTRACTIVE coloured glass bowls for fruit and jellies for the children's party, when the more expensive kind is liable to get broken. This set of green tinted glass costs 9/6

THE fruit set illustrated costs 9s. 6d.—not a large sum of money to pay for this green tinted glass. In fact, it is rather extraordinary how cheaply one can buy these glass fruit and sandwich sets; some cost as little as 6s. 6d., and others 7s. 6d. Some of these sets are in green, some amber and some white, and each piece can be bought separately. All of these are quite attractive and good enough to use when our better glass is likely to be broken, such as at a party buffet, and they are ideal for the children's party, when plates and bowls for jellies and fruit are the order of the day.

THIS trio of attractive coloured blue earthenware jugs can be obtained for 2/6 the set

AMONG this month's shopping must be mentioned the set of jugs which cost 2s. 6d. Not *each* jug two shillings and sixpence; bought separately, these cost but 8d., 10d. and 1s. each. They are a very attractive shade of blue, rather difficult to describe—a pastel shade. On the same counter were other articles in this self-coloured earthenware. A fruit set, for example, which cost 3s. 11d., could be obtained in pink, blue, green and yellow. This consisted of six good sized deep plates and a bowl. Rather more roughly finished, yet of extraordinarily good value and quite attractive, was a morning set for 3s. 9d. This included a teapot, two cups and saucers, a plate, cream jug and sugar basin. Yellow, pink and green were the self colours in which this morning set were available.

Prognostic

By

Winifred Lewis

The Clown

A GREAT deal of care and interest are devoted by modern parents to the physical development and well-being of their growing children, a fact for which we have need to be grateful, but whether so much attention is bestowed upon their intellectual development, or if their mental unfolding is directed in such a positive way, is uncertain. No one will accuse the average parent of neglect, but only of a genuine conviction that this aspect of the child's development can be safely left alone.

The little one is put to a good school, unstinting efforts are exerted to provide him with proper facilities of education, and matters are left at that. So far, so good; our modern educational system is adequate to provide certain essential aspects of his upbringing, but is it capable or even expected to excel in guiding the unfolding of the individual mind or of stimulating the means of self-expression in the child? My belief is that it is not. Individual temperaments are not, after all, much concern of the schoolmaster; his task is to deal with the collective problems of childhood, to impart such knowledge as the child is capable of assimilating from a communal system. The light and shade of intellectual development, the more intricate responsibility of encouraging individual temperament, is for the parent to assume.

It is particularly true of fathers that, in the intellectual sense, they are often out of touch with their children at the most vital point of their development. The attitude of the male is one of affectionate detachment. He is, in fact, reluctant to "butt in" upon the ministrations of the mother and upon other persons to whom the upbringing of his child has been entrusted. Clumsiness in attending to the physical requirements of his little one have made him modest of his accomplishments in other respects, and he remains aloof. In the meantime a growing barrier of reserve is being erected through which he is later unable to penetrate.

LET me show you an instance of a man whose own intellectual achievements were of the highest. In conversation this man assured me of his conviction that in every practical sense the influence of the male parent upon the growing child was superfluous. At first I was astounded and shocked, but I realise that he only shares the outlook of many earnest parents who reflect thus about their families: "Their health is studied, their education is the best we can afford, they enjoy our love and our example . . . now let them develop!"

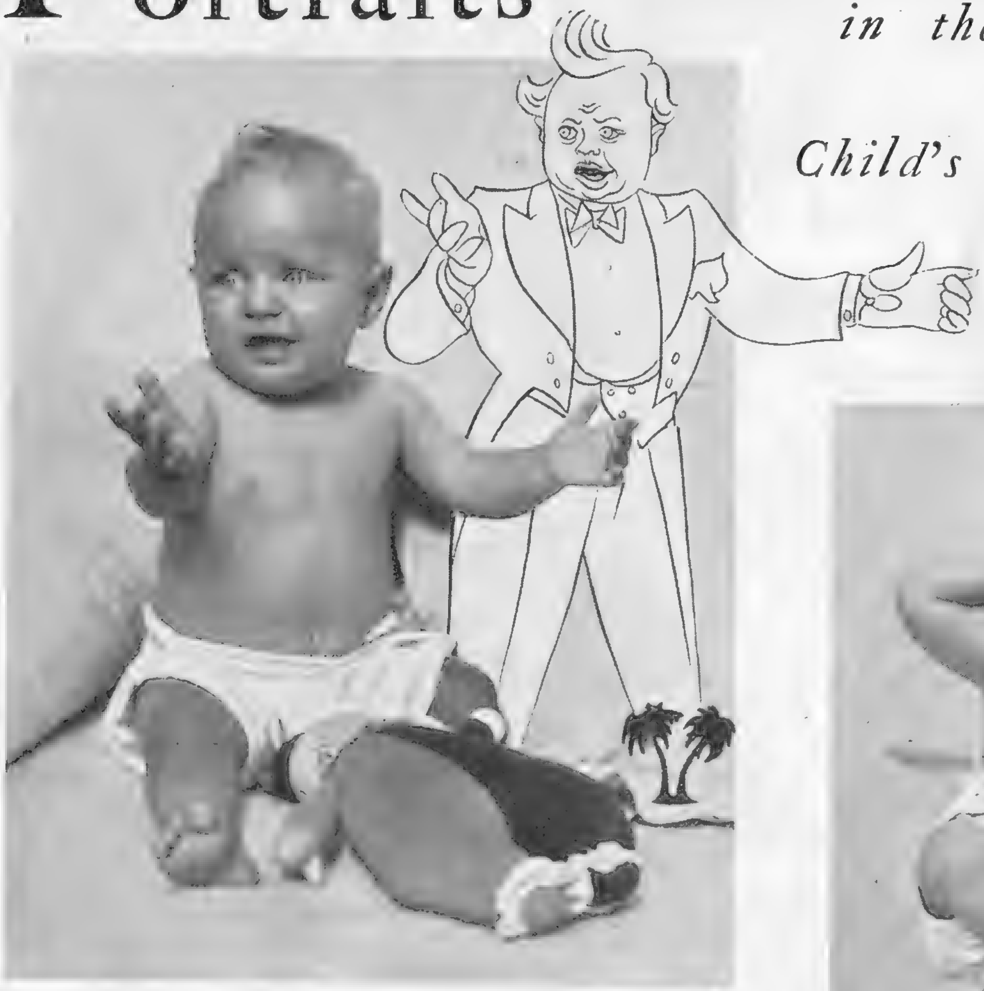
But into what? Is the process of the child mentality, the awakening of a new character, to be thus haplessly abandoned? How are thoughts, reactions, to be stimulated, restrained, and gently kneaded into a characteristic form? To guide the little one, to stimulate and encourage his mental development, is not necessarily to encumber him with one's own opinions or with the prejudices of one's private experience. The aim is, rather, to withhold these and to stimulate his own inclinations, to commission at every point his awakening powers of reasoning, and with adequate supervision to give him his own experiences and to let him profit by them. But the difference between actual aloofness from the development of character in the child and the temptation to force the growth along the lines of one's own inclinations is a fine one, and I am convinced that much intellectual distortion springs from the latter source.

"It is my ambition and my will to put my child into the Church; all my efforts and my schemes in his behalf shall be directed to that end," declares the parent who, as like as not, has been thwarted in his own ambitions. The fact that leanings in an entirely different direction are evident in the child's temperament has no significance for this father. A love of mechanical things, a passionate enthusiasm for all toys and pastimes that exercise his constructional bent, is dismissed as a childish "phase." A stubborn line of development is persisted in and, later, the Church is weaker

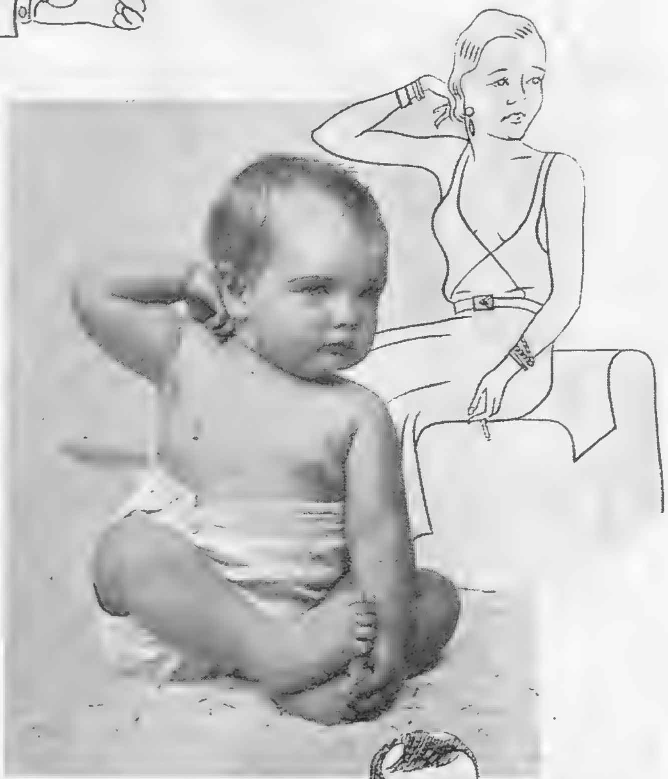
The Soldier

Portraits

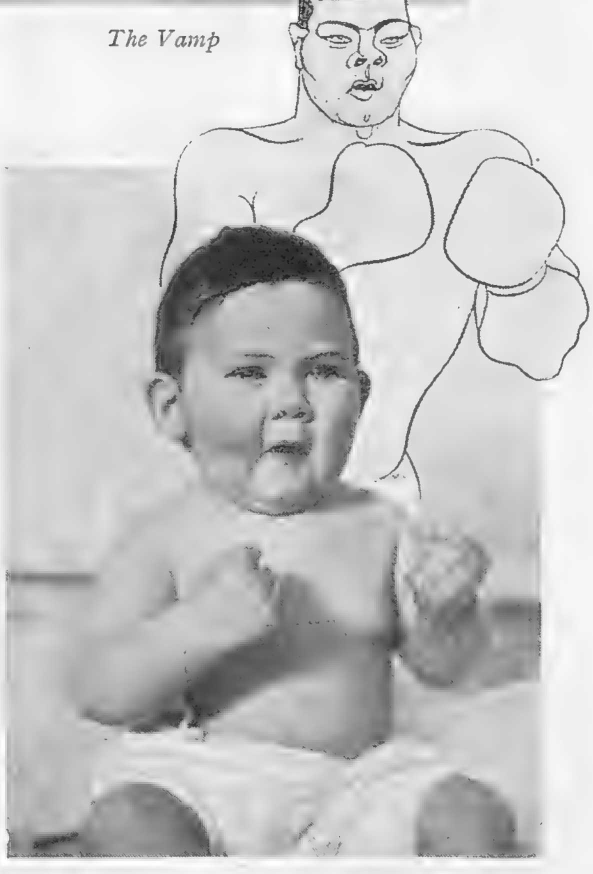
A Plea for more Sympathy and Consideration in the development of the Child's Characteristics



The Politician



The Vamp



The Heavyweight

for the possession of an indifferent clergyman.

Here is another example. Looking back upon her young triumphs, the mother who detects no sign in her young daughter of those airier characteristics which secured her own coveted ascendancy among her friends often despairs of any success in life for the little one in whose triumphs she had hoped to live again. Blinded by her own conception of womanliness, this woman is wholly unlikely to exercise the guidance and sympathy which will nourish the seeds of a deep and reposeful character in her child. Dawning potentialities are subdued to the personal inclinations of the mother and the little girl develops in an atmosphere of cross-influences. The result is, almost invariably, a negative personality.

The same thing happens in an opposite sense. The woman whose tastes have been quiet, whose experience and whose opportunities have been strictly confined, may frown upon the development of skittish tendencies in her little daughter who is showing an early appreciation of her feminine accomplishments. The child is fiercely repressed by a stronger mentality, and where affectionate guidance and sympathetic restraint might effect a triumph of compelling and virtuous womanhood, repression merely ends in failure for mother and child. The result is a vamp of the deepest dye and, more often than not, an unhappy child and woman.

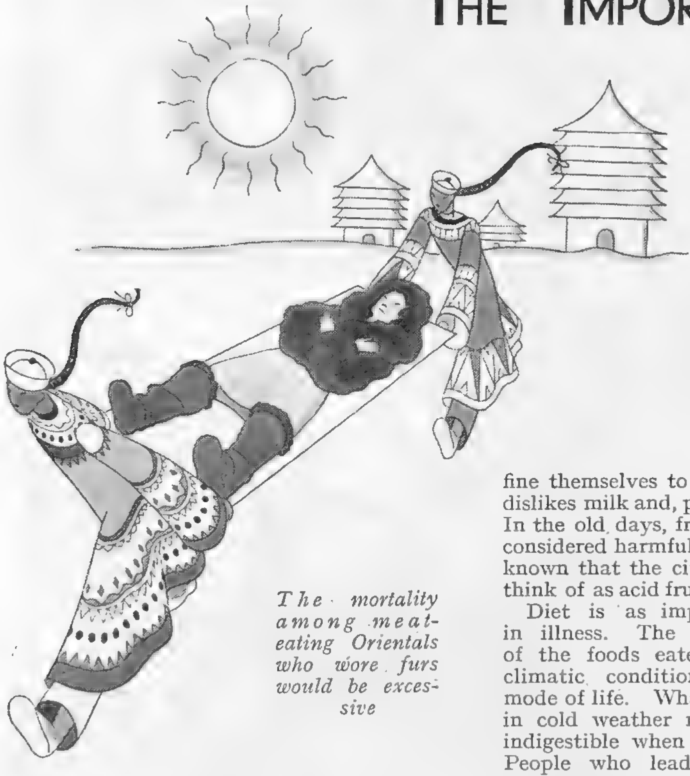
These examples are exaggerated for purposes of argument, but they illustrate the need for study of the child's mentality by the parents rather than of the adult mentality by the child.

Consider the possibilities for the future of the lad whose start in business is planned from the point of view of his intellectual development since childhood. The father who has advanced with his boy, who has been there, appreciative, at every stage of his unfolding, and present, as it were, at the birth of every potentiality, is worthy to decide upon a career for his son. Here no question of banking because father is in banking, or of the army because some insensible tradition of the family demands the army for its sons. Theirs is a combination of strength and a council of sympathy which must inevitably triumph.

Employment is the towering problem of the growing generation, but if the square peg in the round hole were eliminated from our society by a closer union of parent and child, a formidable portion of it might be vanquished and the more universal attainment of distinction in life our reward.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING NOURISHED

Inclination May Dictate the Menu



The mortality among meat-eating Orientals who wore furs would be excessive

DIET has begun to rival the weather as a subject of conversation, but, as a rule, it is only in connection with (*a*) avoirdupois, (*b*) bad hotels, that it is discussed and, occasionally, with reference to food faddists.

Quite frankly, I consider anyone who is eccentric in regard to food or clothes is, more or less, a pathological case. The fact that there is nationality in dietary and conventions in clothes is merely an indication that menus and fashions have evolved and have been dictated by climatic conditions, and those who deny and defy the rules show their unwisdom. A vegetarian Eskimo in muslin is unthinkable: the mortality among meat-eating Orientals who wore furs would be excessive.

Just as a general plan of life is imposed by conditions so an individual plan must be dictated by physical constitutional needs, plus the important and often ignored clue of inclination, which is Nature's tactful method of informing the uninformed.

In a climate such as ours a certain amount of fat-making and heat-generating food must be absorbed, and those who, for idealistic principles or æsthetic reasons, deny themselves all meat, starchy foods, sugars or fats, are likely to suffer subsequently from anæmia, low blood pressure and general debility with consequent decrease in the power of resisting disease. The case of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw (invariably quoted at this juncture!) is no argument to the contrary. He is an exceptional person, with an exceptional constitution and his mode of life is dictated by an abnormally assertive personal inclination.

Speaking generally, the kind of food you like and feel that you need and which you digest easily is the food that you should eat, and the things for which you have a distaste are probably bad for you. There are, of course, pathological exceptions—the diabetic who craves for the sugar which will make him more ill, the obese who desire fats which their bodies are incapable of dealing with, the drunkard who cannot resist over-doses of his own particular poison. But in normal people taste is as good a regulator of the menu as any other.

Doctors are beginning to realise this. They no longer force dyspeptics and gastric cases to confine themselves to a milk diet if the patient dislikes milk and, probably, does not digest it. In the old days, fruit juices would have been considered harmful in such cases, but it is now known that the citrates formed by what we think of as acid fruits are often very salutary.

Diet is as important in health as it is in illness. The quantity and the nature of the foods eaten must be dictated by climatic conditions and by the general mode of life. What is good, nourishing food in cold weather may be over-heating and indigestible when the temperature is high. People who lead sedentary lives should eschew heavy meals and large quantities of meat. Those who exert themselves physically need much more nourishment in order to "pay back" what they have expended. Every housekeeper should be trained to keep an eye on the barometer and to pass an examination in practical food values. A great deal of dyspepsia in this country is caused by unbalanced menus. One day or at one meal the stomach is overtaxed with a series of heavy, rich foods difficult of assimilation, and the next day the menus may all be unsubstantial and deficient in nutriment. The French understand the question of balance and variety: each course should be a complement to the preceding one. Note that in France a meal nearly always includes a salad or a vegetable course and is generally concluded by dessert.

TO turn from the general to the particular, now that the summer is advancing and, with our incurable optimism, we anticipate warm and even hot weather, our menus should be suitably adapted. This is the most propitious time of year for fruit and vegetables, and we should avail ourselves of the fruits of the earth. Less meat and fewer fats should be taken. On a country holiday the fresh butter and cream are often a temptation, but they should be taken in moderation as any excess has a tendency to over-heat the blood and is often the cause of "heat bumps" and rashes which sometimes mysteriously manifest themselves when one first goes to the country or seaside.

REVISED
DIET FOR
GASTRICS
AND
DYSPEPTICS

Twenty-four hours without food, taking as much water and orange or lemon juice as you like, will work wonders

Plenty of water should be drunk *between* meals but, if travelling, it is important to be sure that the water is pure and it is safer to drink one of the bottled spa waters. Fruit juice drinks, orangeade and lemonade, are among the most refreshing and salutary summer drinks. If you can drink milk, and like it, do so. It is a food as well as a drink. Avoid rich pastries and "made up" dishes. Good food is tortured out of edibility by ambitious and ignorant culinary effort. Never have food fried if it can be grilled.

A vegetarian Eskimo in muslin is unthinkable

Satisfy your hunger but never force yourself to eat when you do not desire to do so. In fact, the best cure for any temporary derangement is starvation. If you feel that you have been "upset," by change of food or air, twenty-four hours without food, taking as much water and orange or lemon juice as you like, will work wonders.

There have come into being health establishments—one of them is so well known as to justify the designation "fashionable," where the "cure" consists of starvation and orange eating, plus weight and temperature taking, massage, etc., under medical supervision, and there is no doubt that excellent results have been obtained as well as amusing copy provided for journalists. Patients desiring to do so have lost superfluous flesh and their whole system has been cleansed and therefore toned up, invigorated and rejuvenated. The chief advantage of taking a cure of this sort is the moral effect of having the régime regulated and supervised. There is no reason why anyone sufficiently strong-minded should not carry it out successfully in their own home.

One last word: do not smoke with your meals. The habit impairs digestion, destroys the palate and may spoil other more sensitive gastronomes' pleasure in their meal.

BACK TO NATURE

Special treatment and exercises for the Bust which restore or preserve the exquisite contour and firm line of the feminine figure and reinvoke the spirit of Beauty perpetuated in slender Tanagra figurines

By
CHRYSIS

INTELLIGENT exercises will do much to give you, or help you to retain, a youthful figure. Joan Blondell, a First National film star, keeps her figure slender with the aid of a few exercises.

IT is a source of wonder, almost of ribaldry, to the male world that the feminine figure can change, and change so swiftly, in accord with the demands of fashion. The pre-Raphaelites had only to interpret woman as a willowy, drooping, swan-necked, voluptuous invalid—and prototypes of their pigment abounded in the social and artistic salons. The bucolic demand, towards the end of the last century, for the "fine figure of a woman" produced busts and hips of somewhat crude emphasis, but slightly modified for conversion into the "Gibson Girl." The war, with its new activities and forced restriction of diet, began the movement towards slimness, which progressed, almost hysterically, towards emaciation.

Whether they are accomplished by the power of the mind, the dietician or the corsetière over matter hardly matters; these metamorphoses have been achieved.

I claim that there has been a return to sanity and nature and to the best ideal of feminine beauty. The perfect figure to-day must be slender and supple, but by no means scraggy, the natural lines of a woman's form must be preserved, and this balance creates the harmony which gives not only beauty and grace, but health and energy.

The trouble is that during the "boyish figure" period many women and young girls have done a great deal to spoil their natural beauty; but, thank heaven, the damage is not irreparable. Intensive slimming has tended to make busts, naturally firm and rounded, flabby and drooping. Young girls, anxious to appear "straight, up-and-down," developed a carriage which put the pectoral muscles out of action, so that the bust was bound to drop; worse than that, they developed a "complex," or deprecatory consciousness of this most beautiful feature (at its best!) of a woman's body.

ONE of the most understanding as well as scientific beauty specialists, realising all this, has evolved a perfect system for the rapid rehabilitation of this aspect of feminine beauty. (Believe me, psychology is almost as important as dermatology in the successful practice of beauty culture!)

This specialist has always concentrated on the figure and general health as much as on facial treatments, and her exercise salons and slimming treatments are famous throughout the world. The advantages for women, to my mind, of her exercise over those taught in the ordinary gymnasiums or physical culture manuals, is that they are all designed to keep the muscles healthy and *supple* without *developing* them. All the exercises are gentle, rhythmic, almost caline movements; not jerky, violent and exhausting.

The new exercise to raise the bust, making it firm and round without enlarging it, to teach women how to carry themselves and how to move with poise and grace are, I consider, the apogee of her system, and show something like genius in her own particular line, a true appreciation of æsthetics—as well as of anatomy.

It is not possible to describe the exercises in detail within this space. A course of instruction at her salons is the ideal way of learning them, or at least one visit for demonstration would be advantageous, but instruction in all the essential movements can be had in writing or by means of her famous gramophone records.

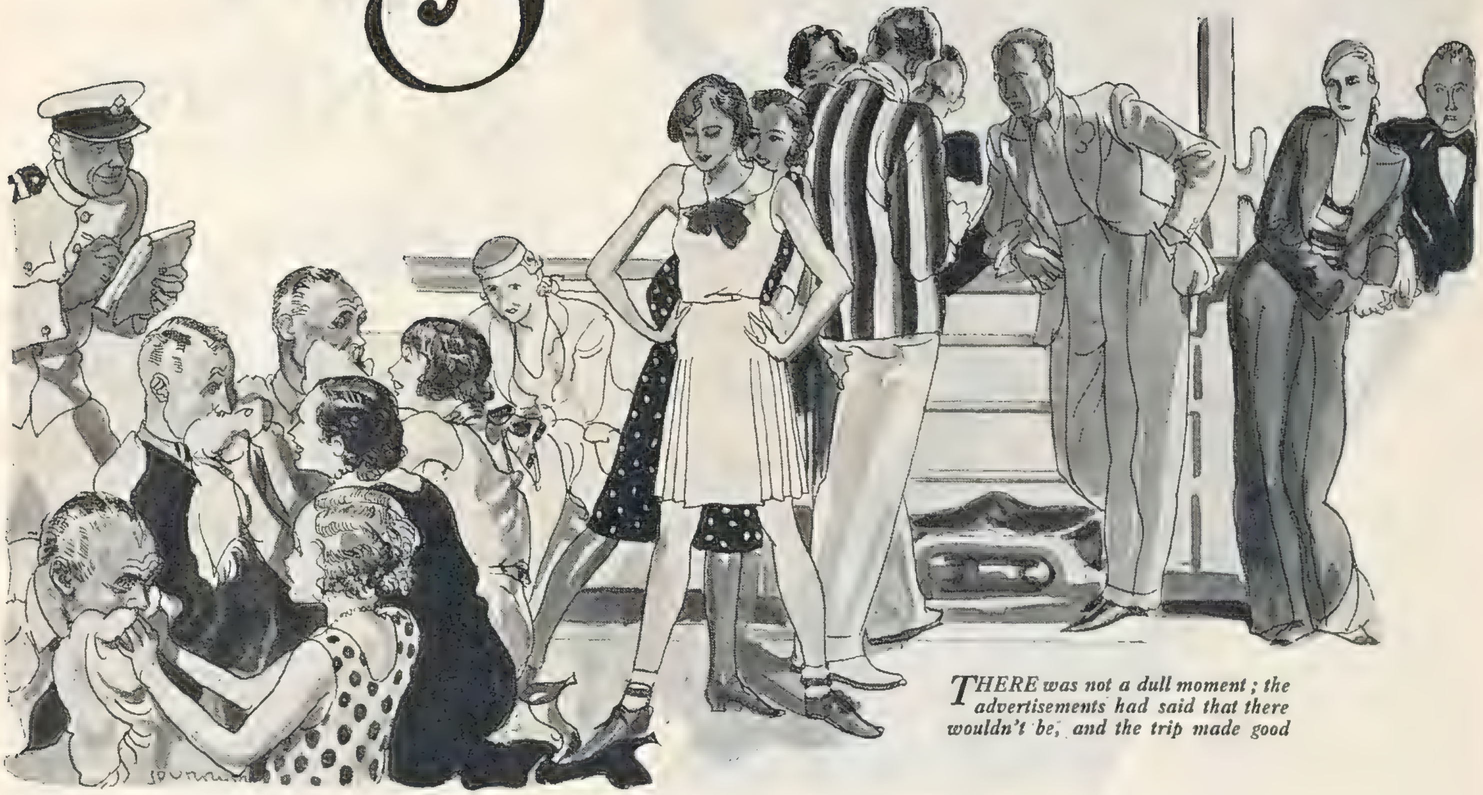
ALL the exercises tend to *educate* the muscles to do their own work. Their practice is almost a luxurious indulgence—like the pleasure of the first lovely, involuntary "stretch" on waking. Lying relaxed upon a mattress, the arms are stretched gently and rhythmically above the head in a variety of lovely movements. One of the exercises is to press the hands together in an almost "Tilly Losch" attitude of devotion, and then *sense* and use the pectoral muscles themselves. The devotion expressed is to beauty itself, and this treatment carried out as intelligently as it was conceived, cannot fail of its effect.

The special exercises for the bust can be practised independently or in conjunction with the other exercises for perfecting the figure and maintaining physical fitness. Once learned they are easy to do and take up little time. They are equally applicable to thin and to over-full figures. In the case of the former some of the exercises to fill out hollow necks and shoulders should be practised as well.

IT is interesting to note that nearly all the movements in this series—or system—derive from Greek dances. I only discovered this recently, and do not even know if it is intentional or whether their inventor in evolving the movements most suited to the beautifying of the feminine form has discovered for herself the exercises known to the people who understood and appreciated better than any others have ever done the beauty of strength and the strength of beauty.

HERE is a charming example of what may be done to medium-long back hair by Vasco's new plastic method of hairdressing. The hair is so cleverly cut and dressed that it continues to fall back into its destined place

The Seventh Wife



THERE was not a dull moment; the advertisements had said that there wouldn't be, and the trip made good

Knight *Errantry*, Polygamy—*and* Murder—*in the* South Seas

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THERE was not a dull moment; the advertisements had said that there wouldn't be, and the trip made good. Two amusement directors, a professional hostess, and twenty or fifty passengers of the game-conducting breed, had nobly pulled together from the first day out, filling each hour with its appropriate amusement, hunting up stragglers, chasing out loafers, and, in general, "leaving nothing undone to ensure present enjoyment and to sow, in the future, for all, the seeds of happy memory" (Advt.).

In short, you hadn't time to spit over the side.

"AWAY FROM IT ALL" was what the preliminary notices had said. Mr. Bickel was haunted by the phrase. From Sydney Heads to the Bonito Islands, the third call on the trip, it never ceased to murmur in his ears. At the Bonitos it became a shout . . .

He took his suitcases ashore, and ran away.

Mr. Bickel, Hugh Bickel, real estate man, of Sydney, aged forty-four, supposed to be suffering from overwork, the financial depression, and recent widowerhood, was in reality suffering from none of these things. The second cancelled out the first; there had not been work enough. The third, strange to say, cancelled out the second; money went twice as far as it had done during the life of Lollie Bickel. The third—Bickel had not yet dared to acknowledge to himself what the third meant to him; but it certainly didn't mean that he wanted to be bullied and badgered about by game directors who knew what was good for you. Or by fellow-passengers who would want to know why on earth and whatever made him . . .

So he bribed the steward, and stayed ashore.

Somebody told him that a man called Cooper had a shack on the beach to let. Mr. Bickel took it, and instantly fell in love. With the house.

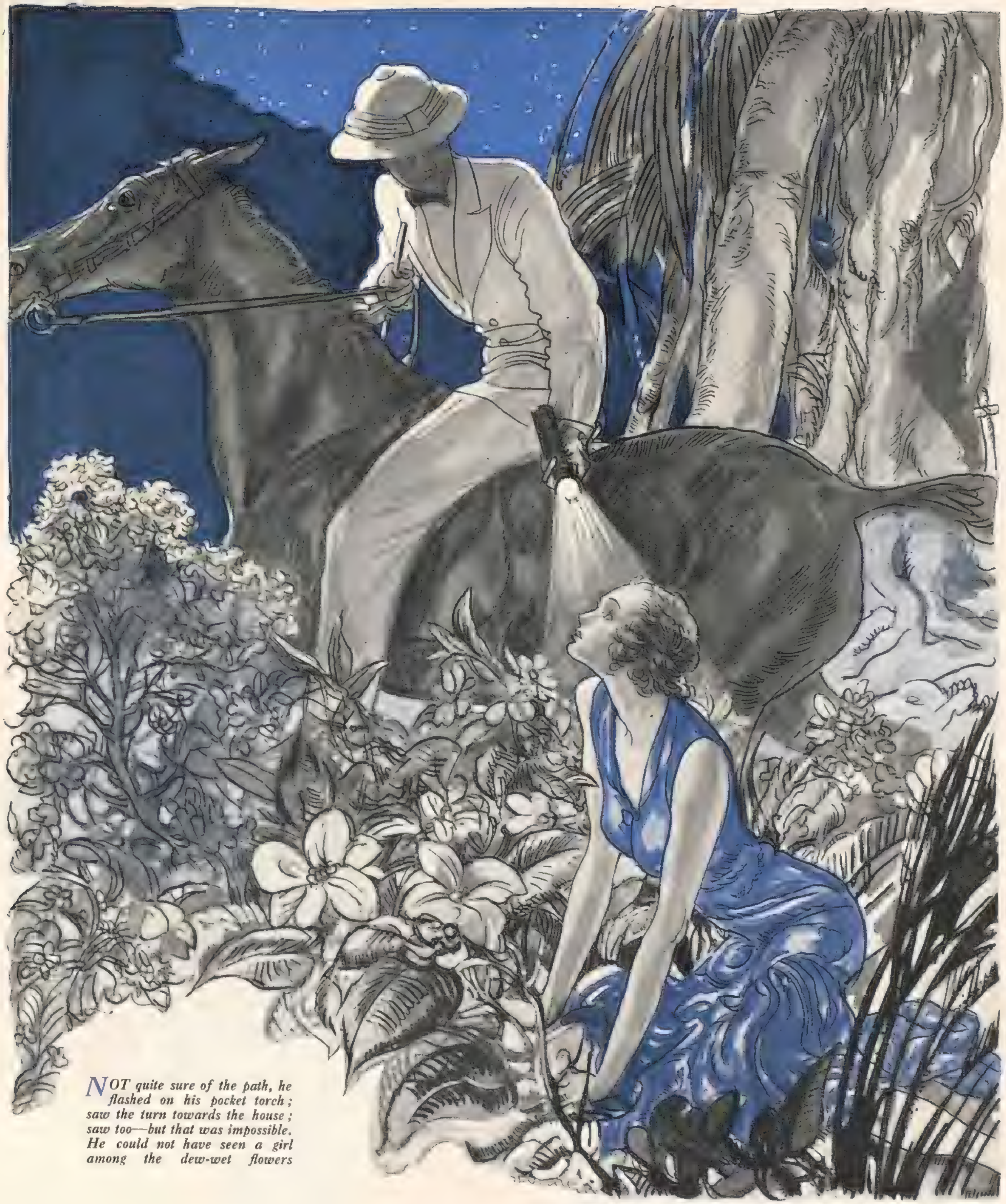
It was the ultimate of a house, the essence, all superfluities refined away. It had no floor; just milk-white pebbles from the beach. Walls of peeled wands let in the sea-light, shut away the sun. The roof was thatch. There was hardly any furniture; no ornaments at all. Flowers grew outside, leaving no mess on tables or floors. Wind whispered under the rustly edges of the thatch, and brought no dust with it. A vacuum cleaner would have lain down and died.

Mr. Bickel nearly did that thing when he saw the place. To a real estate man with a house agency business, the stark simplicity of it all was like water in the desert. "I'll buy it," the business man in him thought. "And live in it as long as I dash well want to." The certainty that no one could ask him questions made him feel, on the spot, twenty years younger.

IT was on a coral beach, with a pea-green lagoon in front of it, and waves continually roaring on a reef out at sea. It had palm trees, with huge nuts that tumbled down and rolled over the sand. It had mango and pawpaw trees. It was a boys' story book gem.

Cooper, the owner, drove a hard bargain; wanted a hundred pounds, and got eighty. He seemed a strange, romantic figure to Bickel. One had heard of Cooper, on the boat, as a half mythical person who lived like a king among the islanders; a "scion" of a great English family, from whom he had run away. . . . The purser, to whom nobody listened, said that he was a worm in the first place, and a gentleman's gentleman at best in the second.

Bickel, with the glamour of the South



NOT quite sure of the path, he flashed on his pocket torch; saw the turn towards the house; saw too—but that was impossible. He could not have seen a girl among the dew-wet flowers

Seas before his eyes, thought the purser must be wrong. Cooper—Chichester-Cooper, with the hyphen, as he carefully explained—was not romantic to look at; he was tall and horse-faced, with red foxy eyes, well dressed in clean drill, and so thin that you could see his hipbones through his trousers. He had a drawling accent, and a whinnying laugh. Bickel, who had never been "home," thought him very much the type of an English aristocrat, and was well pleased.

"Come and dine with us some night," Cooper said, when the purchase was completed at the Lands Office in town.

"Delighted," agreed Bickel.

"And meet Mrs. Cooper." There was a curious flicker in his eyes as if he were cherishing some secret joke that he didn't mean to tell.

"Delighted," Bickel repeated, glancing at his own reflection in the glass of office windows. Tall, too fat, but well preserved; well turned out, erect. He liked the picture, hoped Mrs. Cooper would.

Two or three days later the invitation came, and Bickel, having no car, hired a horse to ride to Cooper's home. He had been enjoying himself absurdly, delighting in the peace and the aloneness of it all; even in the cooking of his own meals, eating what he liked, not what was "good for you." Bathing. Fishing. Smoking. Reading. Walking in to dinner at the little town hotel, having a game of pool, and exchanging casual talk. Back to the little house by the sea that waited to welcome him—in silence.

Riding in the dark, he almost run into a motorist. The lights revealed a young Government official, Edward M'Nutt of the Lands, sitting at the wheel of an ancient Ford. "Why don't you look out?" asked M'Nutt. "I was trying to find the side road to Chichester-Cooper's," Bickel explained. "Left-hand side, fifty yards," curtly explained M'Nutt. "Are you a friend of his?" he jerked out.

"Why, I think he's a very interesting——" Bickel began.

"He's a rat," said M'Nutt emphatically; stamped on the starter, and, with a clash of gears, was gone.

Bickel thought his manner odd. But the road took some finding in the dark; he forgot.

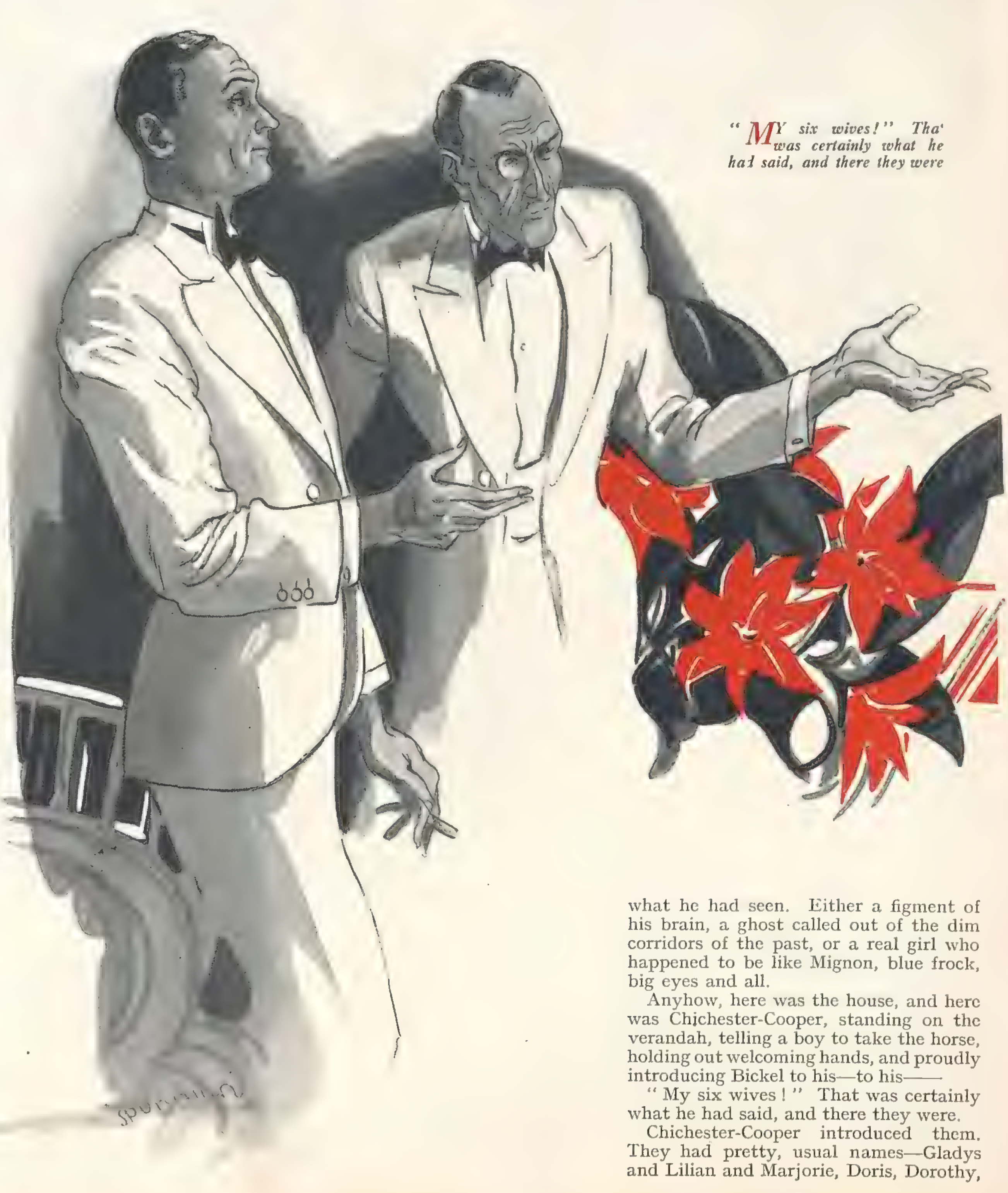
Through dusky forest, the track brought him out into a clearing, lit by a low young moon. The place was full of the scent and the half-seen ghostly whiteness of flowers, dew-drenched, fast asleep. Bickel, threading the garden paths, was seized by a sudden nostalgia for a garden he remembered long ago, in days when he hadn't known that Lollie existed. For a song one used to sing, before the war—

Across the gloom the grey moth speeds
To taste the evening brew,
The drowsy lilies tell their beads
On rosaries of dew,
The stars seem kind, and even the wind
Has pity for my woe,
Say, must I sue in vain, ma belle?
Say no, Mignon, say no!

Rubbish, but sweet. Lord, how it all came back—the garden on the heights above Sydney town, white flowers and scent and dew; his own young voice humming the song, and Somebody leaning out of a dark bedroom window, not far away, listening, ready to come at his call! How wet they used to make their feet, strolling in the damp garden, in the dusk, with the diamond lights of Sydney winking through the trees, and the tramcars grumbling half a mile away! How those white flowers, the semi-tropic flowers of Sydney, scented the night! He hadn't thought of the garden or of "Mignon" this ever so long. Not since he began to grow old, and that was soon after he met and married Letitia—"Lollie." She had been a model wife. Mignon wouldn't have been that. She would just have loved you. They had wanted her to marry a fat old sheep baron, but she had refused him, because of young Hugh Bickel with the shining hair and the dancing feet, and the all-but-empty pockets.

That was in 'Fourteen. She had died before he and the rest of the Anzacs marched home again in a hurricane of cries and cheers. And Letitia, whom he met years later, had been a fine wife, sensible and careful; it was owing to her, in the main, that he was a fairly rich man to-day. By island standards, very rich. Almost as wealthy here in the Bonitos as the fat old sheep baron whom Mignon wouldn't marry, long ago.

HE had ridden across the garden; was almost up to the bungalow with the terrace of white coral stone surrounding it, and the thick, lemon-coloured lamplight streaming out. Not quite sure of the path, he flashed on his pocket torch; saw the turn towards the house; saw too—but that was impossible. He could not have seen a girl lying face down among the dew-wet flowers. She could not—a hundred times could not—have shown the face of Mignon, as she twisted herself to her feet, and fled.



"MY six wives!" That was certainly what he had said, and there they were

. . . Blue dress, grey in the dusk. Brown hair, brief and wavy. Pale neck, pale arms, big shadowy eyes. That was what he had seen. Either a figment of his brain, a ghost called out of the dim corridors of the past, or a real girl who happened to be like Mignon, blue frock, big eyes and all.

Anyhow, here was the house, and here was Chichester-Cooper, standing on the verandah, telling a boy to take the horse, holding out welcoming hands, and proudly introducing Bickel to his—to his——

"My six wives!" That was certainly what he had said, and there they were.

Chichester-Cooper introduced them. They had pretty, usual names—Gladys and Lilian and Marjorie, Doris, Dorothy, Hazel. Their frocks were all silk, and each wore some little bit of jewellery, prominently displayed. They were rather subdued, not much inclined to talk or to giggle, watching, carefully, the foxy eyes of Mr. Chichester-Cooper. And every girl was more or less coloured. Tea-coloured, coffee-coloured, cream-coloured, dusk-ivory coloured. And every one was beautiful.

When Cooper had shown them off, when he had made Marjorie sing a little island song to the guitar, and Lilian dance with Dorothy, and Gladys throw hand-springs down the verandah, and Doris recite a French poem, very badly, and Hazel, the unaccomplished youngest, mix cocktails in a silver shaker—then he waved the guest to a seat, took another himself, and said, with the air of a general addressing his aides—" Dinner ! "

Dinner was served. All the girls waited, in silence. There was a great deal to eat and a great deal to drink ; Bickel took as little as he could. Afterwards, on the verandah, with lights dimmed and ghostly flowers just visible, under the fading moon, Cooper and he sat silent, lighting their cigars. The horse made a peaceful sound, cropping grass. The sea, creaming on the beach a hundred yards away, seemed telling long tales, heedless that no one listened.

Bickel broke the silence, as soon as he was sure, from certain subdued clinkings in the background, that the girls were out of the way.

" Do you mind telling me—— "

Cooper interrupted with a whinnying laugh.

" I know. They all ask that. No, my dear chap—not by British law. But native law is good enough for me. They're all honest women, by Bonito custom. Paid for. Marriage feast, and dance. Every last one of 'm feels herself as respectable as your own wife—pardon me, perhaps you—— "

" Widower," was Bickel's blunt reply.

Chichester-Cooper was not interested. He hurried on the talk.

" You see, I'm a Great Chief here. Came before the cursed British Government took on the place, ten years ago. Blood-brother of the King ; interesting ceremony that. Besides, I'm rich, for the Bonitos. Plantation owner, and—eh—a certain private income."

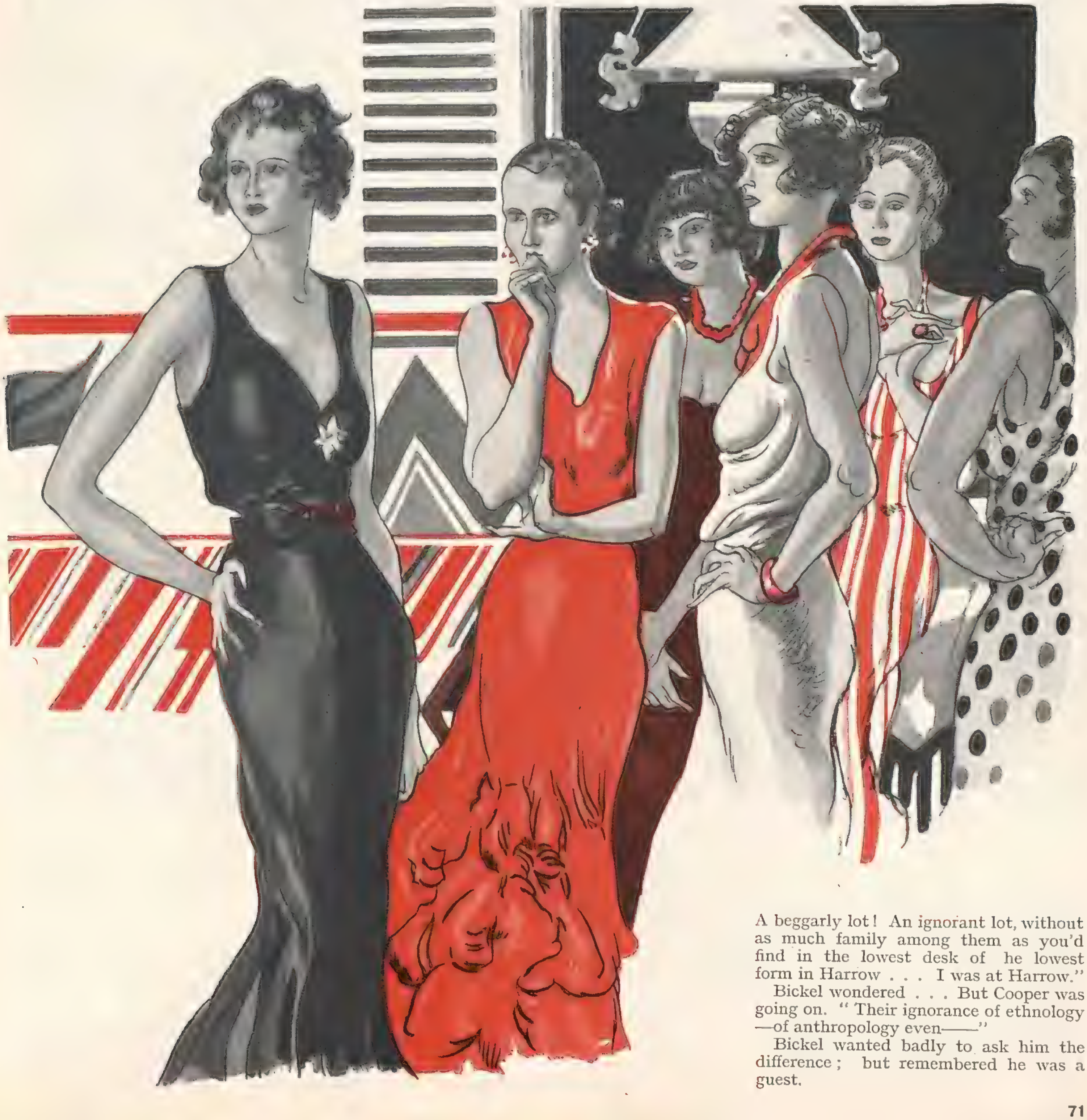
(" Remittance man," thought the Australian. " Or, maybe, blackmail.") He was less and less pleased with Cooper.

" So I'm considered eligible."

" The evidence," said Bickel, cigar in the corner of his mouth, " seems to suggest as much."

" Except—— " Cooper took up his glass, and emptied it at a gulp. " Hazel ! " he called. The youngest wife came gliding out, and filled it again.

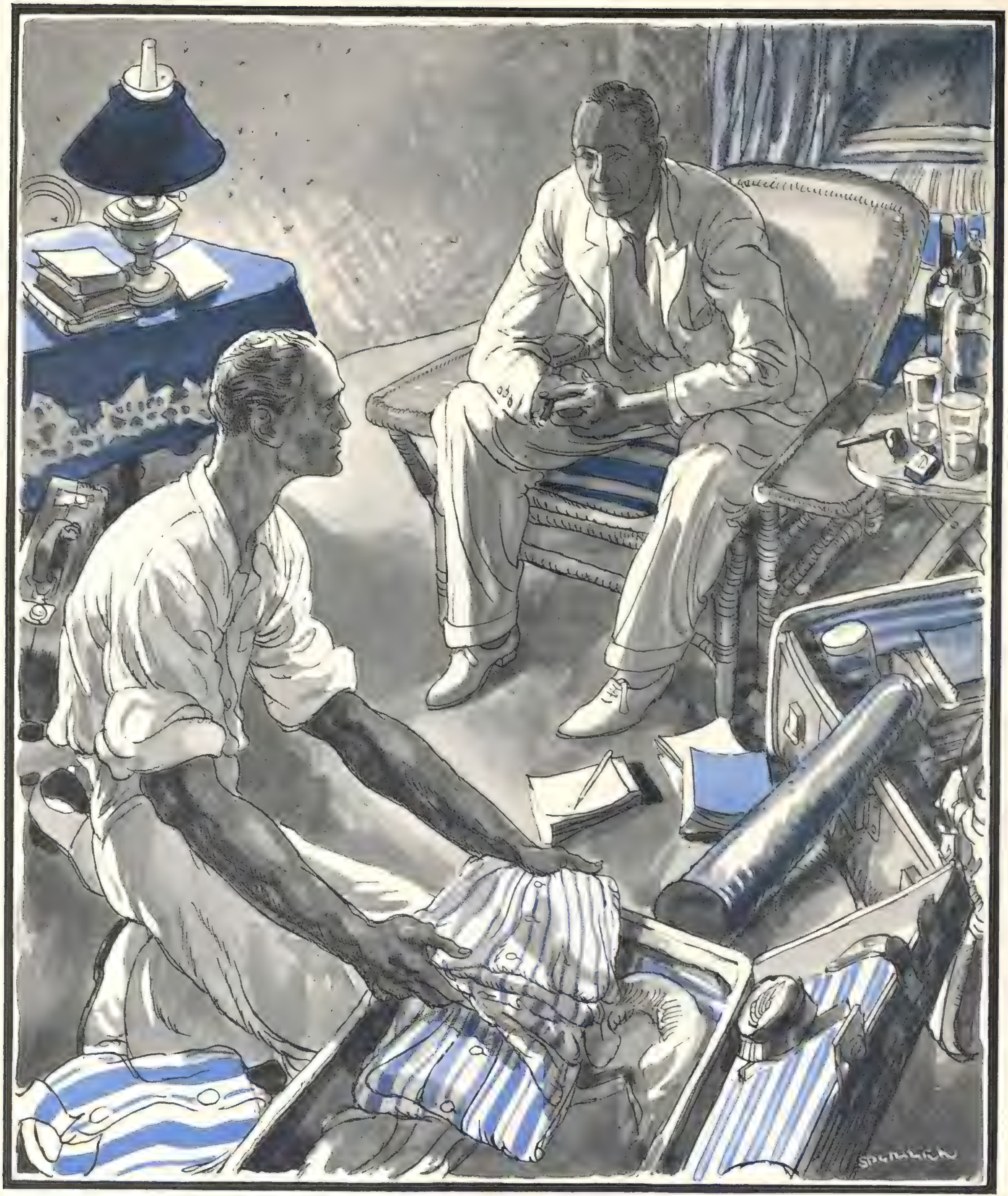
" Except for some of the cursed white people," he went on, his red eyes becoming redder as he talked. " They say things.



A beggarly lot ! An ignorant lot, without as much family among them as you'd find in the lowest desk of the lowest form in Harrow . . . I was at Harrow."

Bickel wondered . . . But Cooper was going on. " Their ignorance of ethnology —of anthropology even——"

Bickel wanted badly to ask him the difference ; but remembered he was a guest.



HE had seen almost no one during his brief stay at the hotel—only M'Nutt, and he was packing up to get away at dawn in a Government launch

"Well—it is absolute. Absolute. When I die, the true knowledge of the Bonito peoples will die with me. Hazel, curse you, where's the whisky?"

The girl came out, slipped back again, as before.

Bickel cleared his throat. "And may one ask—what is the attitude of the native girl to purchased marriage?"

"The attitude," said Cooper, speaking carefully, if thickly, "the at-ti-tude is that she's jolly well glad to have the chance. They—they get ed-u-ca-tion here. Mind brought out and all that. The chiefs think it's a privilege. I could have twenty if I wanted. I could have—Seven."

Bickel was silent. As a successful man of business he had learned the lesson of letting the other man do the talking. Especially when there was something you wanted to find out. And he wanted, passionately, to find out something now.

"Seven," he said, toying with his glass, and trying not to look too much interested. "That's a lucky number, eh?"

Mr. Chichester-Cooper said that it was. Said, with profane additions, that Bickel was a man after his own heart. Bickel had guessed it in one. Yes, he was going to get married again. Finer young wife than any of the lot. Daughter of the principal chief, the one nearest to the king. And, mind you, white—white—white—as snow.

"Sounds improbable," was Bickel's comment.

"White mother," declared Mr. Chichester-Cooper.

"All the same——"

"Met him in New Zealan'. The chiefs go there for fun and sprees sometimes." Mr. Cooper, somewhat haltingly, explained that the girl's mother, quite young herself, an emigrant, had lost the English husband who came out with her. Took a fancy to the good-looking romantic islander, married him just after she was made a widow. Seven months later had a white child. Year after had coloured twins and died. The chief brought up the girl with his own, called her his own. They were keen on the white blood. The white inhabitants of the Bonitos called her a nig, but she wasn't one any more than Mr. Chichester-Cooper himself. Just to look at her——

"Has she very white skin, shortish wavy hair, blue eyes?" asked Bickel.

His host tried to dig him in the ribs with a knotted forefinger. Mr. Bickel deftly removed himself.

"Cunning dog! You've seen her, eh?"

"I thought," Mr. Bickel said, "that I saw a—a ghost—in your garden." He didn't know why he was giving himself away. It did not matter; Cooper was sure to forget everything that had been said and done, next morning.

Ghosts! yes. Ghosts of lost happiness.

"*The drowsy lilies tell their beads*
On rosaries of dew . . ."

"Garden!" barked Cooper suddenly. "Garden? She'd ought to been in her house. I gave her a week to make up her min'. Stop in her house, all her own, and—why d'you think there was a ghose?" He looked uneasy. Sobered.

Bickel, about to answer, saw a strange thing. Hazel, the youngest wife, with her head thrust through a semi-curtained window, looking at Cooper behind his back. Making faces at him, such faces as a child might make when registering disgust and fear.

"Why shouldn't I?" was Bickel's counter.

"Was it—under a coconuss tree?" thickly asked the host. "Girl threw herself down from a coconuss tree once. Silly little coot!"

Bickel had heard of this island method of suicide. He thought he liked his host a good deal less—if that were possible. He'd been liking him less all evening.

"No," he answered. "She was lying among the flower beds, and she got up when I came. I thought she was like—like——"

"Like nobody," proudly proclaimed Chichester-Cooper. "Only one there is. I show her to you some day. Not now. She's a naughty girl. But she won't run away. Nowhere to run to, now the steamer's gone again. Seven wives . . . Seven men with seven wives, how many was there going to Saint Ives? Tha's a joke. Hazel, fill up!"

Hazel, amber-coloured, suave, came in; filled the glasses. Now that she knew herself observed, her face was void of expression. Bickel wondered, uneasily, what might be the history of the purple bruise that he saw on her arm, under a thick gold bracelet. It didn't show, except when she lifted the decanter.

"I'm afraid I must be——" he began. Something about the place sickened him; he didn't want to stay.

But Cooper broke in.

"Wairrabit. Schererazade goin' to tell story. That's what I make 'm do for their esucation. Like the man in the Arabian Nights. I believe in esucation. Same time, I study sike—sike—psychology. Two birds with one stone. Very interesting, psychology an' folk-lore an' all that. Hazel! Your turn to-night. Tell this gentleman story of the—of the—No. Of the—No. Of the princesses an' the enemy."

Hazel sat down crosslegged upon the floor, and obediently began, in halting English, an island tale.

"You listen to this. When I die, the knowledge of the native sike—I mean, folk-lore, dies with me. This is a grand story."

Bickel, somewhat intrigued, did listen, though half his thoughts were absent, in the garden, among the "drowsy lilies," with the girl who had been given a week to make up her mind . . .

Presently he sat up.

"Why, that's Jael and Sisera, as near as can be!"

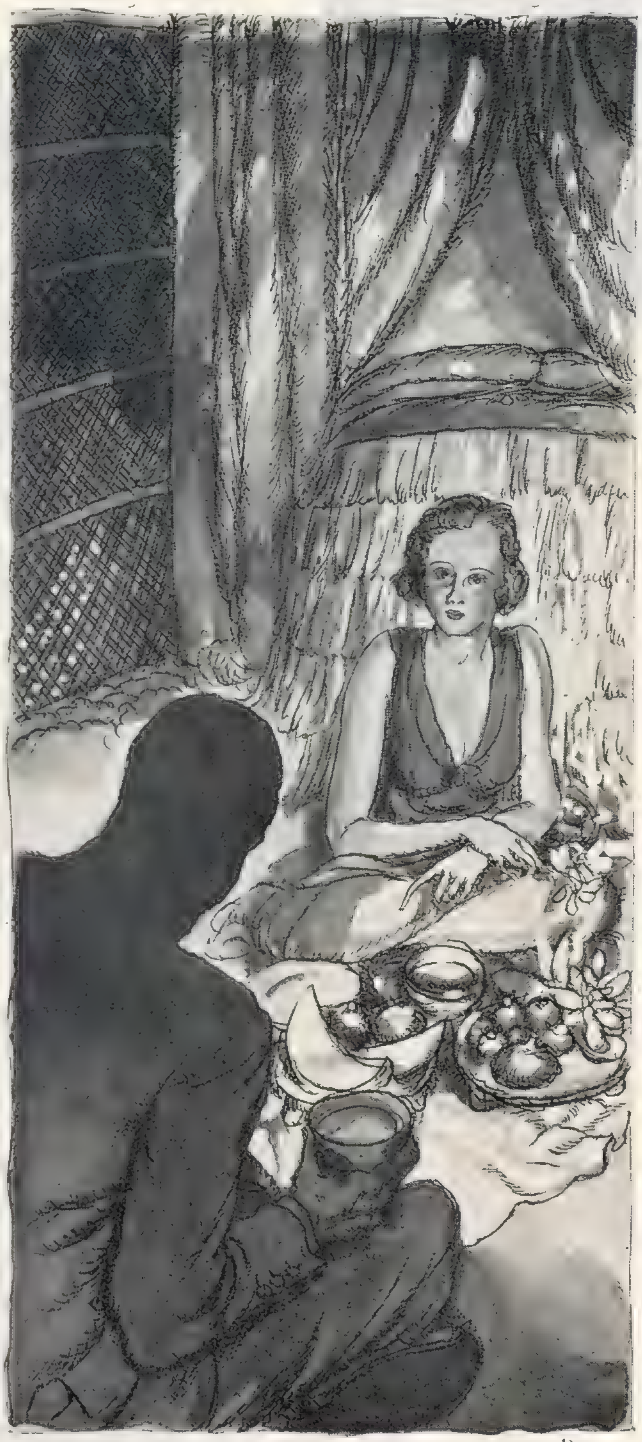
"Noticed it, did you? Well, they had it long before the da—the blessed missionaries came. And whass really interesting, the way they did him in is the way the Rossel islanders do it to-day—big island at thar tail end of New Guinea. Thass folk-lore. Thass sike—what-is-it for you, eh?"

Hazel was ending her tale.

"So the five princesses, beecause deir husbands were away at thee fighting, when the enemy he have drunk the coconut milk, and have eat the breadfruit, den he sleep very much. Den de five princesses come and dey make de secret killing, what de fighting mens know. Dey take one an arm, one a leg, one an arm, one a leg, and one de neck. And de one she take de neck, she kneel on him chest, she squeeze tight. And he die. And when de fighting men come back, all de princesses dance before dem, and dere was a great feast."

She ended the mechanical, expressionless recital. She sat quite still until Cooper gave her the word to go. Her bracelets clinked as she slipped into the house.

"Most interesting," the guest allowed, with a yawn. He had been rather bored. He had never been able to understand why people got excited over these coincidences; one group of islands with the same story as another group; one tale—like that of Jael and Sisera—appearing all over the world. Doubtless there was some explanation for that sort of thing. He didn't want to hear it. Cooper seemed to be an enthusiast. Cooper might have it all. The girl in the garden was more interesting; one wasn't going to let that drop. But, for the moment, there was nothing to do but to say goodbye. He said it.



SHE had breakfast ready in the living room when he arrived, and wanted to serve it to him. But he made her sit down and eat with him

THE hoofs of the old horse went clopping across the garden. The moon was down; there was a smell of wet earth and leaves, a late sort of smell. You could hear the sea spilling along the beach, and catch the salt airs of it stealing in. Dark, dark now—but one could just distinguish a formless low building at one side of the garden. That would be the house that had been given to the girl, the seventh

(*Continued on page 91*)

Changing the

Purely Personal Remarks *on the* changes wrought *in* Hollywood *during* the process *of* making *and* re-making Stars

By Sydney Tremayne

Above:
JOAN CRAWFORD as herself, and (right) Joan Crawford as Sadie Thompson, the "bad woman" in "Rain"

THERE seems to be a considerable divergence between the advertised ideal of Hollywood, that a star shall be "different," and the achieved result which tends, with a few notable exceptions, to a tedious uniformity. Perhaps what it really amounts to is that, unless they have very outstanding personality or are unusually lucky in their directors, they are not allowed to be "different" in their own way, but must be "different" in the Hollywood way (which is not very!).

When one hears that some girl who has "made a hit" in a minor part is being "groomed for stardom" it means that her hair is being changed to the—at the moment—prevailing colour, her weight reduced to the approved standard, her clothes designed by the most popular dressmaker, and she is being taught to ape the mannerisms of whichever of the world-famous actresses she is considered most to resemble. She may even get herself married to one of the experienced, round-robin Hollywood husbands—an education in itself, one imagines! In the nature of things inventors, even of screen personalities and fads in faces, are in a small minority and the copyists are legion.

Garbo stands alone as inventor of both. She inaugurated a new type of beauty—or a new realisation of her own type—and she can present a "different" personality not only in each picture but more than one aspect of character in a single film. Joan Crawford has shown herself an expert in the art of metamorphosis. Physically she has developed a new personality. She relies to a great extent on make-up—an interesting manifestation of screen art. Norma Shearer's evolution from the fat, dowdy girl she assured us she was, into the lovely, slender, chic figure she is to-day, is a phenomenon to be wondered at.

Dietrich has, thank Heaven, emerged from the Garbolised phase, and is definitely more lovely and exotic than she was before she left Europe, though whether she is such a potent personality as the apparition of "charming, alarming" wickedness in "The Blue Angel" is doubtful. "Blonde Venus" will prove her powers.

SOME of the other changes have not been so impressive. The American *édition de luxe* of the Tallulah Bankhead whom Londoners loved has been a disappointment. "The Cheat" was a shockingly bad picture. She had moments in "Thunder Below." With Gary Cooper playing opposite, she has regained something of her emotional evocativeness in "Devil and the Deep."

Jean Harlow, who ushered in white-gold hair, has now been made to turn her exaggeratedly bare back on the platinum which became a platitude

IN "As You Desire Me" Greta Garbo virtually plays a double rôle. She is seen here as Zara, a cabaret dancer, with Eric von Stroheim, who plays the part of the villain

Stars in their Courses

to play the name part in "The Red-Headed Woman." Colleen Moore discarded her Florentine crop and straight "bang" at about the same time as her last husband. Bebe Daniel "went blond" to play opposite the swarthy and exuberant Fairbanks senior. Lily Dalmita, so naughty and efflorescent with her Spanish petticoats and accent in "The Cock-Eyed World," later became all tragic and intense as "Madame Julie."

None of these changes seem really to have revolutionised the film industry, though they may have done something to stimulate "beauty culture" and the hair-dressing trade. One newly projected personality I look upon as deplorable. Lilyan Tashman used to be one of the smartest and best groomed women on the screen. Can it be that Mr. Cecil Beaton's private opinion, publicly expressed, that she was the most sophisticated actress in Hollywood had a disastrous effect? Her latest photographs show her in a disguise that appears like a comic caricature of a lady from the less exclusive regions of the French capital.

Above:
JEAN HARLOW, who ushered in white-gold hair, has now been made to play the name part in (left) "The Red-Headed Woman."

("Now which do you like to see, Monsieur,
Now which do you like to see,
The haughty, proud American girl,
Or the Lady from Gay Paree?")

The changes in an actress of Garbo's calibre are really of interest. Though she has kept the public who adored her in the days of silent films and has created a new concourse of admirers, though she shows mastery of every part she plays and is certainly the most cerebral actress on the screen to-day, there is no doubt that her harsh voice and the limitations it originally imposed, did something to dispel her original charm, and that something *has* changed Garbo—whether it is Hollywood or Life or the self-imposed reputation for reclusiveness, one senses some sort of repression or bitterness and regrets the (to my mind) lovelier and more tender Greta Garbo who played in "The Temptress" and overcame the physical difficulties of mis-casting as "Anna Karenina" in the picture curiously renamed "Love," with John Gilbert. So utterly different from Tolstoi's dark lady of the bonnets, how beautiful and appealing she was in the love sequences with Gilbert and how heart-breaking in the last scene with her child.

All the spectacular clothes in "Mata Hari"—which, as a matter of fact, obscured the vision of the woman inside them—the rather conventional and deeply cold vamping she "put over" in that picture and in "The Rise of Helga" cannot make up for the glamour and suggestion of an imprisoned love-life, in the earlier silent pictures. She recaptured something of all this in the earlier scenes with Clark Gable in "The Rise of Helga," and her sensitiveness again comes into play in "As You Desire Me," her latest picture (to be shown after "Grand Hotel"). In this film she virtually plays a double rôle, that of heartless and memory-less Zara, a cabaret dancer in Budapest, and, after her return to the husband she had forgotten, that of Maria, the simple and loving young wife she had once been. Von Stroheim is the villain of the piece.

The most spectacular change of all has been that of Joan Crawford. Photographs (*Continued on page 97*)

ANOTHER scene from "As You Desire Me," with Greta Garbo playing the part as the penitent wife, with Melvyn Douglas as the husband

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* *ARNOLD PALMER*

FANNIE HURST, the popular novelist, visits an East Side, New York, vegetable market, where she obtained a lot of local colour which she incorporated in her latest novel

IT is assumed nowadays that personal publicity is advantageous to the reputation of an artist. It is assumed and rarely questioned. Personal publicity can temporarily increase the earning power, but it is capable of damaging even a hardy bloom like the art of a film player. Besides, artists are not all of the same kind, although the world vaguely believes that they are. What is life-giving to a Constance Bennett may be fatal to a Virginia Woolf—or might be, if Mrs. Woolf courted publicity. Where serious writers are concerned, personal advertisement may be damaging not only to art, but also, ultimately, to reputation. This opinion does not chime with the current belief, which is that the more freely an author moves in Society and can get his movements chronicled, the more definitely he is succeeding. He may be succeeding socially. But is he succeeding in any other way—even in a commercial way? Is he helping the sales, not to mention the virtue, of his books?

For ordinary social purposes, most authors, like most artists of any kind, are disappointing. It is bound to be so, and the greater the expectations aroused by their work, the greater, as a rule, the disappointment. Think a moment! We read a book to which our whole being responds, a book which sums up for us a thousand sensations and impulses and reticencies to which, hitherto, everyone else has seemed a stranger; of which, up till now, we have been only intermittently, but then how violently, conscious. This book has been written, it seems, specially for us. We are its ideal reader; and then one day in a friend's house we meet this ideal author. By that time an image of him has begun to crystallise. . . .

He will be dressed in good taste, without being dressy. He will be attractive to look at, whatever his age. He will be instantly attracted to us. His spontaneous talk will be as illuminating and balanced as his considered writings. On the occasion of our next meeting he will remember and recognise us, and will immediately cross a crowded salon to renew a friendship of which, during the interval, he has thought incessantly. He will be unmarried or, at worst, a widower, and his children, if he has any, will adore him and be not more than two in number. He will know Paris well; he will also be in the habit of smoking too many cigarettes. He has a roomy studio in Chelsea, the walls of which have been decorated (for love) by the leading painters of the world, and here he is to be found when in London. But he cannot work there—too many brilliant people will insist on lying around in heaps—and he spends most of his time at Cannes or rounding Cape Horn in a windjammer. For he is a man's man. Every autumn he goes for a walking tour through the Tyrol with Borotra, Clark Gable, and Mussolini. . . . Is it any wonder if the poor chap, when we meet him, is vaguely disappointing?

Of the eight principal men of letters alive in England to-day (if we named them, we should become involved in a different kind of argument) only one, Mr. Shaw, has indulged in personal advertisement; and it is precisely because he has indulged in it so freely that some people would dispute his right to be placed among the leaders. The other seven have understood the value of cherishing

Shakespeare

Bacon

Too Much of a Good Thing

The First Folio of Shake-Speare: *by Edward D. Johnson*

(Cecil Palmer, 5s.)

THE theory that the plays of Shakespeare were not written by him is comparatively modern. It was not born until the nineteenth century, but it has proved a lusty and even a precocious child, with offspring of its own. Sir Francis Bacon, however, has always been the chief of these, the favourite of the claimants to the authorship of the plays, and the whole anti-Shakespearean case is often referred to as the Baconian theory. Since most people have felt, at one time or another, at least a passing curiosity about the argument, it is unfortunate that the article devoted to it in our principal book of reference, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, should be so superior in tone that it will not even stoop to discussion.

The theory has suffered from being championed by some of the wildest cranks in the history of literature. Mr. Johnson is a good example of the more reasonable advocates. His ingenuity is astonishing, and there seems no answer to his really remarkable conclusions except (and it is a feeble answer) coincidence. But when he, having found by all sorts of hidden clues that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, proceeds to prove by other hidden clues that Bacon also wrote *Don Quixote*, one finds one's respect for mere coincidence increasing. On the known facts, Bacon was one of the most remarkable Englishmen who ever lived. His life was extremely full. He held scores of public positions, including that of Lord Chancellor, and he was a prolific writer on scientific, political, and moral themes. Who can believe that the work of Shakespeare and Cervantes was thrown off in the spare time of an exceptionally busy man? Thousands of men have given up their lives to literature and not succeeded in writing as much quantitatively, not to mention qualitatively, as either Bacon or Shakespeare. Whoever composed the plays and poems of Shakespeare, it can hardly have been Bacon. The physical arguments against it are too strong.

Authors should *be* Heard and *not* Seen: The Sowing of *a* Crop *of* Difficulties

at least a little mystery as a safeguard to their work, their happiness, and their fame. It is not altogether surprising, then, that a thoughtful writer like Miss Dorothy Richardson should display a certain hesitation in writing a preface to a volume of interviews with authors. The odd thing is that she ever agreed or was invited to perform the task of introduction, for she is an arch-priestess of privacy and detachment. Few prominent novelists have more consistently dodged the interviewer, the gossip gatherer, and the photographer. Her preface, therefore, may be taken as a tribute to the excellence of *These Moderns,* translated from the French of F. Ribadeau Dumas by Frederic Whyte (Humphrey Toulmin, 7s. 6d.).

THE volume contains thirty-four interviews with well-known Parisian men and women of letters, illustrated by first-rate portraits in black and white by Pierre Payen. Monsieur Dumas has done his work well. He is never wordy, nor servile, nor silly; and only those who have tried their hand at this sort of thing know how difficult it is to deserve even negative praise. The book commends itself to all students of contemporary French literature, not only by its declared aims, but also because it mentions incidentally a number of important novels whose reputation has not yet crossed the Channel. The authors sketched are of many kinds, but they all have two qualities in common. They are very methodical (which is one of the reasons why Arnold Bennett found it so congenial to live and work in Paris), and they take themselves tremendously seriously. They all know exactly where they stand towards classicism, romanticism, surrealism, and the rest of it. Some of them sound a bit odd.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, the novelist, who has written the preface to "These Moderns," a volume of thirty-four interviews with well-known Parisian men and women of letters

Right:

ANNA EISENMENGER, Author of "Blockade," a book which, in the opinion of our reviewer, should be read by the whole world

The Reward of Endurance

The Georgian House: *by Frank Swinnerton*

(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

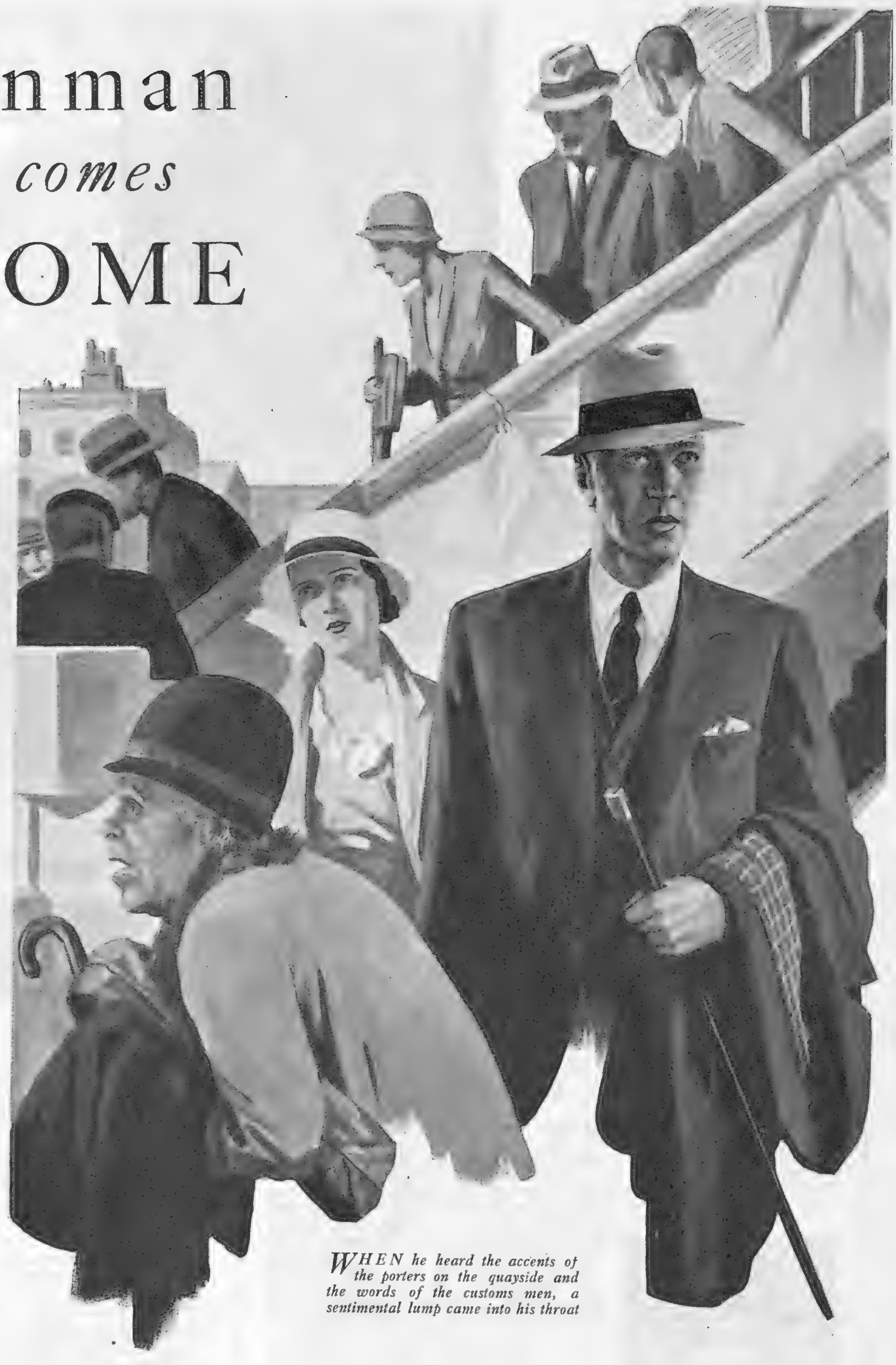
IT was bound to happen. There are events which, as soon as they have occurred, are seen at once to have been inevitable from the first. One of these events is the selection by the Book Society of a novel by Mr. Swinnerton. His steady progress, or at least his continuity, in the world of letters, his blameless reputation as novelist and critic, the regular fecundity of his Muse and the corresponding regularity in the lengthening of the list of his chronicled achievements—all these considerations made it only a question of time. Mr. Swinnerton is one of those typical, reliable men of letters who are crowned by literary societies in every country in the world.

Any reader, therefore, who finds that his pulse refuses to quicken as the story of *The Georgian House* is unfolded may justifiably reflect that the Book Society wished, perhaps, to pay a well-deserved compliment to an author. The novel itself is readable. But it is definitely not a creation; it has not been drawn from the living model. Its characters and its situations both come from other novels—that is to say, they are not plagiarisms, but they are hopelessly booky and novelish. We have all read such thousands of novels that we can make easily and unconsciously the necessary adjustments for lighting and focusing the picture spread before us by the author. But the picture we are invited to study bears no resemblance to the world in which we live. We have only to look around us, and immediately the printed page becomes blurred and dark and almost motionless. Dickens, or one of his contemporaries, might well have been attracted to Mr. Swinnerton's plot and, with immense gusto, have made a Victorian masterpiece out of it. But Mr. Swinnerton has no gusto; he does not roar, or toss his mane, or weep; and his modulated accents do not drown for an instant the creaking of the old machinery he sets in action.

Frank Swinnerton

TWO books which throw a good deal of light on the present confusion of mid-Europe are *Blockade*, by Anna Eisenmenger, and *Regiment Reichstag*, by Kurt Lamprecht—both published by Messrs. Constable at 7s. 6d. They deal with the same period, the few months succeeding the Armistice, and they describe the events of those frightful days in Vienna and Berlin respectively. *Blockade* claims to be the diary of an Austrian middle-class woman, but the unity of its form proclaims it as a novel. Nevertheless, it is doubtless authentic enough; it may well be a genuine diary with a little anecdotal interest worked in. It is a terrible book, and it deserves to be read by the whole world. Some readers may be annoyed at finding that the diarist seems utterly oblivious of the fact that the immediate occasion of the War was the severity with which Austria insisted upon the fulfilment of the crushing terms of its ultimatum to Serbia—or, as we then called it, Servia. But no ordinary citizen ever looks at his country with unprejudiced eyes, and it is precisely for that reason that the English public should read this account of the effects of the blockade imposed by England and her Allies. The use of starvation is neither more nor less human than the use of any other death-dealing weapon. But there can be little doubt that the Allies were criminally slow in laying this weapon down. (*Continued on page* 104)

Gunman *comes* HOME



WHEN he heard the accents of the porters on the quayside and the words of the customs men, a sentimental lump came into his throat

WHEN the steward called out that they were within ten minutes of land the group at the bar broke up. John Doyle finished his drink in a hurry and followed the crowd up the narrow stairs.

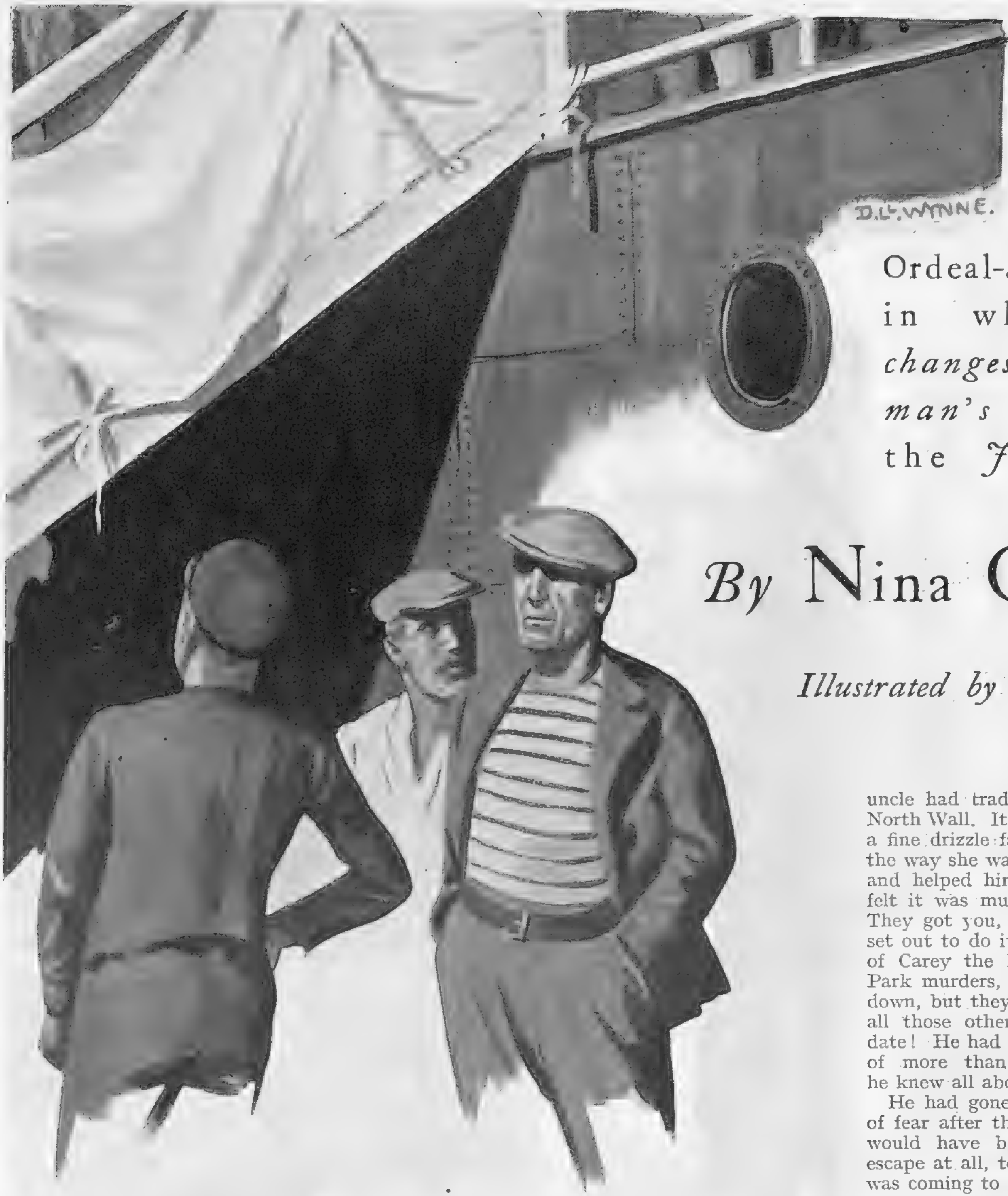
"In ten minutes," he was thinking, "I'll see what I haven't seen for ten years." He didn't say it aloud to anybody, because even now it was not safe to let people know too much about your business. He hadn't let the men in the bar see how excited he was about this trip; and he had pretended to be well up in the current affairs of Dublin life. Fortunately, there had been no one who knew him in the old days.

He stood near the gangway, a tall, fairish man of forty, his fairness a little grizzled and dimmed by hard living. His eyes had anxious lines about them as they scanned the mountains lifted up more clearly each minute above the straight white houses of Dunlaoghaire.

When he heard the accents of the porters on the quayside and the words of the customs men a sentimental lump came into his throat. All the sounds of this country were music to him. But waiting at the customs barrier the unquiet lines about his eyes deepened. The quayside loungers and the people who had come to meet their friends were so many more faces to be scanned with that hurried, terrified glance of his.

An hour later he was walking out of a Dublin hotel with the air of a man who had every right to be where he was. He found the bar he knew best, wondering if anyone would recognise him. But the bar tender was a stranger, so were the men who drifted in and out. He sat at a small table, a long Guinness before him, looking and listening. It was great to hear the rich flow of the talk after the little prim voices of English people.

By and by he took newspaper cuttings from his pocket and read them one by one. Some of them were soiled, because he had handled them every day of the ten years. There was the first photograph of Eileen from the *Independent*, a dim, ghostly kind of a photograph, a smudge of printer's ink; but it had the quality



Ordeal-*by*-Conscience in which Fate *changes* the *Hangman's* mask *for* the *Jester's* cap

By Nina Condron

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne

of Eileen in it right enough, the tilt of her head and the soft curling of her hair.

All the important things that had happened to Eileen in the ten years were there before him in the sheaf of cuttings. She had made a big success for herself, first in one play, then in another. In all the cuttings there was no word of romance or of marriage. He remembered the fearful way he used to watch for that, his mouth curving in a smug, sure little smile. It hadn't happened. She never forgot him. It was because of him that this girl, so beautiful, so popular and so successful had chosen to turn her back upon romance. He wondered what she would say when she knew he had been faithful too; how she would look when she knew that he had risked his life to come back to her? Ten years of silence is a grim test. His heart took on a thick, choking kind of beat as he saw himself going round to the theatre later in the day. She would be just the same as on that terrible night ten years ago; her dark, beautiful head, her soft eyes and the lovely colour of her face. Ten years didn't make much difference to so handsome a woman, especially a woman whose first business it was to care for her looks.

HE took a long pull at the dark, thick drink, and put the cuttings back in his pocket-book. There was another thing in that pocket-book too. He took it out now in sheer bravado, a piece of blue flimsy with a few typewritten words condemning him to death. It was in this bar, this very bar, that he had sat first with it held in his shaking hands. He remembered the bar tender saying, "There's a note for you somewhere, Mister Doyle"; and the casual way he had taken it! He had gone straight to Eileen. Looking back, it seemed a pretty fine thing to have done. She didn't cry or make any fuss, just began thinking what would be the best thing for him to do. She was pretty fine, too, when you came to think of it. It was she who planned everything. Her uncle had trading boats docked at the North Wall. It was dark that night, with a fine drizzle falling. It was wonderful the way she wangled him on to the boat and helped him to hide. Not that he felt it was much use trying to escape. They got you, those fellows, when they set out to do it. Look at the old story of Carey the Informer in the Phœnix Park murders, forty years tracking him down, but they got him in the end; or all those other stories of more recent date! He had helped at the punishment of more than one informer himself: he knew all about it.

He had gone through terrible periods of fear after that. Often he thought it would have been better to make no escape at all, to go back and take what was coming to him. But life holds you. From day to day he found himself clinging to it in loneliness, in poverty, in exile so absolute that he dared not relieve it by as much as one letter to his love.

And now, for Eileen's sake, he had dared to return. He felt that he was a foolhardy man, foolhardy and brave. It was all very romantic. Thinking about himself, his eyes grew moist and sentimental.

It was very quiet in the familiar bar, very quiet and safe-seeming. After all, they were all mad together in the old days. Maybe now if he did chance to run into any of the old crowd he would find someone to listen to him. Maybe they'd believe now that it was only a mistake that had brought about the death of Joe Hynes; a silly, silly mistake, the talking of a man who had drunk too much and slept too little. He'd have given his right hand for old Joe any day. But you couldn't expect them to understand that then with the state of strain they were all living in. The case had looked black enough against him. Now, after all this time, it might be different.

HE ordered a double whisky. After the whisky he was a great man walking out into the June sunlight, and only the hours of an afternoon between him and Eileen. "We are the boy-oy-oys of Wexford," he hummed to himself, blinking at the Bank at College Green, and the scurry of cars and people between the two places, his face mellow with affection. It was wonderful to be back, with the lovely brewery smell of Dublin in his nostrils and the noise of the clumsy trams in his ears. He took his way to Grafton Street to see what the most expensive shops had to offer for his Eileen.

A florist shop held him first; banks of roses, tall lilies, and a gilt basket of late lilac tied up with an enormous lavender bow. He liked the bow very much; it was almost better than the lilac, and the gilt basket was very stylish, but, looking at it wistfully, he decided against it. He couldn't parade the streets of Dublin carrying a thing like that. To send it round to the theatre by a messenger would be too impersonal an approach. He must find something he could give to her himself.

He looked for a jeweller's. There were diamonds and pearls set out on velvet behind a long window; cold small jewels, not one of them worthy of a love like his. The Koh-i-noor itself would be hardly good enough to hang on her white, white breast. A tear in his eye made more jewels, dancing little rainbow jewels along the blue velvet bed. He was a soft-hearted man right enough, and he didn't care how much money he spent on her to-day.

He went into the shop and a young man with curly hair and a hooked nose rubbed long white hands at him. Then he saw the platinum rings. When the curly young man told him they were wedding rings he felt that it was a sign of good luck for him straight from heaven. He found himself buying one, watching the young man pack it into a white satin box ornamented with gilt wedding bells. Wedding rings and wedding bells and his mind as certain as certain about everything and Eileen patiently waiting for him! He was a strong and great and successful man walking out of the shop again.

THE sunlight was so bright at the door that at first he could not see the face of the man who stood in his path. There was something he knew about the set of those two square shoulders. Shading his eyes with his hand he found himself looking into the face of Joe Hynes! Life halted an instant within him and went on again with such a jerk that he staggered towards the man as though he had tripped over some tangible obstacle.

"'Lo, Doyle!" It wasn't Joe's voice.

He took the hand stretched out to him, and still peering into the stranger's face found a name in his memory.

"Matt, Matt Hynes," he gasped. "Poor Joe's young brother. My God! but you have grown into the dead spit of him. You gave me the fright of my life."

"Is that so," the young man said laconically.

John Doyle tried to moisten his lips, but his tongue was dry in his mouth. It was the dryness of his tongue, too, that kept the words locked back in his throat so that he could hardly get them out at all. He stared in fascination at the face before him, the deep-set fanatical eyes, the pale skin, the high cheek bones. It was Joe to the life.

"So you're back again," Matt said conversationally. "Where are you staying?"

John Doyle swallowed and thought rapidly. "Come and have a drink," he answered, playing for time. He couldn't give himself away so easily, and to Matt Hynes of all people. Oh, they were still on his track, right enough, and who a more fitting instrument of vengeance than poor Joe's brother? He noticed now that the young man walked beside him with his right hand always in his right-hand jacket pocket. He knew that gesture well; the hand on the hidden revolver, ready. He could feel sweat gathering on his brow and around his eyes. His voice was terribly unnatural when he spoke.

"Were you surprised to see me?" he found himself asking.

"No, then. I saw your name on the mail boat passenger list this morning."

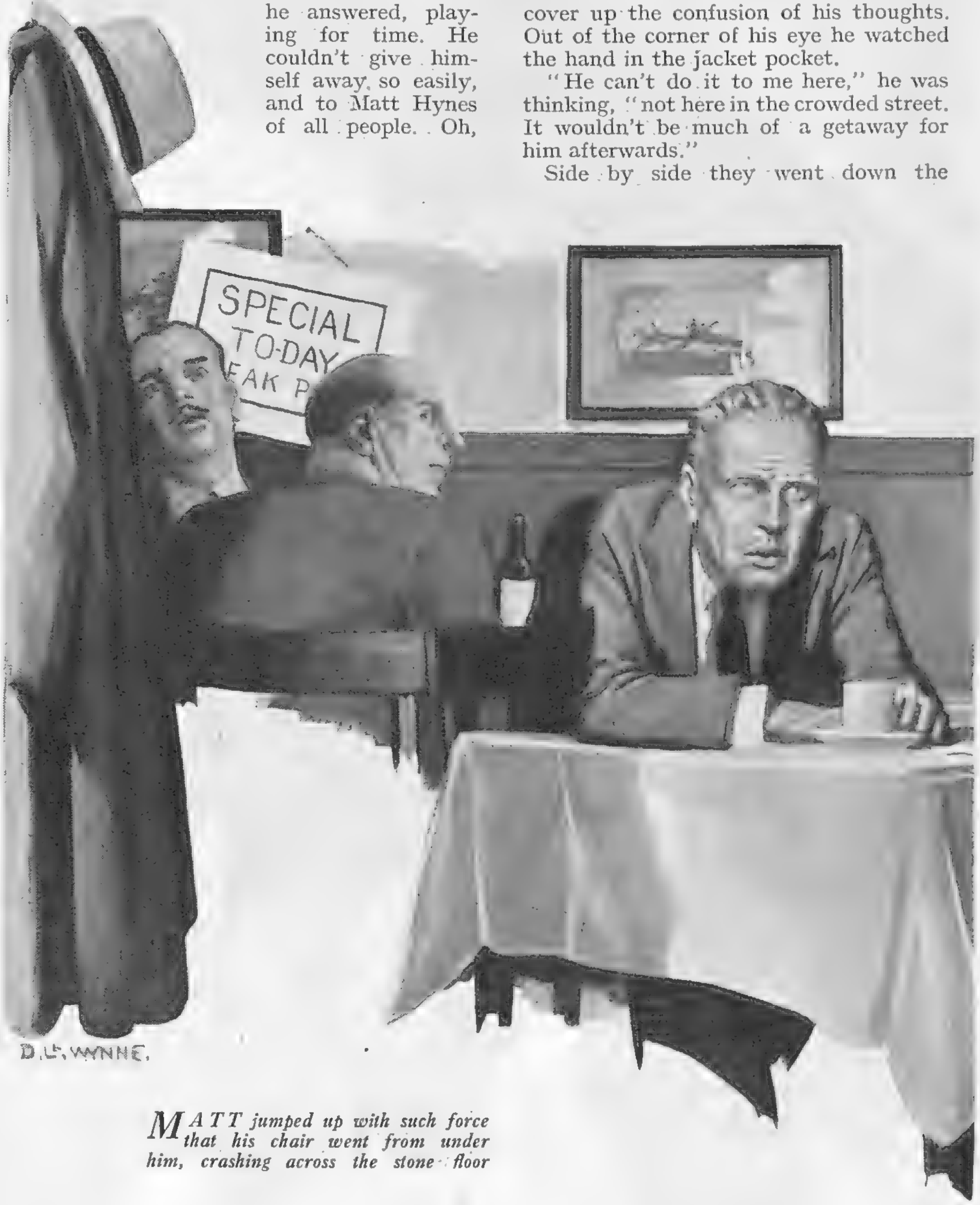
So they watched the lists, did they. He was quite sure now, there wasn't a doubt but that they had got him. What a fool he had been to write his own name there, or on the hotel register! It was certain that young Matt knew his hotel already; to ask where he was staying was only a blind. A gunman's midnight visit to a hotel had settled many an affair in the old days, oh, many and many an affair. He began to remember them in detail. He wondered wildly if he could change his sleeping place before nightfall.

"I had a good crossing," he said brightly, hardly knowing what it was he said. But there must be a conversation of some kind, a noise of words to cover up the confusion of his thoughts. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the hand in the jacket pocket.

"He can't do it to me here," he was thinking, "not here in the crowded street. It wouldn't be much of a getaway for him afterwards."

Side by side they went down the fashionable thoroughfare, the tall, fair man with the hunted eyes and the grim young man. It was four o'clock and the traffic of the afternoon was at its zenith. Women clustered about the shops, gay women in summer frocks. Gleaming cars nosed up and down the narrow roadway. The June sunlight danced on a hundred sparkling facets of an ordinary, everyday world, where people bought things and met and laughed and parted. An armed man and a fugitive had no place in such a scene, but if a shot rang out and a life was lost it would not be a matter for overwhelming astonishment. In just this street, in just this setting, such things had happened before.

But that was in the old days, John

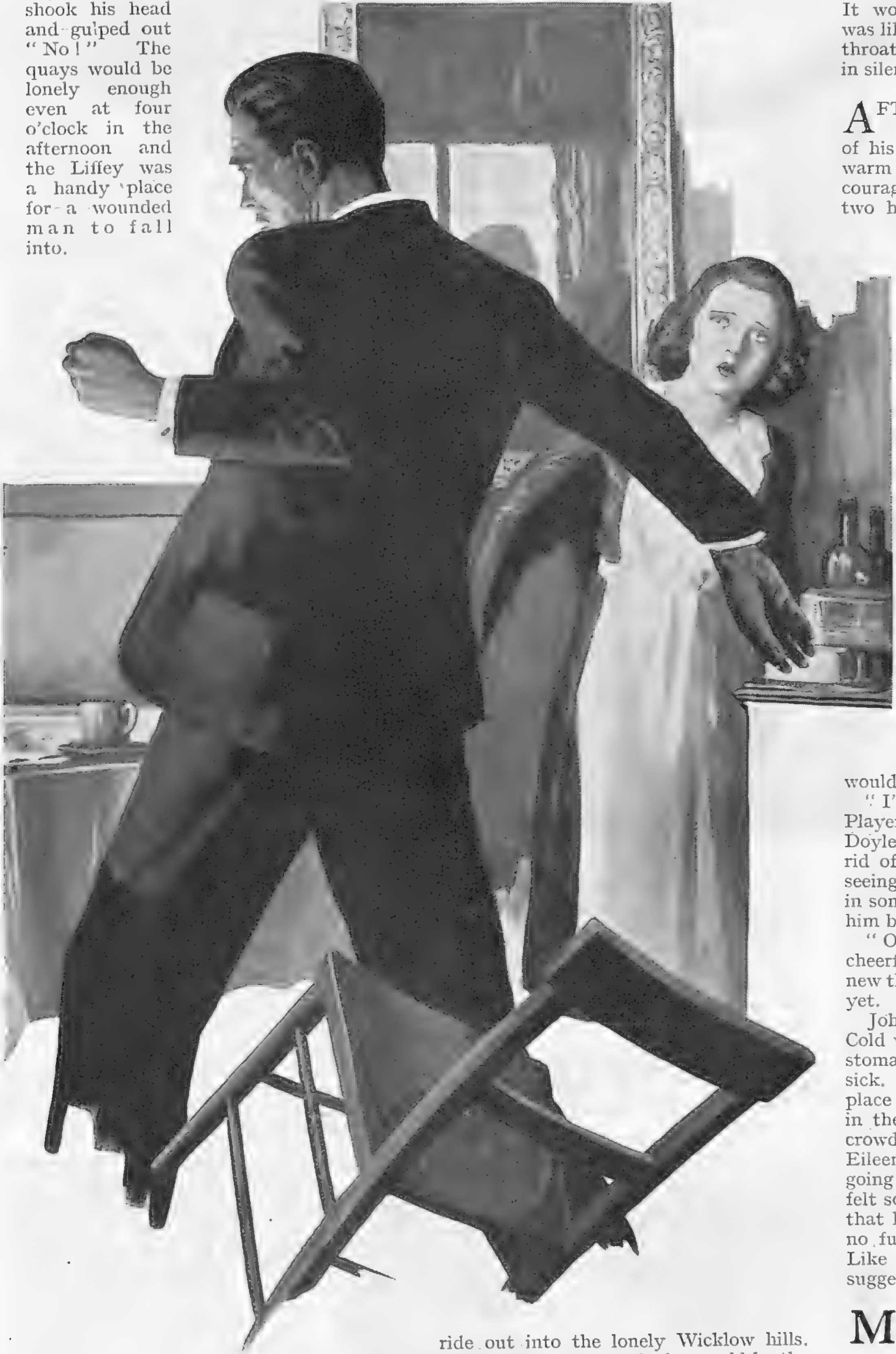


MATT jumped up with such force that his chair went from under him, crashing across the stone floor

Doyle told himself quickly. In a quieter Ireland it was not so likely—not likely at all. He must build up his courage with some kind of assurance or his knees would go from under him then and there.

“There's a good place for a drink, a new place down on the quays,” Matt Hynes suggested.

John Doyle shook his head and gulped out “No!” The quays would be lonely enough even at four o'clock in the afternoon and the Liffey was a handy place for a wounded man to fall into.



“No, Matt. To tell you the truth I'm not feeling so well as I might. I don't know why, but there's a bit of a weakness on me and I'd be glad of a drink this minute without the walk down to the quays.”

“We could ride,” Matt persisted. “It's a very good place run by a man I know. I have the old Ford parked there behind Switzer's.”

Now terror mounted to John Doyle's brain, terror like a flame burning up all sanity and resistance. So he had a car, had he? A ride out into the mountains, that was the way it was to be done. A ride out into the lonely Wicklow hills. A quick shot there and who would be the wiser? A moment to pray perhaps, a handkerchief round his eyes and the light of the sky shut out for ever.

“Just here by College Green, Matt,” he pleaded. “A little drink here for the love of God. Then we could walk down to your place, maybe, after. Don't ask me to ride. I never ride. Never. Not since a smash up I had in England a few months ago.”

“Right you are,” Matt said casually, as if it didn't matter very much.

That was a good story about the smash. But maybe it was a mistake after all to go back to the familiar bar. It was so quiet there still, no one but the barman. When they sat down behind the mahogany partition they were alone. It would be easy here. The whisky was like a stone going down John Doyle's throat. They stayed like that, drinking in silence, for a long time.

AFTER a few drinks it was a little better, and Matt's hand was out of his pocket, holding a cigarette. The warm life of the drink lit a flicker of new courage. It wasn't so bad when Matt's two hands were occupied. It would be great to keep them like that some way.

“Play a hand of cards,” he suggested jerkily.

Matt agreed. It was fine while he had the cards to manipulate, the hand never went near the pocket at all, but as soon as the game was done there it was back again.

He knew it wouldn't be any good, but in a forlorn way he tried it. “I'll have to be going now, Matt,” he said, getting up.

Matt stood up too. “I'll come with you,” he said firmly. “If you've nothing better to do maybe we could eat together.”

“The fact is I have an engagement this evening, Matt. I'm sorry. There's nothing I'd like better than to be in your company, but . . . .”

“If it's a late engagement maybe we could eat first.”

It was evident that Matt would not be shaken off.

“I'm only going round to the Gaelic Players to see Eileen Hanrahan,” John Doyle said miserably. If he could get rid of Matt for that time, even, maybe seeing Eileen would settle up everything in some miraculous way. She had saved him before.

“Oh, that'll be grand,” Matt said cheerfully. “I want to see her in that new thing myself, and I hadn't the chance yet. I'll come along with you.”

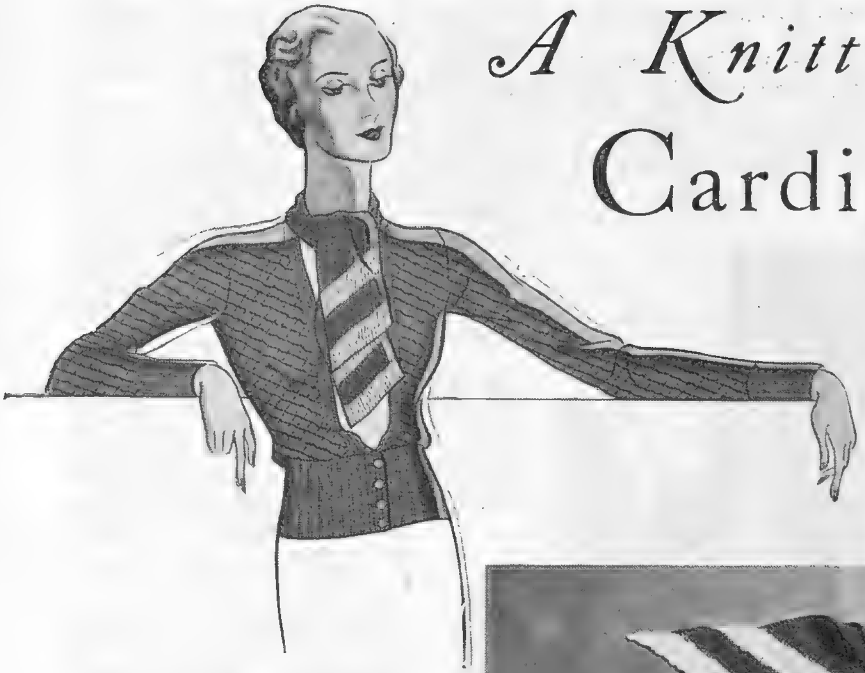
John Doyle wiped his wet forehead. Cold waves of terror rolled around in his stomach, making him feel physically sick. The theatre would be a good place for Matt's purpose. A shot there in the dark, confusion and a frightened crowd to hide in afterwards. Poor, poor Eileen! Was that the way she was going to hear of his brave return? He felt so tragically sad for himself, for her, that he wanted to sob aloud. He made no further attempts to get rid of Matt. Like one hypnotised he agreed to every suggestion.

MATT'S choice of a dining place was a cheap eating house in a mean back street. John Doyle ate the unappetising food mechanically, his brain working round and round the trap which had closed down on him. Maybe he could talk to Matt. Maybe he could. He looked harmless enough now sitting there eating that awful mess of stewed mutton.

“Poor Joe,” he

(*Continued on page 98*)

A Knitted Cardigan *and* Tie



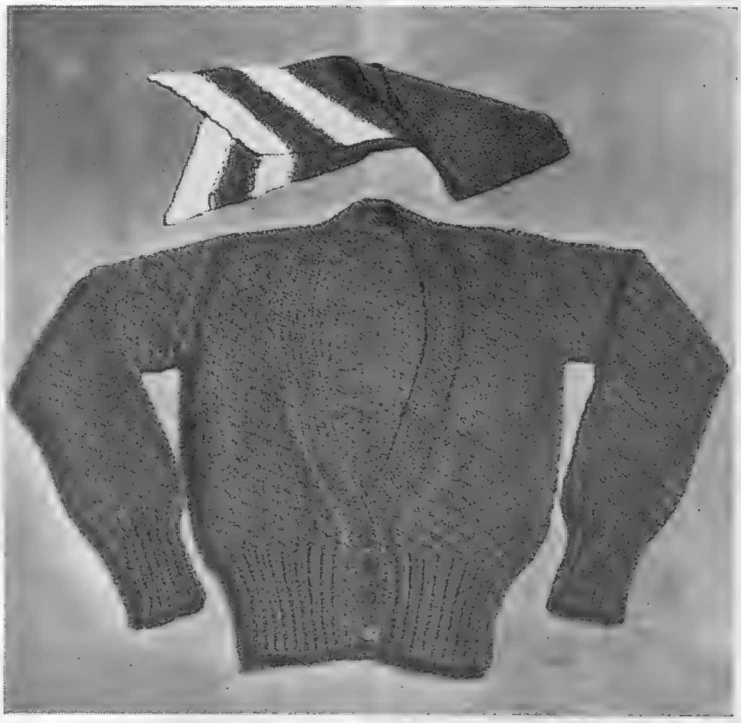
THIS attractive cardigan is easy to make and really fits both on the shoulders and around the waist. The diamond stitch in which the coat is knitted gives it a very professional and unusual appearance

MATERIAL *Required.*—11 ounces 4-ply Lister wool (cherry colour). 1 ounce ivory colour wool (for the stripes in scarf). 1 pair No. 12 needles. 4 steel buttons.

Measurements.—Length down centre back, 21½ ins. Sleeve under arm, 15½ ins. For a 34 in. bust.

Tension.—7 stitches to the inch in the fancy pattern.

Abbreviations.—K: knit; p: purl; rep.: repeat; sts.: stitches; dec.: decrease; inc.: increase; rib.: ribbing.



To Make the Cardigan

Pattern Used.—

1st row.—K. 7 and p. 1 alternately to end, finish k. 7.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 5, k. 1, p. 1. Rep. from *, finish k. 1, p. 5, k. 1.

3rd row.—K. 1, * p. 1, k. 3. Rep. from *, finish p. 1, k. 1.

4th row.—P. 2, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 5. Rep. from *, finish p. 2 instead of p. 5.

5th row.—K. 3, * p. 1, k. 7. Rep. from *, finish k. 3 instead of k. 7.

6th row.—Like 4th.

7th row.—Like 3rd.

8th row.—Like 2nd.

Front (*right side*).—Cast on 54 sts. K. the first 10 sts. in Moss sts., and the rest in rib. of 2 plain 2 p. The first 10 sts. are kept in Moss all the way up the front. Make a buttonhole in the Moss sts. in the 3rd row by working 3 sts. in Moss sts., cast off the next 4 sts., k. 3 more Moss sts. Moss sts. back and cast on 4 sts. over the cast off 4 of the previous row. Finish row.

Make 4 buttonholes 15 rows apart, each other.

K. 46 rows in rib, then start the fancy st.; dec. 1 st. just inside the border in the first row; continue dec. 1 st. every 7 rows until there are 16 dec. in all.

When there are 102 rows above the rib, start the armhole on the opposite side from the Moss st.

1st row.—Cast off 3 sts.

2nd row.—K. back.

3rd row.—Cast off 2 sts.

* k. 7 rows, cast off 1 st. at beginning of next row.

Rep. from * once.

When armhole is 64 rows from where you cast off 3 sts. shape shoulder:

1st row.—K. to within 8 sts. of armhole edge.

2nd row.—K. back.

3rd row.—Like first, leaving 8 more sts. (16 in all).

Leave all the sts. on a spare needle.

Front (*left side*).—Exactly similar to the right side, only commence rib. at the beginning of the row and keep the last 10 sts. in Moss st.

Back.—Cast on 86 sts., K. 46 rows in rib. and 102 rows in fancy pattern. The armholes and shoulders are the same as in the front.

To shape shoulders:

1st row.—K. to within 8 sts. of end of row.

2nd row.—K. back to within 8 sts. of end of row.

3rd row.—K. to within 16 sts. of end of row.

4th row.—K. back to within 16 sts. of end of row.

5th row.—K. to within 20 sts. of end of row.

6th row.—K. back to within 20 sts. of end of row.

Leave these remaining 2 lots of 20 sts. on spare needles.

Cast off the sts. remaining in the middle of the neck. Graff together the stitches left for the shoulders, leaving the Moss stitch on each front. Continue knitting on the 10 Moss stitches left on the left front until you have a piece long enough to go across the back of the neck. Put the 2 needles with the Moss stitch together and cast off, taking one stitch from each needle each time.

Sew up other seams in ordinary way.

Sleeves.—Cast on 56 sts. K. 42 rows in rib. K. 58 rows in pattern without inc. Continue k. in pattern st., inc. one st. each end of row every 12 rows 9 times.

When you have done 162 rows above the rib, shape the top of the sleeve:

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row 12 times. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row 8 times. Cast off the remaining 22 sts.

Tie.—Moss st.

Cast on 2 sts. in ivory wool.

1st row.—Inc. once in last st.

2nd row.—Inc. once in first st.

3rd row.—Inc. once in last st.

4th row.—K. without inc.

Continue inc. this way 3 sts. in 4 rows always at the same end of the work to make a slanting edge, until there are 30 sts. When there are 18 rows in ivory join on the cherry, at the end of the row where you cast on.

1st row.—One st. cherry, 29 sts. ivory.

2nd row.—28 sts. ivory, 2 sts. cherry.

3rd row.—3 sts. cherry, 27 sts. ivory.

4th row.—27 sts. ivory, 3 sts. cherry.

Continue like this, making 3 more sts. cherry in 4 rows until you have done 18 rows in cherry wool and have 14 sts., then start another stripe in ivory, inc. the same way.

Continue to dec. the number of ivory sts. in the first stripe, always keeping 14 cherry sts. until there are no ivory ones left, then start to dec. the cherry sts. Keep 14 sts. in ivory for the second stripe. When the second ivory stripe is 18 rows deep, start with the cherry again and dec. the number of ivory sts. until all the sts. are cherry. When you have done 176 rows above the last ivory stripe start making another ivory stripe and finish the second end to match the first.

To cast off:

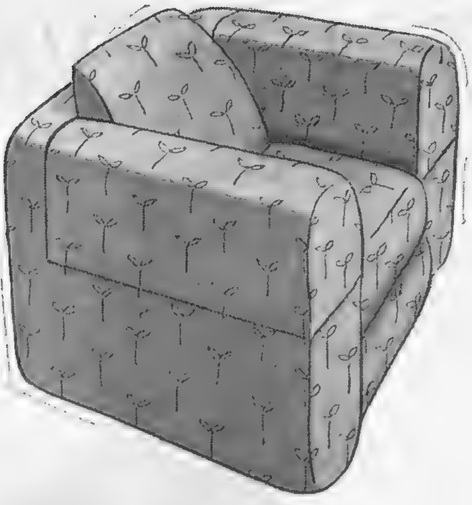
1st row.—Cast off one.

2nd row.—K. back.

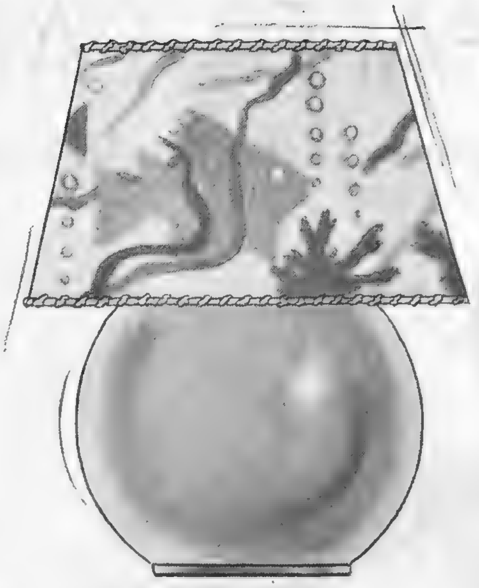
3rd row.—Cast off two.

4th row.—K. back.

Continue like this until all sts. are cast off.



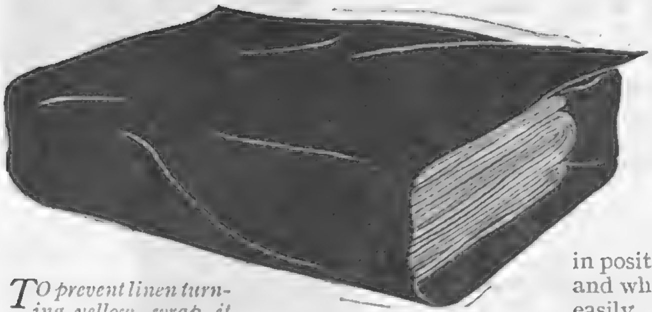
WHEN making loose covers for your chairs you should cut out extra pieces, to fit the arms in the same material



THE designs on the latest electric light shades are not painted on the outside in the ordinary way, but on an inner lining. Marshall and Snelgrove

Madam, *did you* Know . . . ?

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption



TO prevent linen turning yellow, wrap it up securely in blue or black paper before packing it away in an airtight box

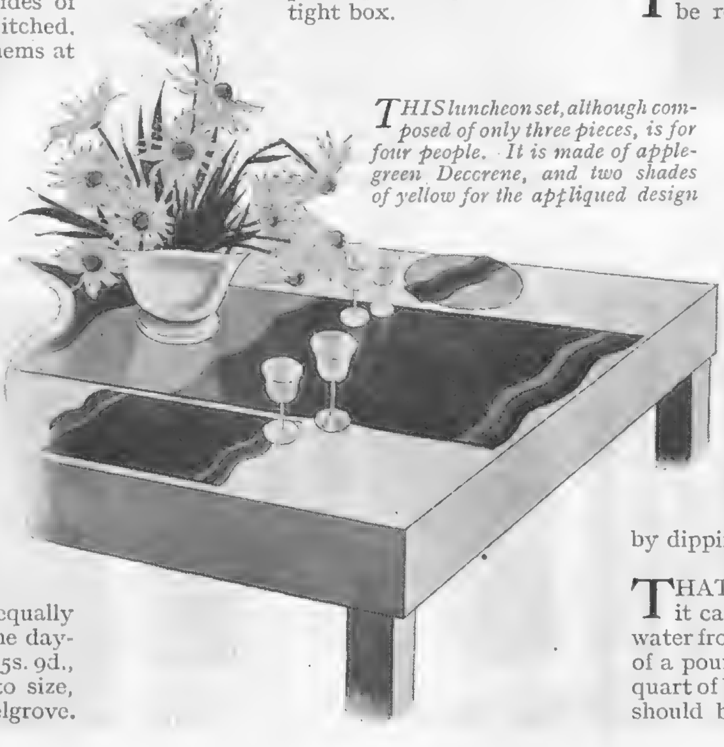
THAT there is a right and a wrong way to use Decorene, the new oil baize? For instance, if you want to hang it on a wall, it is the wall you paste, not the baize. And then, when you are making curtains, the hems and sides of these should be pasted, not stitched. The machine can be used for the hems at the top of the curtains. You will find the work easier if you put a strip of tissue paper on either side of the cloth and stitch through it. The paper can be torn away when the sewing is finished.

When using Decorene for luncheon mats, instead of linen, put the mats which you use to protect the polished table from the hot plates, on top of the baize, not underneath. Plate-glass "mats" are best, for then the colour shows through.

THAT the designs on the newest electric light shades are not painted on the outside of the shade in the ordinary way, but on an inner lining? The effect is fascinating when the lamp is lit, and the shade is equally charming and decorative during the day-time. These delightful shades cost 15s. 9d., 29s. 6d., and 69s. 6d., according to size, and come from Marshall and Snelgrove.

THAT when making loose covers for your chairs you should cut out extra pieces, in the same material, to fit the arms? Of course the pattern of the material must match precisely. When these extra pieces are snipped or tacked in position they are almost invisible and when soiled they can be washed easily. If this method is followed, your loose covers will last fresh much longer, for it is always the material on the arms which gets soiled first.

THAT linen, when stored for any length of time, is apt to turn yellow? This can be prevented by wrapping it up securely in either black or blue paper, and then packing it away in an air-tight box.



THIS luncheon set, although composed of only three pieces, is for four people. It is made of apple-green Decrene, and two shades of yellow for the appliqued design

THAT one of the easiest ways to remove finger-marks from paint is to rub them lightly with a damp loofah dipped in a little whitening?

THAT if one or two newspapers are rolled tightly and then pressed well down between the arms and seat of a loose-covered chair they will keep the cover in position? The roll also keeps the material on the seat from becoming crumpled or creased.

THAT cotton wool is excellent to use for polishing furniture? It lasts a long time and never scratches. By the bye, do you know that you should have a pad in each hand when polishing? This prevents your left hand from finger-marking where you hold the furniture.

THAT mud spots on an umbrella can be removed by sponging them with methylated spirits? The neatest way to mend a tear in the cover of an umbrella is to join the torn edges together with a piece of adhesive tape. This should be put on the inside of the cover, of course.

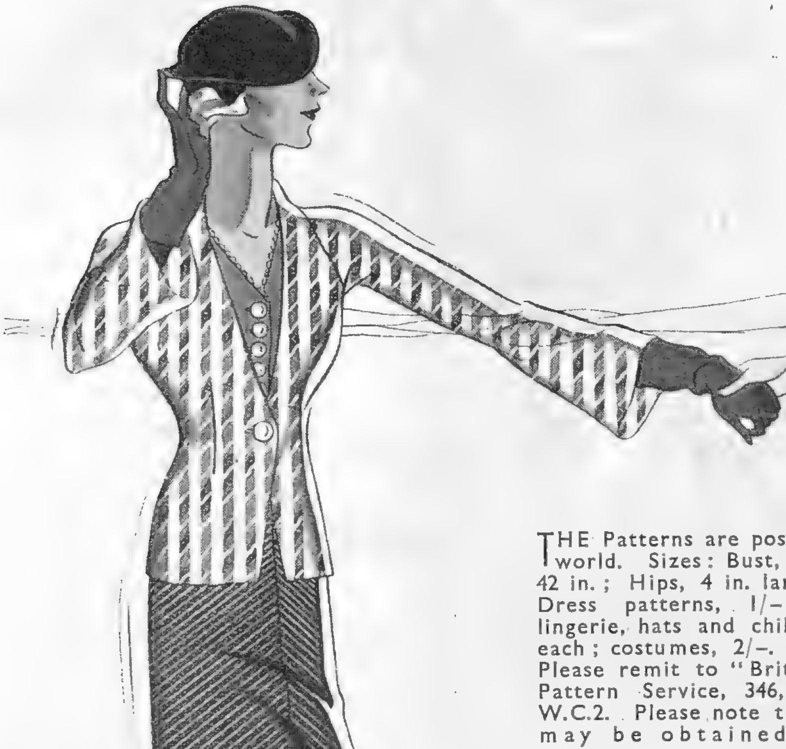
THAT during cold weather windows should be wiped over, after cleaning, with a duster moistened with glycerine? When this is done they will not be nearly so likely to become steamed over.

THAT a candle which is too large for its candlestick can be made to fit by dipping the end in hot water?

THAT if taffeta silk is washed at home it can quite easily be stiffened in gum water from the chemist? Part of a quarter of a pound of gum arabic, dissolved in a quart of boiling water, cooled and strained, should be used after the final rinse.

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

A costume suitable for town or country wear



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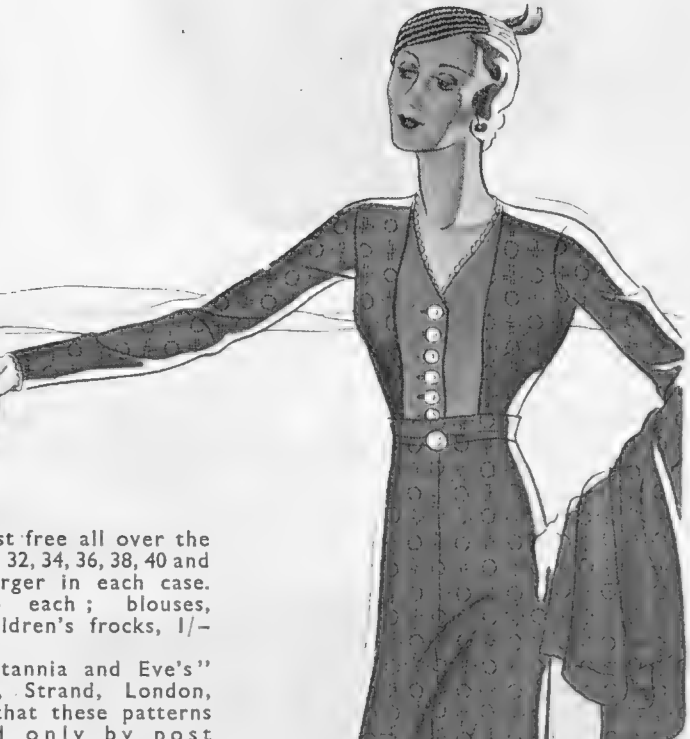
THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-.
Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 341.—This useful costume consists of a skirt with the new centre seam and a high-waisted effect, a blouse with a buttoned yoke, and a fitted coat with raglan sleeves. The latter would look charming made in a fancy blue, white and black material accompanied by a skirt of plain blue matching material, and a blouse of a paler blue. The price of the complete pattern, including the blouse, is 2/-

No. 341.—This costume would also look extremely well made entirely of the same material, provided one of the new thin woollens, such as that illustrated here, is used. In this case it would be attractive to make the front vest of the blouse of a contrasting material, a thin openwork jersey for instance, and to finish it round the neck with a tiny crochet edging. The price of the complete pattern is 2/-



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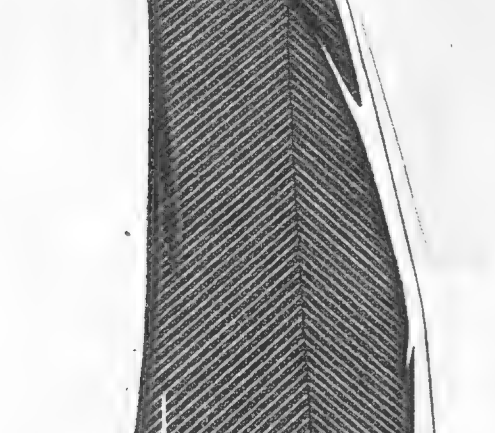
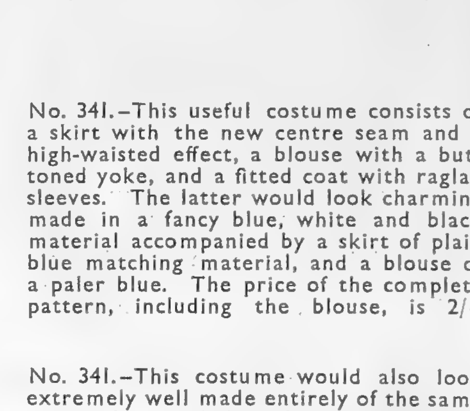
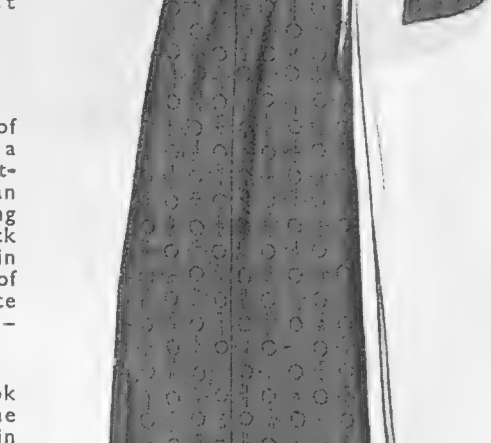






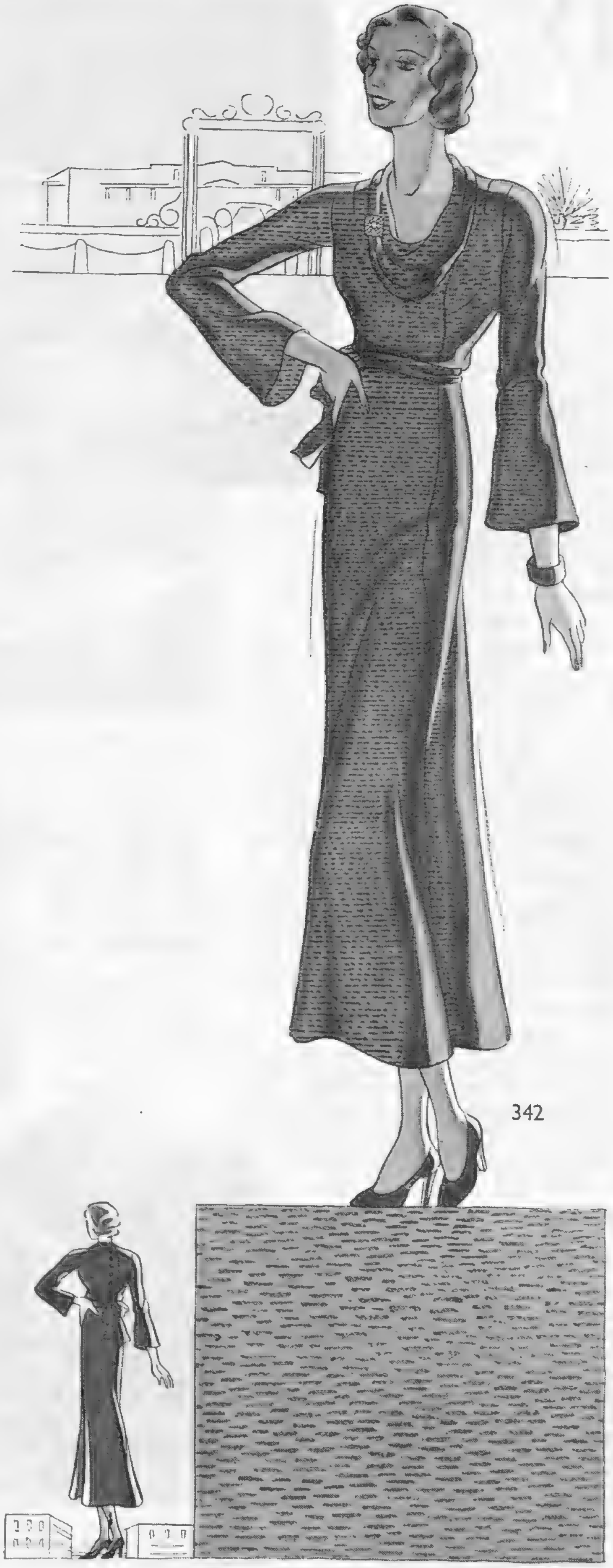
FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A dress suitable for either lunch or dinner

Must You?

I DON'T suppose you have quite recovered from the expenses occasioned by your holiday yet—I know I haven't—and, if your health is pretty strong, your bank account is probably rather weak; yet you must have a coat and skirt for immediate wear, and it must be one which can be worn beneath a fur coat later on. It must, obviously, be suitable for both town and country wear; one can't indulge in two costumes at the same moment, and it must not cost more than a couple of pounds. It isn't as if this is the only immediate necessity, probably you have just been asked out, perhaps to bridge or to an informal dinner, and last summer's crêpe-de-Chine dresses are simply impossible, last winter's black marocain was long ago worn to a shred, and if one is lucky enough to have a "little woman round the corner" she is certainly inundated with work just now, yet one *must* have something to wear at once. . . . Oh! these MUSTS!

WELL, why not make something yourself? The costume sketched on the opposite page, which embodies several of the newest lines of the season, made in the best, the *very* best procurable material, would cost less than a fiver; in a cheaper material it could be made for only a little over £1. The dress on this page, exactly what you want both for now and the rest of the winter, can be made, and easily too, for a little more than a pound. And it's both smart and becoming. And you can get the pattern of it in YOUR size. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Please note the reduction in our prices: all our patterns, with the exception of costumes, cost only 1/- each.



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New silks and woollens from
Marshall & Snelgrove

No. 342.—Here is that useful garment, a dress which is suitable for either lunch or dinner, made of a new crinkly crêpe. It incorporates several of the newest and most becoming ideas. The sleeves are three-quarter length and rather wide, the neck is finished by a draped collar secured by a brooch. The dress is made of two shaped sections, and fastens at the side back with buttons. Price 1/-

Sauces: their principal ingredients

By A. H. Adair

DISHES, which might otherwise be dull, can be turned into something quite different if served with an appropriate sauce. Many people think that the moment a dish is not absolutely "plain" it is doomed to becoming "messy," but there is as much difference between a well-finished dish and a messy one as there is between a dull dish and one which is attractive and appetising; and this is where sauces play their part.

There are a great many sauces which are easy to make, requiring few and inexpensive ingredients, and even the most ardent lover of plain cooking cannot object to a sauce served separately with fish or meat cooked in a simple manner.

A SAUCE Diable served with plain grilled or fried meat makes it more appetising, without in the least spoiling the simplicity of the steak or chops

Sauce Diable

Cut a rasher of streaky bacon into very small pieces and cook in a small saucepan with a piece of butter the size of a walnut until it is well melted, when you put in a chopped shallot and cook until soft. Add salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, a tablespoonful of tomato purée, a bunch of parsley and a sprig of thyme tied together; if available, a few chopped mushrooms can be added. Cook together for a few minutes and then add a tumblerful of meat stock. If none is available, some meat extract (either in cubes or liquid) can be dissolved in boiling water and used instead. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes and pass through a strainer into a hot sauce-boat.

Sauce Piquante

This is a most useful sauce for serving with mutton chops or with slices of cold roast mutton heated up. Peel and chop finely two shallots and put them in a small saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook until half the liquid has disappeared and then add a teacupful of meat stock. Simmer for ten minutes and then add some chopped gherkins (which can be taken from a jar of mixed pickles) and a few capers. Make thoroughly hot together, and if you are serving with chops, put the sauce into a sauce-boat; if with slices of mutton, you can either pour the sauce over the meat which you have previously recooked, or you can heat the meat in the sauce.

PLEASANT sauces can be made with very few ingredients, and they are neither complicated nor expensive to prepare

Sauce Tartare

This is a variation of Mayonnaise sauce and a most appetising one. First make the Mayonnaise in the following manner: Put the yolks of two eggs into a basin with a little salt and a drop (really a drop) of vinegar. Beat well together and then add, drop by drop, olive oil, stirring all the time and always in the same direction. Occasionally add a drop of vinegar until you have enough for your taste. Go on adding oil until you have made enough sauce for your requirements. Having done this, you add to the Mayonnaise chopped gherkins, parsley, capers and a little prepared mustard, when it becomes Sauce Tartare. The sauce should be made in a cool place. It is delicious with cold meat or fish or with crisply fried hot fillets of fish.

Sauce Rémoulade

Mash the yolk of two hard-boiled eggs and mix to a smooth paste with the yolks of two raw eggs. Add salt, pepper, prepared mustard, chopped parsley, gherkins and capers and mix well together. This sauce can be used in the same way as the Tartare Sauce.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter

Take a piece of butter (two ounces would be sufficient for four to six people) and put it on a board. Have ready some finely chopped parsley and work it into the butter. Then add the juice of half a lemon and work again together. This butter is usually served with grilled or fried steaks, with potatoes boiled, with fried or boiled fish, and is put on top of the fish or meat at the last minute before serving. The great point is that the butter must not be melted and oily, for it is the contrast between the hot dish and the cold fresh butter which makes this sauce attractive.

HERE are the ingredients of Beurre Maître d'Hôtel, which is so quickly made and can be served with fish or vegetables

and the best recipe for making Soups

By Claire McInerny

A WELL-FLAVOURED soup, doubly well appreciated on cold, windy days, makes a most satisfying introduction to a meal. It is, in fact, a useful standby as a little attention with which to speed the parting guest, and as part of the menu for almost any occasion.

The foundation liquid generally used in the making of soups is called " stock." If the usual household stock-pot is not kept in constant use, some stock can be made easily, especially for soups.

Buy a small knuckle of veal or a few pennyworth of veal bones (chopped). Trim away any fat and cut the meat from the bone into small pieces. Put the meat and bones into a saucepan, and add sufficient cold water to cover completely. Bring slowly to boiling point and skim, simmer gently for an hour.

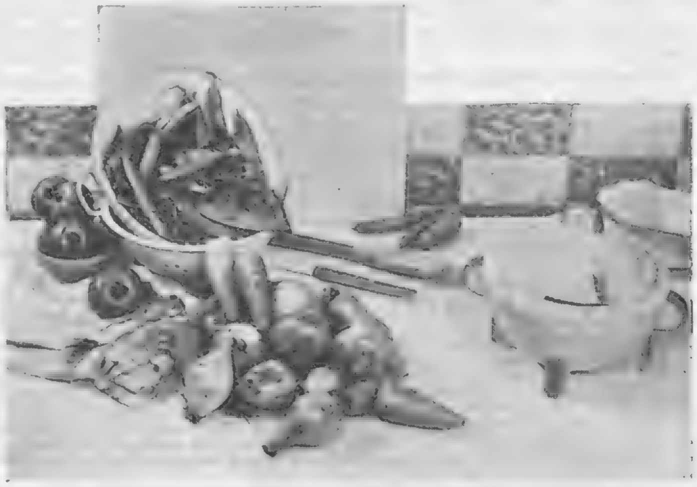
Add some seasoning and flavouring; trimmings of carrot, turnip and onion, a blade of mace, bay leaf, peppercorns, etc.

The stock is afterwards allowed to simmer slowly for at least two hours; time permitting, allow even longer. When bones only are used, cooking should continue for five to six hours in all.

This prolonged boiling down of the bones, etc., draws all the nourishment and flavour into the water, which is afterwards strained off and used for the soup.

SOUP is a useful standby and a part of the menu for almost any occasion

THE various soups can be divided up into different groups, one division, for example, being " thick " and " clear " ; these may be further split up. One finds, on a little investigation, that several soups are all made in exactly the same way, with a slight variation only of the ingredients used. A table is given with this article of six different soups made according to the one given method, a very simple one, which can be quickly memorised. Thus, busy housewives will have an opportunity of providing some nourishing soups taking only a short time to prepare, which will give new interest and variation to their menus.



ONCE the stock is made it can be flavoured with any vegetables in season

Bouquet Garni

One often sees this mentioned in recipes for soups without any explanation of what it really means. A Bouquet Garni is quite as attractive as its name and is an old-fashioned ruse which it is well not to forget. It consists of a bunch of herbs; a sprig of parsley, blade of mace, bay leaf, a few peppercorns, a good pinch of mixed powdered herbs.

These are tied up in a small piece of muslin and can be added to any recipe; they give the soup a delicious flavour and a delicate fragrance.

Some Special Recipes

Artichoke Soup

1 lb. artichokes
1 pint of stock
1 oz. of butter
¼ pint of milk
Salt, pepper
1 large teaspoonful flour.

Carrot Soup

2 large carrots
1 pint of stock
2 small onions
1 rasher of bacon
Salt, pepper
½ oz. of butter
½ oz. of flour
A bay leaf and mace.

Celery Soup

About 1 lb. of celery
1 pint of stock
1 small onion
¼ pint of milk
½ oz. of cornflour
½ oz. of butter
Salt, pepper

Onion Soup

1 lb. of onions
A stick of celery
¾ pint of stock
½ pint of milk
½ oz. of butter
½ oz. of cornflour
Salt, pepper.

Potato Soup

1 lb. of potatoes
1 pint stock
A small onion
Stick of celery
1 oz. of butter
1 teaspoonful of flour
¼ pint of milk
Salt, pepper.

Tomato Soup

1 lb. tomatoes, *or*
1 pint tomatoes (tinned)
1 pint of stock
1 onion
Piece of carrot
1 rasher of bacon
1 oz. of butter
1 large teaspoonful sugar
Mace, bay leaf, salt
½ dozen peppercorns
½ a teacupful of milk
½ oz. cornflour.

Method of Preparing

1. Prepare the vegetables and chop into rough pieces.
2. Melt the butter in a saucepan and toss the vegetables in it, so that they absorb the fat.
3. Add the stock, herbs and seasoning.
4. Bring to boiling point, put the lid on the pan and simmer until the vegetables are tender.
5. *Rub through a sieve (hair preferably).*
6. Mix the flour or cornflour smoothly with the milk or a little water.
7. Add this thickening to the sieved soup and return it to the rinsed pan.
8. Stir until the soup boils, cook for two minutes, turn at once into hot soup cups or into a tureen.
9. As these soups are sieved and have no garnish, serve dice of toast or fried bread.

N.B.—The proportions given are sufficient to serve four persons. If liked, cream may be substituted for some of the milk; in which case it is added *after* the soup is thickened.

Open Letters *to the* Would-be's *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 37)

well, who is now a very rich man, bought one of his most famous songs for seven and sixpence, put his name on the cover and claimed it as his own. He bought all the rights for seven and sixpence. Now the composer wishes he had bought a dog.

Take a warning from the failure of all the well-known actors and actresses who have appeared on the music-hall stage condescendingly for £150 or even more a week—yes, and in some cases £500 a week—when they could not get work upon the regular stage. They have paid a few pounds for some sketch, as they call it, imagining, in their vanity, the music-hall public would stand anything from them. They put it on after a week's rehearsal, and that was the end of it.

Now there is still an opening for sketches, but you must not start with a star who is out of work. You must start with the idea of the sketch. The sketch is more important than the star.

In the old days, sketch artists were made largely by the sketches in which they appeared. John Lawson and "Humanity," or "Only a Jew," were inseparable. The one was no good without the other. It is all very well to say that they kept on singing the same song and doing the same thing.

That was more the fault of the public than the fault of the artist. If Chirgwin dared to go on the stage and try something new, they would start whistling from the gallery the tune of "The Blind Boy," or shout the title in unison until he had to sing it. Then, after they had made him sing it for thirty years more, they said he could not sing anything else.

But we have noticed recently that when the Veterans of Variety—there have been several companies of them—have come on, they had, in spite of their years, each one, a quality, a distinction and an individuality lacking to-day.

Harry Champion has come on with "Boiled Beef and Carrots." Vesta Victoria, with "There Was I Waiting at the Church," has been just as individual as ever she was, while Marie Kendall has, even in spite of the many years she has spent upon the stage, a voice as clear, and a personality as compelling, as when I first knew her singing "Just Like the Ivy" thirty years ago.

Now all this should give you an idea.

Gracie Fields is the outstanding exception to all I have to say. Although she belongs to our own day, and although she sings free songs, she has developed a style of her own until she has become a woman worthy almost of comparison with Marie Lloyd.

The difficulty in front of you is that the music-hall, in spite of the present boom in non-stop variety, is in a dying condition.

It has been killed by the free song which will content you, in spite of all I say.

It has been killed by the agent who will do nothing for you until you are famous, and then he will charge you ten per cent. for doing nothing.

It has been killed by stupid managers who think all towns are alike, when they are only alike in trying to be different.

It has been killed by the public who keep on wanting the same thing until it was sick of it—like too much cake.

But it can all be started all over again by a few people who, after developing individuality, insist upon it and keep on insisting.

I know I have wasted all this time. You are not one of those. You will say, "Ah, I am another Gracie Fields" or "I am another Jack Buchanan," and you will just try and imitate them when they could not even imitate themselves.

They *are* themselves. *Why* they are themselves, they do not know. But, by Heavens, they worked long before you ever heard of them, and they got kicked around. And a good deal of kicking around would do you some good, to judge from what I do not know of you.

Home Beauty Care

That Exquisite Flower-soft Finish

THE beauty of a woman's skin does not—after the age of twenty—depend on chance. If the eyes are the "mirror of the soul," then even more truly a beautiful skin is the outward and visible sign of a healthy body. Yet even with this great asset, a girl must give her skin careful daily care if she would preserve its youthful freshness and fine texture.

For the skin of the face and neck is exposed alternately to wind, rain, hot sunshine, fogs, and artificial heat, and—worst of all—in cities, to the minute particles of grime and dirt which are ever present in the air.

They are all, however, powerless to harm when certain simple precautions are taken *regularly*. If not, of course, they do their fell work, insidiously, little by little, so gradually indeed that it is a shock one day to notice in the mirror a faint network of lines perhaps. Or coarsening pores round nose and chin. A dulling of the clear rose and white in the cheeks.

Actually the shock of a discovery like this is a blessing in disguise. For today science inspires all effective beauty culture. Nothing is left to chance. And science (aided by a little patience) can remedy the effects of neglect.

Your skin must be kept immaculately clean. That is the first essential. It must be given adequate protection, and it must be kept well lubricated and soft. The *natural* oils of the skin, which keep it smooth and elastic, dry up unless the cells are stimulated and kept well nourished.

Remember these three essentials, take just a little more than average care and you can keep an exquisite complexion, or improve one that has been allowed to become dull and coarse.

This is the simple treatment you should use :—

To clean and lubricate the skin use a pure reliable cream like Pond's Cold Cream regularly every night at bedtime. Apply it lightly to the face and neck, using an upward stroke. This helps to prevent the face muscles sagging. Round the eyes just pat the cream into the skin. Remove all superfluous and soiled cream with a soft cleansing tissue, and if your skin feels at all dry or drawn, leave on a thin layer of the cold cream all night. One of the most important factors in keeping a dry skin—and 70 per cent. of women are supposed to have too dry a skin—from becoming coarse-grained and lined is to keep it well lubricated. Regular treatment with a good cold cream will do a great deal to supplement the natural oil of the skin and help to keep it smooth and supple. To tone up the skin and stimulate natural colour, Pond's Skin Freshener patted in after washing will be found very helpful. It is a mild astringent and closes up the pores.

For protection against wind, sun and grime, use a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over the face, and dust with a fine powder carefully chosen to match your skin.

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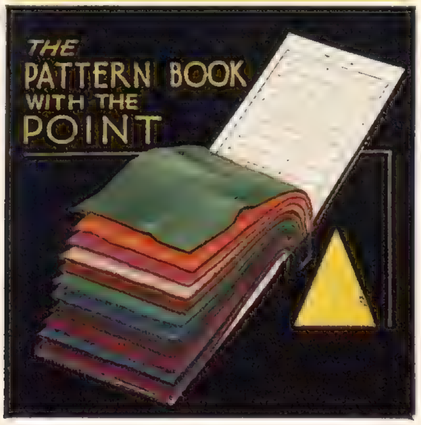

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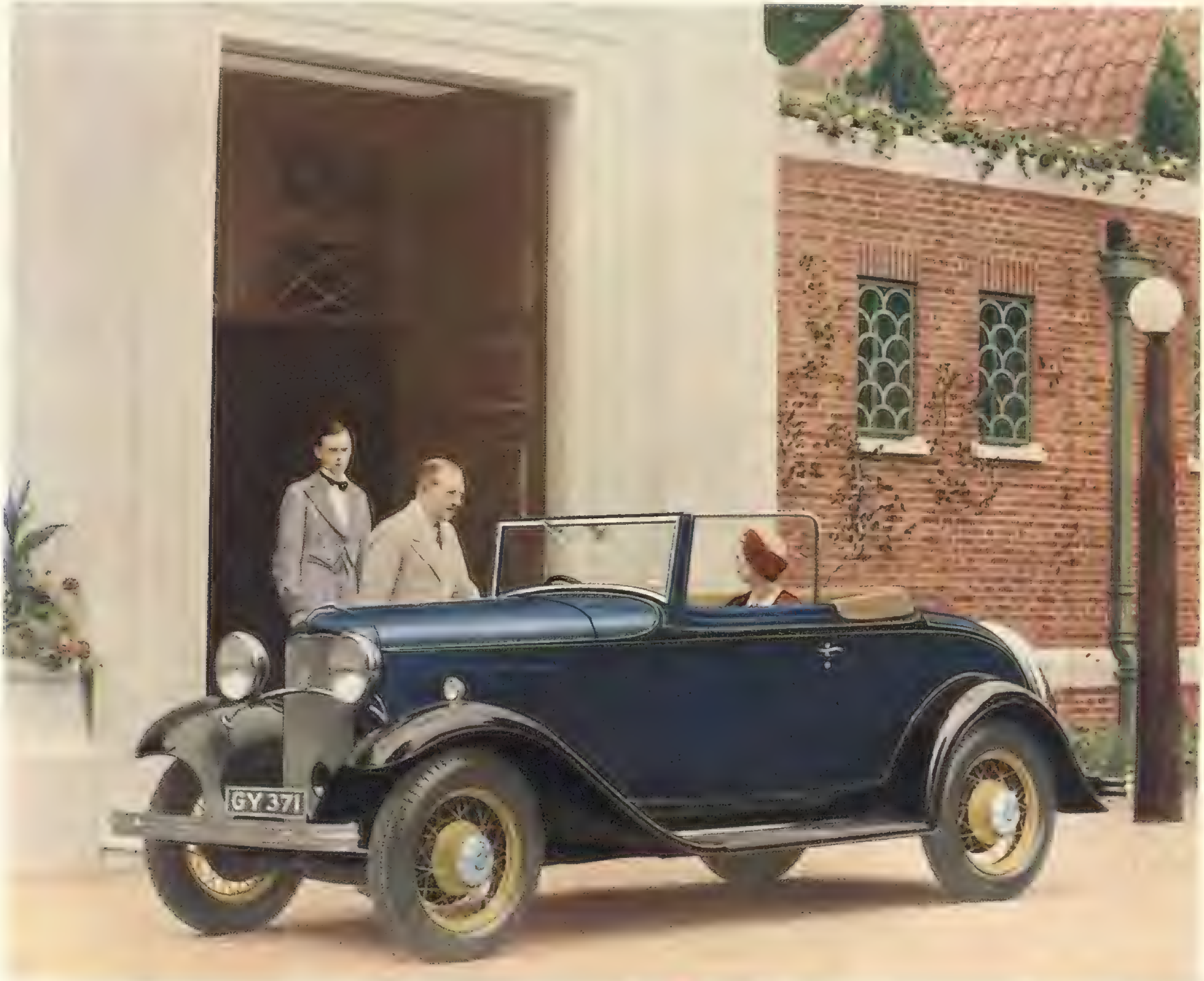

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The Seventh Wife

(Continued from page 73)

wife—to make up her mind in. Virtually, she was a prisoner. Her relatives would not want to give back the bride-price, already received: they wouldn't take her in if she went to them. And there were no boats. You couldn't get away from people, on a small island—unless by the way that other girl had taken, from the top of an eighty-foot coconut palm to the bottom, in one despairing leap.

Bickel wasn't forty-four that night; he was twenty, not a day older. He was a knight, coming to the rescue of beauty in distress. The girl who had made him think of "Mignon"—who had brought back the very scent and sound of that long-ago garden—must not be left here to "make up her mind" within reach of Cooper's knotty claws . . . . Lights were out in the big house; they had been turned off as soon as he left. He rode noisily on to the main highway, tied his horse to a tree, and slipped back on foot.

No light in the little, low house of thatch and reed. Nobody stirring . . . Or was there? Was somebody, very softly sobbing, inside?

Bickel felt his way to the door, scraped lightly on it with a finger-nail, and gave the softest possible "Coo-ee!"

The sobbing stopped. The door was almost immediately opened. A slim figure in a light-coloured frock showed itself against the black of the interior. "Who is it?" Bickel heard, in a low, tense whisper.

"A friend," he said, flashing his torch. It showed him the girl, fair and slender, like—yes, like Mignon, as a flower is like another flower of its kind.

"Who are you?" she asked, staring. There was dismay in her tone. Bickel didn't understand it, quite, but he made haste to reassure her.

"I'm from the last boat," he said. "I was dining here; heard about you. You don't have to stay a minute longer than you want. You can take my horse and ride to my house—it's the place on the beach a mile away; Cooper sold it to me—and I'll walk in to town and put up at the hotel. Nobody'll think of looking for you there. In the morning I'll come back and we'll see what can be done. Surely the British Government——"

She said, "They can't do anything. They would say it was a native row. They don't count me white."

"I'm something'ed if you're not," Bickel said, with almost too much emphasis. Lowering his voice again, he went on. "Here, take the horse—he's outside—and get away. Look out for me at sun-up. Come along. Dark, isn't it? Take my arm. Now, mount—off you go, and au revoir."

It was hardly daylight when Bickel came back again. He had seen almost no one during his brief stay at the hotel—only M'Nutt, who was packing up to get away at dawn in a Government launch. M'Nutt, it seemed, had surveys to make on a neighbouring island; he would be away for a week. Bickel, at first, was minded to ask him if he knew anything about Chichester-Cooper and this alleged white girl; but he decided to say nothing. He was ashamed of having been to the place; he didn't think that M'Nutt would understand. And, anyhow, he was confident of being able to handle the matter himself.

The girl was no sluggard, clearly; she had breakfast ready in the living room when he arrived, and wanted to serve it to him. But he made her sit down and eat with him. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Lélé," she said. "That's an islan' word; it means good, nice. But I don't know what—he—calls me, yet. He giving everybody new names"

"Like a dog," said Bickel, pouring out tea. "Lélé, do you want to stay with him?"

"No," she said. "I rather die." Bickel noticed that she spoke well, although with a touch of the island "chi-chi" accent.

"Well, why do you stay?" he went on.

"In thee islan's," she said, "it's a very bad thing to fight with your people about your marriage. I didn't know where I go to. The Chief——"

"D'you mean Cooper?"

"Yess. The Chief paid my price, an' my father he said—'You are white girl, though they call you mine; now you go to your own people, that's best for you. No white man going to marry you bee-fore the Government,' he saying, 'but this white chief he marrying you island way, so I say Yes.'"

Bright as a butterfly, a new, strange idea came fluttering into Bickel's mind. His mouth opened as if to speak, then closed again. Almost he had heard, faint, far-away, a voice that said—"I can't imagine why"—asked, "Whatever you do—however have you—" that warned "It's for your good," now lamented "I told you so."

The freedom, the aloneness of the cottage. The refuge that it had been. Could he give up that dream? Why not? The island life was enough for him. And of course he would have tired of his shack in time; after all, it was "not good for men to live alone."

All this in a moment, while Lélé, slender Lélé in her bluebell frock, was moving about from kitchen to living room, clearing the table, looking at him now and then with a shy, sweet smile. She liked him. By Gad, she did. Well, if she wanted him, she should have him. The native marriage was no marriage; this very day, they would stand before the magistrate in town, and legally be made one. And then—then—he would have the laugh on Mr. Vincent Leo Chichester-Cooper. And hang the risk!

Lélé saw it coming. She set down her tray, and stood before the tall Australian, as Esther may have stood before the king. In her eyes, plain to be seen, were Esther's words, "If I have found favour in the sight of my lord——"

Bickel never quite knew what he said, but somehow he said it, heard her calm, unembarrassed reply, "Yess, if you like," took the kiss that she freely gave, and knew himself all but married—again.

He wanted the wedding at once. But Lélé had reasons for putting it off. "Hugh," she said—she was ready with his name—"Hugh, I can't marry you yet. Not yet. One day, two day. The Chief will look everywhere for me, all over the islan', but he won't find me here. I can hide in the beeg, beeg press where the clothes are, if I hear him come. Jus' a little wait." So Bickel agreed, he didn't know why. Agreed to sleep at night in the kitchen hut, but stay with her by day. It wouldn't be long . . . .

Cooper came next morning, asked questions, and was answered as Bickel thought fit. He seemed to suspect nothing. He was an extremely angry man, but the brunt of his wrath was reserved for Lélé herself, when he should catch her.

Lélé was extraordinarily grateful to him, and told him so, many times a day. She cooked for him, she mended and washed his clothes, she brought flowers into the house and set them in empty bottles. Bickel didn't like flowers in bottles, but nothing that she did really displeased him. She was an intriguing mixture of the best in two races, though it was clear that the blood of only one ran in her veins.

And he was so rich—for the islands. He could give her a horse, a motor car, pretty frocks, trips to Sydney or to Auckland. The girl must think him a millionaire. Regard him much as people down in Sydney regarded the sheep barons, the——

That was a nasty jolt. A hard smack in the solar plexus of his mind. For a moment, he didn't quite know whence it had come; then he realised that Hugh Bickel of the days-before-the-war had been talking in his ear—Hugh, young Hugh, sneering at the fat old squatter, the squatter of forty-odd, who wanted to marry "Mignon."

Bickel pulled himself up. He wasn't old. Nor fat—not very. It was not at all a parallel case. Besides, the bluebelle girl who looked like Mignon wanted to marry him. For himself.

The very day after that, Lélé came to him, looking strangely solemn, and said, with her eyes fixed not on him, but on the dancing, diamonded sea-line beyond—"Hugh, I think, if you like, we make the marriage now."

"To-day?" he cried, hand on her soft shoulder. She trembled a little; she did not withdraw.

"Yess, to-day," she answered.

"Splendid," he told her. "I'll get the horse and go in to see about it now. I'll pick two discreet witnesses, so that we needn't have it blared all over the island immediately. M'Nutt is in, came yesterday; I fancy he'd like the job for one. He's no lover of Mr. Chichester-Cooper's."

"M'Nutt—is here?" Lélé said.

As if the speaking of the name had been a charm, M'Nutt turned up, on the way to town, driving his old Ford. At first it seemed as if he would not stop to Bickel's hail, but the older man pulled his horse right across the road, and M'Nutt, with screaming brakes, came to a halt.

"I'm in a hurry," he explained, before Bickel had time to speak.

"So am I. I want you for a——"

"Can't attend to business to-day, no matter what it is."

"It's not business, but—anything the matter?" To Bickel's kindly eye, the young man looked worried and ill.

"That cursed Cooper," M'Nutt said, breathing short. "Do you know what he's been up to?—I've just heard."

"Rather. Why, I——"

"I'm going to stop it. The Government can't interfere, but I can."

There was a momentary silence, filled by the rhythmic screaming and crashing of breakers on the sands. Bickel found himself thinking that the breakers didn't care. They never had cared, for anything that happened to anybody. They just went on.

The horse began to move. Bickel reined him back. In that moment he had lived a lifetime; his decision was made.

"Turn off," he said. "You're on the wrong road."

M'Nutt—how tall and wiry he was, what a tanned, young, handsome face showed under the official helmet!

M'Nutt said simply—"Eh?"

Bickel in a moment lost his temper.

"Go to blazes and get her!" he said. "At the shack. My shack. All right." The last few words were said to the horse, and the empty road.

A few minutes later he took out his handkerchief, and blew his nose several times. "That's that," he said. "I ought to have known, by the way she said his name. Maybe I did know. I suppose she was counting on his hearing about it, and rescuing her, and he went off surveying just as if he didn't care, and she thought—and she took me."

He was quite himself when he reached the shack, late in the day. There was no one there. That he had expected. He had expected, too, the pretty little note on the pin cushion. All according to specification.

Bickel sat down at the table, mixed himself a whisky. "Here's to both," he said, and to himself, "It's all for your good!"

"I'll keep the shack," he thought. "Of course, I'm going back; I was just a little mad. More ways than one. But some time—I'll come again."

The cargo boat that took him to Sydney had a radio. On one of the last days of the voyage, the mate came to him on deck, with a slip. "Murder in the islands," he said. "Like to read?"

Bickel read. It was the account of a mysterious death in the Bonitos. A white man, Cooper by name, supposed to be the ex-scout of a Cambridge professor, living on blackmail, had been found strangled in his house. The inquest ended in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. "It would have taken a very powerful man to overpower the deceased," ran the radio report, "there was no evidence to connect anyone with the deed. The six young girls who inhabited the house had heard and seen nothing. They appeared to be deeply distressed at the sad occurrence."

Bickel put down the paper. "I suppose," he mused aloud, "the sixth was to keep cave."

End

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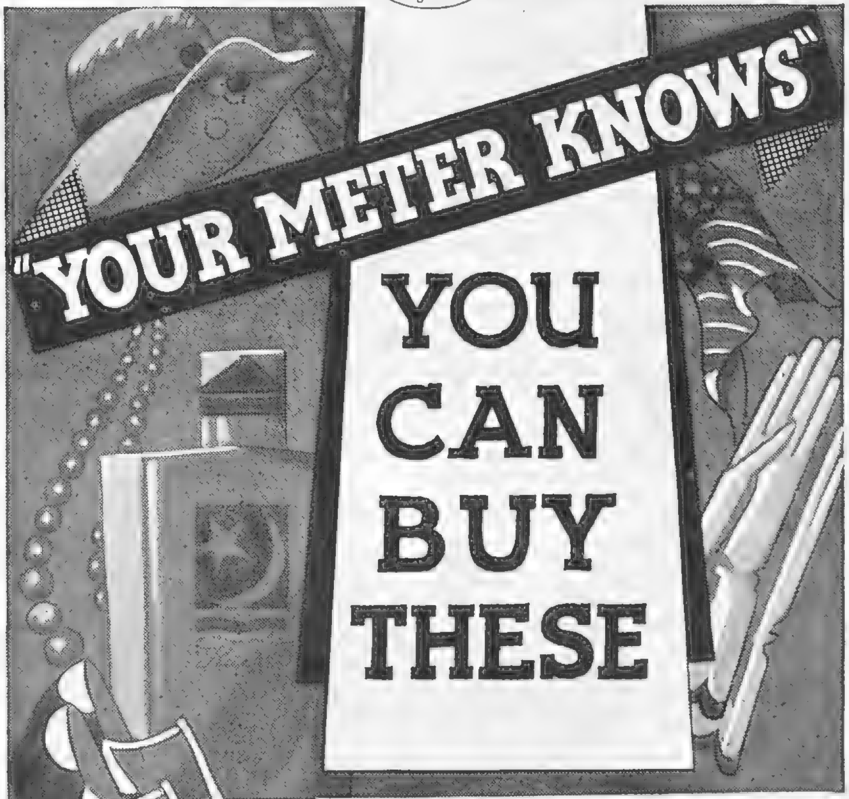

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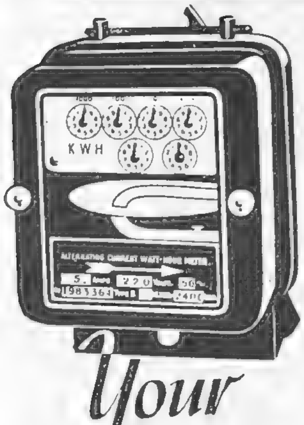

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The Story of Angelica Balabanoff

(*Continued from page* 19)

in those early days was the collecting of any documents harmful to friend or foe alike. "I am forming an archive of incriminating documents which may one day be useful," he used to say.

The break between the two came just before the war. Mussolini published an article in *Avanti* which opposed the Italian Socialist Party's policy of keeping Italy out of the War. Angelica resigned; Benito was thrown out. The partnership of many years was finished.

They never met again. A ban was even put on the little woman—now middle aged—when Mussolini came to power. Angelica Balabanoff found herself alone in a world which had used the Socialism that she had found sacred to bind the people together with even greater autocracy than before.

She was the lost soul, a woman who had from earliest youth forsaken riches and happiness with her wealthy family to travel about Europe in the cause of the ill-fated Second International, of which she came to be secretary.

SHE wandered around, and then found her way back to Russia in time for the revolution, the revolution that the Socialists hoped would bring war to an end. Suspected of being a German spy, she was ordered out of Switzerland, then in Germany was accused of doing intelligence work for Russia.

Hounded, persecuted, of the living revolutionaries there are none whose names recall so many emotions as hers, or be a reminder of so many speeches, conferences and struggles.

A phenomenal linguist, she was able to speak to the heart and mind of all sorts of people: Germans, Italians, Russians, Swedes, and even Jews, in their own language. Other revolutionaries, even Trotsky, were known to the world through translated books. As the prosecuted leader of the Socialist-Pacifist Party during the war, her name was known at a time when nobody outside the Party knew of the existence of Trotsky or Lenin, and very little of Mussolini.

Lenin, according to Angelica, was a great man.

When she decided that she could not support Bolshevism he gave her a permit to leave Russia, which read: "Comrade Balabanoff has worked for a long time in the Party and is one of the most prominent members of the Communist International. I wish to give her my fullest support. Lenin."

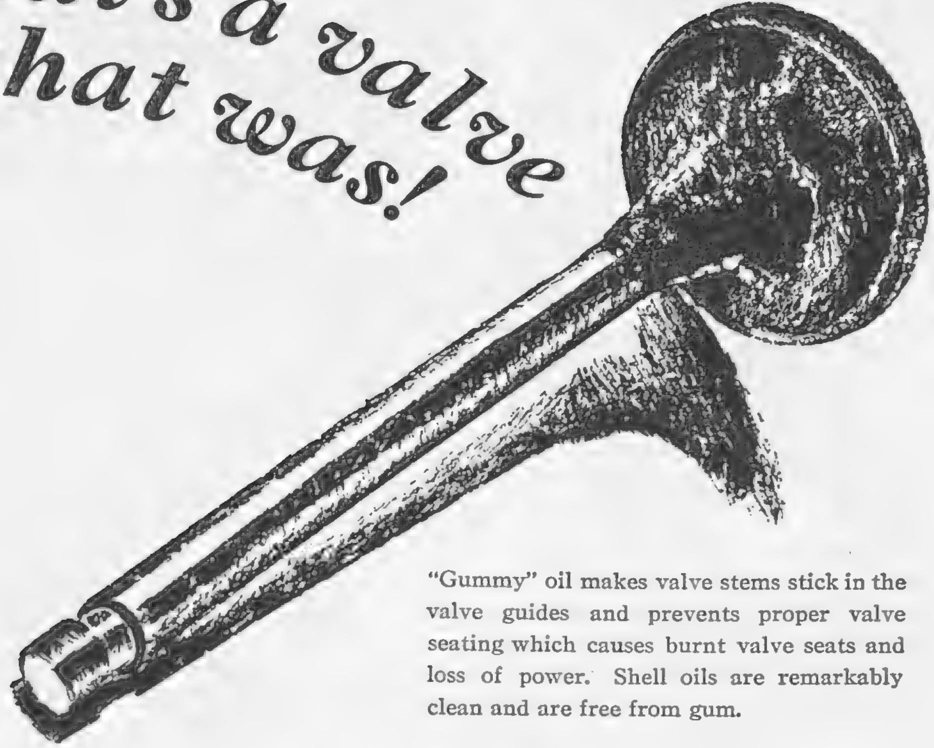
She described him as a constantly creative artist, who took something for his great work from every impression and every contact. His peculiar habit of closing one eye, which gave him such a cunning look, was really only an attempt to fix the person sitting opposite him, and to see what he could get out of him.

Poor Angelica! She fought to free her Russia from the tyranny of the Tsars, but only helped to put another cruel and ruthless autocracy in the Romanoffs' place. She fought to release Germany from the grip of the Hohenzollerns; but the Junkers are back. And she spent the best years of her life rocking the cradle of a man who she believed, if properly nursed, had within him the smouldering fires of a great Socialist.

And she lived to see this man the greatest of all dictators. Poor Angelica Balabanoff.

ANGELICA BALABANOFF is at present living in Paris, where she has resided for the past two years, but five years ago it was in all the papers that she was dead (she had been very ill), and she read her own obituary notices, and found that after a life of hard work for a great "cause," all that the papers emphasised of her career was her great linguistic ability, making special comment on the fact that she could translate from so many languages into so many languages—the rest of her life's work was only briefly outlined.

That's a valve —that was!



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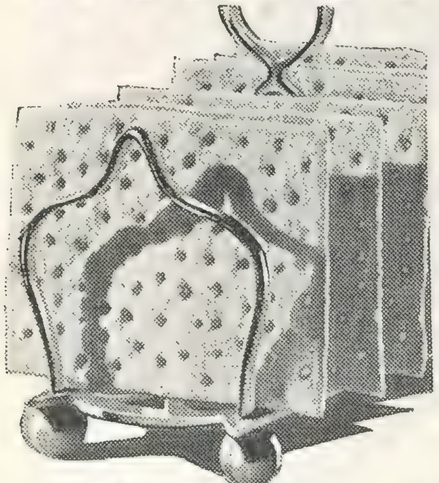

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Vita-Weat is cooked so completely that every granule of the wheat starch is broken up. So it never taxes your digestion, cannot clog your system, and never runs to fat. It's the answer to 'middle-age spread.' You can eat as much of it as its fascinating crunchiness tempts you to, and still feel gloriously light and alive.

And Vita-Weat is *entirely* British—made by Peak Frean, a British firm, by British labour, of only British wheat, British-milled and British baked. Have it on the table at every meal.

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Makers of Famous Biscuits

Lord Grebe Dons *the* Buskins

(*Continued from page* 17)

pass the vodka,' or 'Give the vodka a shove down to this end, little father.' I've had a good deal of experience in the theatre, and I know what I'm talking about."

"Look here, old bird," said Clive Worthington, voicing the general sentiment, "we're rather in the dark. The Vicar here didn't tell us your name."

"Shakespeare," replied the stranger, without an instant's hesitation, "William Shakespeare. Directly descended from the national bard, and have inherited all his instincts. Appoint me producer, at a fixed salary, and your show is a success from the outset."

The Vicar was taken aback.

"B—but, surely," he bleated, "you told me your name was Smith?"

"I may have done so," said the stranger airily. "A pure slip of the tongue. The two names, after all, are very similar, and both stand for something in the history of our great nation." He bowed. "However, that's beside the point. The point is that I'm here to serve you—a hundred per cent. service, that's my motto—and you have only to say the word, fix my salary, and I take over the running of your show as from to-day."

"What would you call a fair salary, Mr. Shakespeare?" asked Lady Grebe, to whom the prospect of being relieved of all responsibility in this matter was not unattractive.

"Give me sixty guineas a week, plus exes and perks," replied Mr. Shakespeare promptly, "and I'll undertake to produce in a fortnight. Only I must have a free hand."

Lady Grebe turned to the others.

"That sounds reasonable enough," she said. "The Dramatic Society can afford it, and it will save us all a great deal of trouble."

"Carried unanimously," announced Lord Grebe. "If you want me to appear, tell me what I'm to do and I'll do it."

In this manner did Mr. Smith, alias Shakespeare, lately an inmate of Dr. Titterton's High Class Sanatorium for Mental Invalids, take up his residence at Slyme Court and become temporary arbiter of the destinies of the Mudflats-on-Trym Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society. And in the meantime the worthy Dr. Titterton was almost beside himself with anxiety in his search for the Honourable Peter Dashwood, a young man of prepossessing appearance and good address, attired, when last seen, in a suit of light grey tweed and a grey Homburg hat, and believed to have lost his memory and found a tack-hammer.

DURING the ensuing two weeks the old-world peace of Lord Grebe's ancestral home was rudely disturbed by the bustle of preparation for the forthcoming dramatic production in the tithe barn. There were times, it must be admitted, when even the unconquerable spirit of Mr. William Shakespeare (junior) quailed at the magnitude of the task he had set himself, and he was impelled to wonder whether he had not, after all, bitten off more than he could chew. For the human material ready to his hand was not easily malleable, nor was it of a high order of intelligence, consisting as it did for the most part of simple peasant youths and maidens. There was the Slyme Court house party, of course, from which to recruit the "stars," but the rank and file proved themselves so uniformly beetle-witted that Master William was early compelled to abandon his first project, a Congreve comedy with a rich Rabelaisian flavour, and substitute a series of historical tableaux, carried out mainly in dumb show. Even here he encountered unexpected difficulties. None of the village maidens was willing to play the part of Lady Godiva, even when it was explained that the decencies would be observed, that the lady would wear tights of the thickest texture, and that the donkey upon which she would perform her epoch-making equestrian evolutions—a horse was thought to be too unwieldy for the tithe barn stage—would be the most docile animal procurable. It was Lord Grebe who in the end stepped into the breach and saved the situation.

"Just as I thought," he said contemptuously, when the nature of the problem was explained to him; "none of these fillies has any spirit. Knock-kneed, that's what they are, and afraid of lettin' the fellows see it. Connie, my wife, might have helped you, but she's gettin' too fat these days, and all the other girls of our party are booked for parts of their own. Dash it all, Shakespeare, my dear fellow, sooner than see this thing flop I'll act Lady Godiva myself. I'll wear a bathin' suit and a long wig, and I'll bet you a monkey the audience won't know Lady Godiva's a lord."

But while Mr. Shakespeare was congratulating himself upon having secured the support of his host Lord Grebe, secret forces were threatening to destroy him.

One morning, a few days later, Lord Grebe was sitting in an armchair in the library, smoking a cheroot and studying his part, when his secretary, Clive Worthington, entered, followed by Coombs, the Slyme Court butler.

"Are you busy, Uncle Charles?" asked Clive. "Coombs here would like to have a word with you. He has just made a most extraordinary statement."

Lord Grebe looked at his butler.

"Well, Coombs, what is it?" he said. "Come on, out with it, man; don't stand there gaping like a dashed cod-fish."

"I hardly like to mention it to your lordship," said Coombs nervously, "but your lordship's guest, Mr. Shakespeare, has been behaving in a very odd manner. Certain incidents have come to my notice which drive me to the reluctant conclusion that Mr. Shakespeare is not himself, my lord."

"What the devil are you talking about?" asked the peer testily. "Not himself? If the fellow isn't himself, who the deuce is he?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord. As your lordship is aware, I have never been one to lend an ear to idle gossip, but they are beginning to talk in the servants' hall, and the gist of their talk is this: Mr. Shakespeare is not Mr. Shakespeare."

"That's the second time you've said that," cried the peer, now thoroughly exasperated. "Coombs, you've been drinking. Clive, Coombs has been whackin' the bottle, what?"

"I don't think so, Uncle Charles," put in Clive Worthington. "The fellow's queer, you can't get away from that. Only yesterday he asked Angela if she believed in free love, and when she smacked his head he murmured something about treasuring the scar to his dying day. What Coombs is hinting at is that Shakespeare and that escaped loony from Titterton's bughouse are one and the same man. Dashwood, I believe, his real name is."

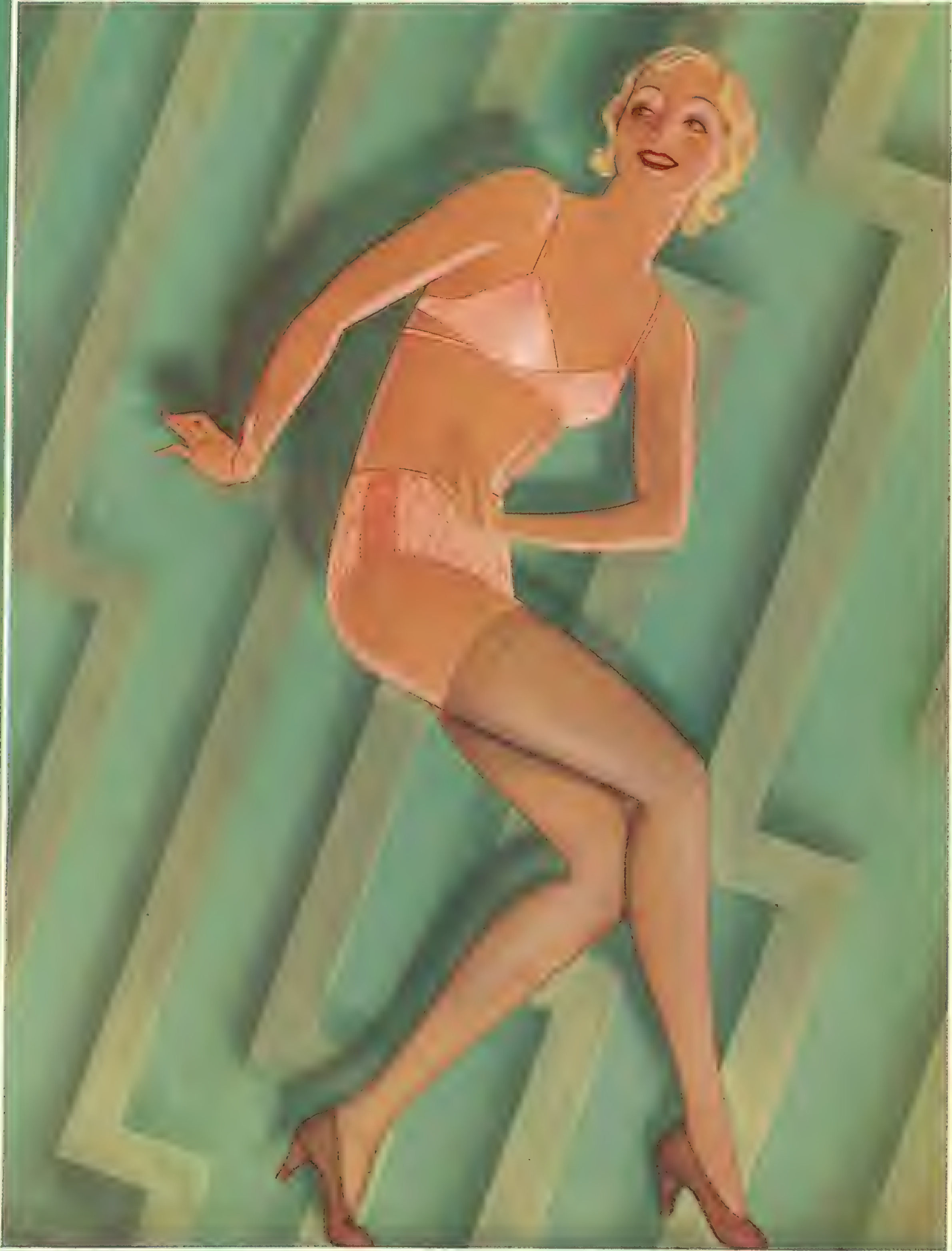
Lord Grebe sat silent for a few moments pondering this startling suggestion. Then he spoke.

"Well," he said, "if that's what you think, I suppose you'd better let the police know. But don't do anything until the show is well under way. We've paid this fellow Shakespeare a hundred and twenty smackers in advance, and we may as well get our money's worth. Use him—you get me? Use him, but don't trust him any further than you can see him. And now, for heaven's sake, get out—I'm busy!"

THE annual dramatic representation in the tithe barn at Slyme Court was an event seldom neglected by the London daily Press, partly because Lord Bletherwick, proprietor of the *Evening Echo* and other influential journals, was intimately acquainted with Lord Grebe, and partly because the fashionable world was accustomed to patronise the entertainment, and more than one famous Society personage could usually be found in the cast. On the present occasion, for example,

(*Continued on page* 97)

KESTOS BRASSIÈRE AND GIRDLES



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Lord Grebe Dons *the* Buskins

the humble efforts of the Mudflats villagers were to be eked out by the brilliant histrionic talents of such notabilities as the Honourable Euphorbia Fitz-Faddeley, who was to play the Empress Messalina in a Roman fragment entitled "Bread and Circuses."; Sir Otto Gourmand, who was assigned the title-rôle in the episode of "King John and the Lampreys"; and the beautiful Duchess of Dillwater, sister of Lady Grebe, who was to appear as Grace Darling in "Any More for the Shore," an ocean vignette. It had originally been Lord Grebe's intention to keep secret the identity of Lady Godiva until he actually disclosed himself to an astonished audience in all the glory of a one-piece bathing costume and knee-length flaxen tresses, but Mr. Shakespeare astutely pointed out that the truth, if it were allowed to emerge in advance, would be bound to increase the box-office receipts by at least a hundred per cent., and his lordship magnanimously agreed to subordinate his own inclination to the common cause.

The tithe barn, then, was filled to capacity half an hour before the advertised time for the commencement of the performance, and expensive-looking motor-cars were parked in serried ranks on either side of the Slyme Court carriage drive throughout its length. On the stage, behind the heavy plush curtains, excitement was tense, and the Vicar, who, in addition to acting as "compere" throughout the entertainment, was to lead a chorus of "waves" in the Grace Darling scene, took one peep at the closely packed audience and hurried into the wings to congratulate his friend and patron, Lord Grebe. He was attired as Father Neptune, in a costume of imitation seaweed and fish-scales, and carried a trident in his hand.

"Ah, there you are, Lord Grebe!" cried Mr. Shakespeare, the producer, bustling at that moment into the wings. "I think it's about time we got under way; the school-children in the gallery are beginning to stamp and whistle." His eye suddenly took in the striking picture presented by Lady Godiva and her donkey, and his jaw dropped. "My God!" he exclaimed, "you look positively obscene! I wonder if it's all right for you to go on."

"Of course it's all right," said the peer testily. "Do you think I've got myself up in this rig for fun? Let's have the curtain up and get on with the show."

Mr. Shakespeare swung round and shouted across the stage.

The orchestra burst into a crescendo of chords and arpeggios, and the curtains swung apart. The eleventh annual production of the Mudflats-on-Trym Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society was under way!

Meanwhile in the wings Lord Grebe persisted in his endeavour to calm the ruffled susceptibilities of his donkey. The animal had been at grass for some months, and was inclined to be restive. To him entered suddenly his secretary, Clive Worthington, dressed as a Crusader, and stopped short at sight of him, just as Mr. Shakespeare had done.

"Great snakes, Uncle Charles! You aren't really going on like that, are you?" he gasped. "You look like a cross between the Forsaken Merman and an advertisement for somebody's hair restorer. Has Aunt Connie seen you?"

"Look here, young fellow, I don't want any of your damned impertinence," said the peer. "What are you supposed to be doin', anyway? Collectin' for the Red Cross?"

Clive lowered his voice and spoke very earnestly.

"About this fellow Shakespeare, Uncle Charles," he said. "I telephoned to the police just now, and they seem pretty certain that he's really Dashwood, the escaped lunatic. They're sending along straight away to pull him in."

"But dash it all, they'll wreck the show!"

"Oh, no, they won't. He's done his job, and the show can get along quite nicely without him now. I was afraid he might try to make a get-away as soon as it was over—I fancy he smells a rat already—and I believe his relatives are frantic with anxiety."

The performance was half-way through, and a tumult of applause from the auditorium testified to the brilliant success attendant upon the efforts of Mr. Shakespeare, the producer. That estimable young man, having snatched a moment's respite from his arduous labours, was standing just outside the stage door smoking a cigarette and drinking in the scented evening air, when a car pulled up in the drive, disgorging four burly police constables, who approached him across the gravel. Seeing before him a well-groomed young gentleman faultlessly attired in a dinner-jacket—the property of Clive Worthington—their leader touched his helmet.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "I want to speak to Lord Grebe's secretary."

Mr. Shakespeare smiled pleasantly.

"That's me," he replied. "So glad you were able to come."

"Yes, sir," said the officer, "we started out as soon as we got your 'phone message. Where is this man Dashwood?"

Mr. Shakespeare turned and pointed through the open stage door.

"You'd better go straight in," he said. "There he is, just going on to the stage riding a donkey. That fellow in the bathing suit with false hair and an eyeglass. Only I advise you to hurry; he's desperate and will probably try to get away. I'm not sure he isn't armed."

"Thank you, sir," said the officer, leading the way into the building, "you needn't worry. We'll fix him."

And Mr. William Shakespeare (junior) turned away, whistling, nonchalantly, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. Once out of sight of the policemen, he quickened his pace, walked along the outside wall of the tithe barn, and turned in at the main entrance. In the box office sat one of the Slyme Court footmen, guarding the evening's takings and looking utterly bored. Mr. Shakespeare approached him.

"Ah, Daniels," he said, "his lordship's just going on. I'll take a turn at the box office for you if you care to slip inside for a few minutes. You'll see something worth seeing, I can promise you."

The grateful footman forsook his post with alacrity, and passed quickly into the auditorium. Left alone, Mr. Shakespeare hurriedly collected all the money and stuffed it into his pockets. Then, leaving the building, he crossed over to the serried rows of waiting motor-cars and selected, after a leisurely inspection, a fast two-seater. He climbed into the driving seat and put his foot on the self-starter.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness," he murmured, as the car swung off down the drive. "I'm afraid those bobbies are going to have a lot of trouble with Lady Godiva."

His prophecy was astonishingly accurate. The four burly police officers whom he had left at the stage door, contemplating from a point of vantage in the wings the triumphal entry of Lady Godiva, astride upon an ass, into the main street of a canvas Coventry, were even now only at the beginning of their difficulties. They paused for a moment, held in check, perhaps, by the tumultuous cheers which rose from the crowded auditorium, and then, at a signal from their leader, pressed forward on to the stage. Lord Grebe's secretary had warned them that their quarry might be armed, and they were prepared to sell their lives dearly. They drew their truncheons, and their leader ostentatiously flourished a pair of handcuffs.

In his younger days Lord Grebe had been a superb rider to hounds, but even in his younger days he had never had the temerity to make a public appearance on horseback in a bathing suit, a costume in which it is not easy for the thighs to retain their grip, and the donkey, as has been said, was restive. It speaks volumes, therefore, for his lordship's grit and determination that he succeeded in remaining in (so to speak) *statu quo* when the donkey, terrified by the sudden onslaught of the police, bucketed its way down the flight of steps leading from the stage into the auditorium, and cantered, regardless of the panic-stricken shrieks of the ladies in the audience, down the central "aisle" and out through the main entrance of the tithe barn.

Meanwhile Lord Grebe, clad in nothing more substantial than a one-piece bathing costume, and with his flaxen hair flowing out a yard and a half behind him, was engaged in a moonlight ride that Mazeppa might have envied. For the trouble was that the dashed donkey would not stop. It knew, none better, the way to its stable, in the outbuildings of Dr. Titterton's sanatorium—whence, by courtesy of Dr. Titterton himself, it had that morning been borrowed—and it had been badly frightened. Ten minutes later the four police constables, breathless, but doggedly determined, overhauled their quarry outside the asylum gates, and found Lady Godiva in the act of descending from her refractory mount. They seized the lady roughly.

"Well, beautiful," panted their leader, "I see you know where you belong. They're waiting for you inside, all ready to tuck you up in your nice warm bed. Come along in and kiss the superintendent good night."

It was Clive Worthington who, arriving in a car a few minutes later, extracted his uncle and employer from the clutches of the police and the lunatic asylum officials. Dr. Titterton himself, and those other members of the asylum staff who were acquainted with the Honourable Peter Dashwood, were absent for the evening—most of them having attended the performance at Slyme Court—and it was some little time before Clive could convince Lord Grebe's captors of their error. And the real Peter Dashwood, scudding through the night in a high-power, borrowed car, with over a hundred pounds of borrowed cash about his person, was many leagues away by then. Still, as Lord Grebe remarked, when, fully clothed once more and in his right mind, "that fellow Shakespeare wasn't so confoundedly dippy after all."

Changing the Stars *in* their Courses

(*Continued from page* 75)

of her recently published have shown her as she was when she first went to the Metro-Goldwyn studios and as she is now. Their purpose has been to advertise the development of her beauty and personality, but when one remembers her earlier performances (in "Dancing Daughters," for instance) when she was a virile, dark young thing, certainly not lacking in character, individuality and dramatic power, one hesitates before applauding.

Her make-up as Sadie Thompson in "Rain" may be a masterly exposition of the characteristics of the "bad woman" she impersonates. The picture is directed by Lewis Milestone, so there cannot be anything very wrong with it, and I have an idea that Joan Crawford will, through this film, realise her ambition to be acknowledged as one of the leading powerful dramatic actresses, but one wonders if that could not have been achieved without literally deforming her mouth, and her appearance may, one feels, be a slight shock to the more conservative of her fans.

The lovely Dietrich is more beautiful in every picture she makes, and "Blonde Venus," the making of which was so disputatious at first, gives her opportunities to show herself at her best both histrionically and æsthetically.

Norma Shearer also goes from strength to strength in the matter of looks, chic and glamour. In "Strange Interlude," in which she also is a mother (as she is in real life), she is equally lovely to look at in the earlier sequences and at the end of the picture, and she and Clark Gable appear as people who are no longer young.

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Gunman *Comes* Home

(*Continued from page 81*)

said suddenly. "You were only a kid ten years ago, Matt, and perhaps you never heard the rights of the story."

"Poor Joe," Matt echoed. "It was a bad business for him surely."

"It was all a muddle," Joe began to explain feverishly.

Matt's face darkened. "No muddle at all," he said, "but the deliberate work of a dirty scoundrel."

How pale he looked now, pale and wild! Joe's face staring at him across the dirty tablecloth. It was awful the way the very expression of Joe could come into Matt's face. It was no use trying to bring reason to a face like that. And the hand had gone back, nervously fingering at the thing in the jacket pocket.

The waitress was between them for a blessed moment, setting before them a pale fruit salad swimming in liquid, yellowy custard. She was ogling John with her big sad eyes, trying, maybe, to get off with him, he thought listlessly.

The idea of a woman had set his mind working now in another direction. A new hope of escape came to him.

"It was the queerest thing meeting you to-day like that, Matt," he said in his strained unhappy voice. "What do you think took me into Newton's?"

Matt, spooning the yellowy custard, said nothing.

"To buy my wedding ring! There you are now—to buy the ring for my own coupling."

Matt dropped the spoon and made polite noises of surprise.

"Wasn't it that brought me over to Dublin," John Doyle went on more confidently. He took the white box from his pocket and laid it open on the table. Matt leaned over and examined the ring, making more polite sounds of astonishment.

"Who's the girrl?" he asked without interest.

"Eileen Hanrahan."

Now Matt was roused, properly roused. His face was alight with excitement and genuine surprise. Oh, this was the right gag, surely. You couldn't shoot a man on the eve of his wedding, on the eve of so romantic a wedding. No one could do a thing like that. The story had gripped Matt now.

"If anything were to happen to me I believe it would kill her, Matt. Ten years; it's a hell of a long time for a woman to wait." His eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"That's a queer yarn, Doyle. A damned queer yarn. Where did you get as much whisky as that into you? Is it *the* Eileen Hanrahan you are talking about, the actress?"

"Sure, of course it is. Who else would it be?"

Matt was saying that Eileen Hanrahan had been married these eight years or more to a lawyer fellow. They had a house out on the Landowne Road, and three children.

The words floated out into the smoky space between them. John Doyle's eyes were stupid behind the vapour of food and cigarettes. With old and crumpled hands he gathered up the ring and put it away in the white box.

"She is married, you said?"

"Sure, of course she is."

John Doyle took the newspaper cuttings slowly from his pocket-book and spread them out on the table. "Look at them," he challenged. "There isn't a word about her marriage in any of them."

Matt looked at him in astonishment. "Are you serious about all this, John, or what is on you at all? I thought at first you were trying to pull my leg."

"Am I serious? What do you think brought me back here at the risk of my life if it wasn't her? I tell you I never let her out of my head for one instant during the long years I was away. She promised me to wait. I promised her."

His eyes were like a dog's eyes looking at Matt, and Matt's head was thrown back in laughter.

"Well I'm damned," he said between his laughing. "You're the queerest card, John Doyle, and that's a fact. If you wanted her why didn't you come for her long ago?"

John Doyle threw himself half across the table. He let his wrath come bubbling up in a great fountain of words. Now he would say everything; keep nothing back.

"You know well why I didn't come back," he shouted; "why I couldn't as much as betray myself with a letter home for the whole of the ten years. Yourself and your mail boat lists, trailing me all day long with that thing in your pocket."

Matt's jaw was hanging down in a bewildered kind of way. "What mail boat lists?" he asked. "Isn't it a natural thing for a clerk in the steamship office to know what will be on the lists?"

"I don't believe a word you are saying, Matt Hynes, you dirty little gunman you! Wasn't I a gunman long enough myself to be well up in the tricks of the trade? You with death in your eyes—Joe's eyes—and that thing in your pocket! Take it out! Take it out now and put it on the table for the whole world to see! Let it off into my heart here and now if you like, for what do I care?" John Doyle drooped forward, letting his head sink down upon his folded arms.

Matt touched his shoulder. His voice was kind. "Man, you are all to pieces," he said. "There is nothing in my pocket but me old pipe. What are you raving about?"

Slowly, John Doyle raised his head. "I don't know is it you who is mad or myself. I don't know what to believe any more." He took out the worn pocket-book again and the old letter. "For ten years," he said, "this has been my life; and these——" with a sweep of his hand he sent the newspaper cuttings to the floor.

Now Matt's cold eyes were reading the bit of blue flimsy.

"You were on the run all these years? For what?"

"For Joe: your brother Joe."

Matt's face was horrible. "My God! to think I walked around with you all day—talked with you—ate with you! I didn't know. There are details of those old days that I never knew. Joe didn't talk much. Maybe it would break his heart to tell even me of his best friend who betrayed him."

"I didn't mean to betray him. Before God, Matt, I didn't mean it."

The words sounded so weak it was a pity to have spoken them.

"You can shoot me, Matt," he said wearily, dramatically. "I'll pay the price for Joe's death gladly. . . . I'd like something to happen the way I have been expecting it for ten years," he added, irrelevantly.

Matt jumped up with such force that his chair went from under him, crashing across the stone floor.

"You poor skunk," he said icily. "I wouldn't waste a bullet on you. I'd rather spit in your face any day. But I'm glad you lost ten years of your life in running away; it is the kind of thing you would do. If you had not been so busy saving your own skin you might have had time to discover that Joe wasn't executed after all. The Treaty came too soon for them. He got off. He is up at the house waiting for me now," Matt said conclusively.

It was a long time before John Doyle noticed that it was very quiet in the cheap eating house, that he was alone except for the sad-eyed waitress who was watching him. Some time or other Matt must have gone. Not that it mattered a great deal. He looked dully at the smudged glass door with the letters of the cocoa advertisement trailing across it like a broken rainbow. Out of that door sooner or later everything went—love, hope, dignity; even tragedy, and the wasted, wasted years.

The waitress was like a black spider sitting there in her corner, watching. He could feel her eyes pulling him, compelling. For a while he resisted her, weakly, without interest. Then he beckoned to her to come and sit beside him.

END

Two White Men and Another

(*Continued from page* 49)

forgotten. Let's go back to the hotel. You're sort of green around the gills—need a drink, I reckon."

"A dozen drinks!"—hysterically—"I need to get drunk—good and drunk!"

They returned. From the dance-hall drifted music, jazz music, jungly, stuttery, clangorous.

"Come on," said Channing.

They entered. The place was already filled with men and women, who applauded boisterously when Odette exclaimed:

"To-night's the night, boys and girls!"

And to-night was indeed the night. An orgy, a bacchanal—and Odette the wildest of them all; suddenly, with a yell, leaping on Channing's broad back.

He stumbled; straightened up.

"Ride 'em, cowboy!" he cried; and, Odette high on his shoulders, he bored into the thick of the dance floor, whirling like a dervish, stamping his feet.

The crowd hooted alcoholic approval.

The orchestra leader bobbed up and down like one possessed.

Others followed Odette's example. Up—slim, silk-clad legs curled about shoulders! Up—fat, silk-clad legs clinging about necks like monstrous garlands!

Dom Manuel looked on and reckoned his profits; then turned as he heard a voice at his elbow.

Mandarin Po Shen had come in the back way.

"No Chinks allowed here—eh?" he said in sing-song English.

"Well"—Dom Manuel was flustered—"you know—this rule . . ."

"Does not apply to Chinks who are rich and powerful. I know." The half-breed did not reply, and the other went on: "It is amusing to watch the foreign barbarians at play. Chiefly the female barbarians. And"—pointing to Odette, who, not very steadily, arm in arm with Channing, was entering a palm-screened alcove—"most chiefly this one. Ah—Buddha"—changing from English to Chinese—"an exquisite plum blossom . . ."

"Who, I understand," sneered Dom Manuel, "has caused you to lose a great deal of face . . ."

"Indeed." The mandarin paused; went on with calm Mongol brutality: "You are a man quite without honour—is that not so?"

"Oh!"—angrily—"look here . . ."

"You are! And, being what you are, you can be bribed."

"If the price is big enough," came the shameless admission.

"The price shall be enormous. Please close the door—and listen . . ."

Meanwhile the drunken revelry was continuing, the bray of jungly jazz, the braying, swinging noises—and Odette, from the alcove, stared into the reeking turmoil and exclaimed:

"Oh—I'm sick of it—sick of living!"

"Honey," said Channing, "if there's anything I can do . . ."

She did not answer. She sat there, brooding, unhappy. She filled her glass and drank; and, all at once, words came to her—sobbing words, meant for herself alone, not reckoning with the Virginian's presence:

"I wasn't to blame—not entirely to blame! And yet—God—what a fool I was to trust Reggie—Reggie Kinsella of all men . . ."

She interrupted herself. She hurried back into the dance-hall, flung herself into Ackroyd's arms and whirled away—while Channing looked after her—and wondered.

Reggie Kinsella! Where had he heard the name . . .? He was quite sure he *had* heard it—somewhere.

Why—he had actually run across the man, a few years ago, during a business trip to Honolulu. Reggie Kinsella, the handsome, debonair Irishman to whom women forgave almost everything; of whom men spoke with amusement and faint

(*Continued on page* 100)

ELIZABETH ARDEN has made age-guessing the most difficult of games

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envy, dropping a knowing, tolerant eyelid over his various sins; and who, at Hawaii, had been seen a good deal in the company of Kitty Magruder, the young wife of Charles Magruder, an American naval surgeon on shore duty.

Gay, flirtatious, red-haired little Kitty—Channing had not met her at the time. But he had heard about her—as, indeed, who hadn't? Terrible scandal. Screaming newspaper headlines.

All about a cottage at Waikiki Beach. Reggie there and Kitty. Her husband coming upon the scene.

And now Kitty was Odette de Maucair. Charles Magruder was Fuller Hyatt. And Reggie was dead and buried, a bullet in his wild Irish heart . . .

Well—he thought—life was still one more thing. Tragic it was. Damned tragic. Nothing mattered in life except—oh—money and what money could buy . . . and he was about to order another bottle when, suddenly, the lights went out, all the lights, plunging the alcove, the hall, the whole hotel into inky blackness.

The music broke off. There was complete silence—followed, immediately, by pandemonium.

Channing was amused. He sat still. He heard other men rushing in; men who talked in clipped Mongol monosyllables.

Servants—he supposed—trying to restore order, to look after the electric lights . . . and, the next second, he was startled by a woman's shrill call:

"Help—Channing—please—help . . ."

Odette's voice—he was sure of it; leaped into the fray.

"Where are you . . . ?"

"Here—here . . . help . . ."

He lunged forward. He saw—vaguely, black amidst the black—a mass of coiling legs and arms; saw, a moment later, the back door being thrown open, then swiftly shut—but not before he had had a distinct impression of a number of men, evidently Chinese, swirling across the threshold, half-dragging and half-carrying a slight body that struggled frantically—a woman's body.

Odette—he thought—no doubt of it; and he raced toward the door. But he found his progress stopped by the mob; stood there, cursing helplessly, while, shortly afterwards, somebody found the electric switch and twisted it.

Came a dazzling, blinding flood of light that brought the scene into sharp relief. Women fainting and women hysterical. Men nursing bruises and exchanging sheepish grins. And, in a corner, Ackroyd holding Dom Manuel by the collar and demanding angrily:

"What did you turn off the light for?"

"I didn't."

"I saw you, you miserable little runt. And I want to know why."

The half-breed was stubbornly silent—and the Yorkshireman's great, hairy hands closed about his windpipe, squeezing mercilessly, until, finally, in an agony of fear, the man stammered:

"Po Shen—he asked me to . . ."

"Bribed you——" shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat—"why . . . ?"

"Because," interrupted the Virginian, stepping up, "he used the darkness and confusion to kidnap Odette."

Ackroyd grew purple with rage.

"Kidnapped a white woman—eh . . . ? We'll see about that. Come on. We'll get a gang of the lads and . . ."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," replied Channing. He took his friend by the arm and led him from the hotel to the garage in the back where he kept his car. "Jump in."

The Yorkshireman obeyed, under protest.

"I'm no worse than the average coward. And yet—you and I—against all of Po Shen's Mongol roughnecks . . ."

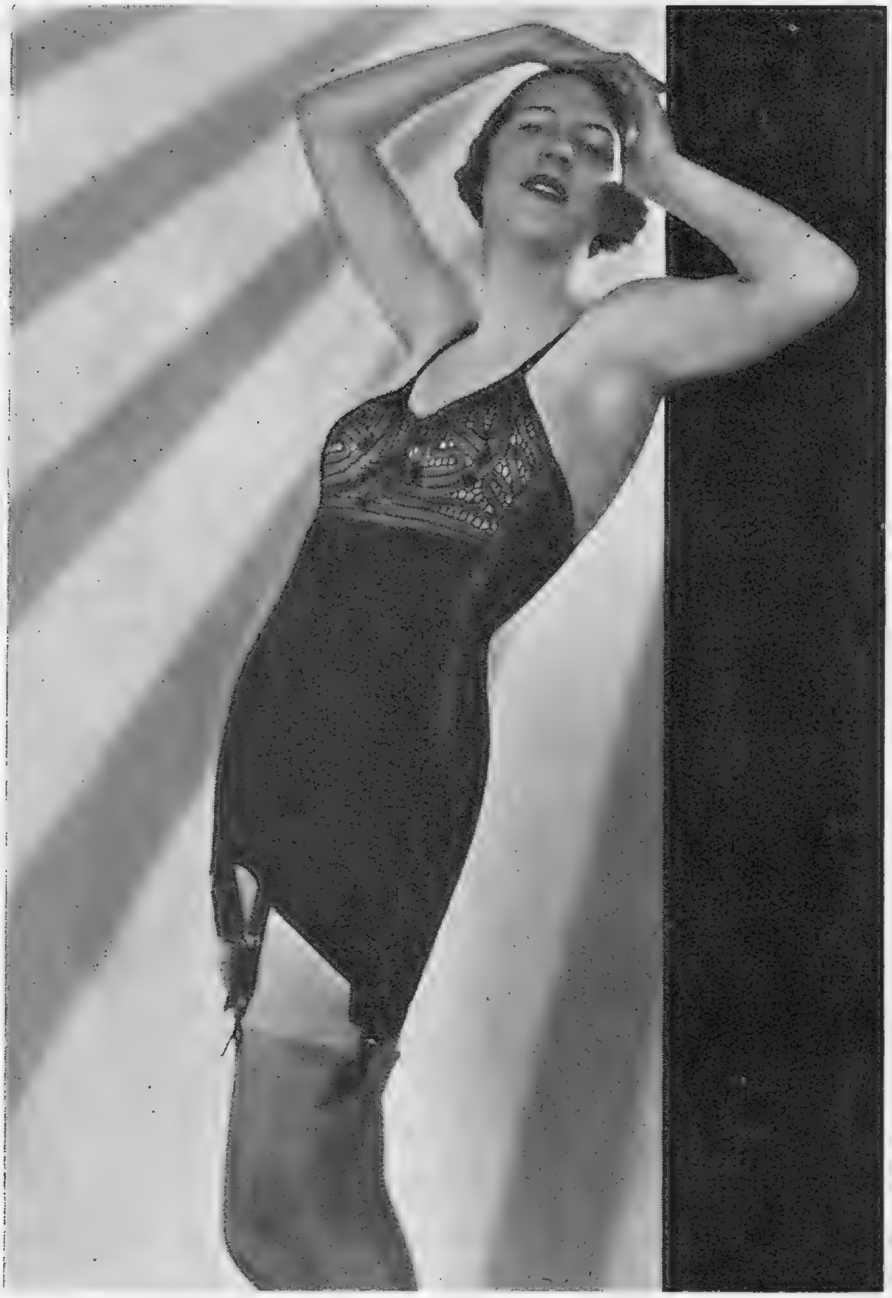
"Neither you nor I are going to do the noble rescue act."

"Who else?"

"Fuller Hyatt."

"Oh——" mockingly—"d'ye fancy our Holy John can pull it off with his usual loving-kindness bilge?"

(Continued on page 102)



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"I don't care *how* he pulls it off. But it's up to him. You see—he's her husband." And, driving through the sleeping town, the Virginian related all he knew and a good deal of what he guessed, adding: "Charles Magruder—Hyatt, if you prefer—went to jail for manslaughter. From jail—I remember reading in the papers—he brought divorce proceedings which Kitty fought tooth and nail."

"Didn't have a leg to stand on, did she?"

"She said she did. She insisted from the first that she was innocent, that Reggie got her to the Waikiki cottage through a trumped-up tale that he was throwing a large party. Insisted that, when her husband—happening to pass the cottage and recognising her car and becoming suspicious—barged in and found her in Reggie's arms, she was actually struggling to get away from him."

"You believe her?"

"I do. So, incidentally, did the judge. They're still man and wife . . ."

That is what, a few minutes later, Channing told the doctor with his first words:

"You're still man and wife—you and Kitty . . ."

The other drew in his breath with sharp, unhappy amazement.

"You——" he asked—"you *know*. . . ?"

"Yes."

"Even so, why do you come here and tell me? What is it to you?"

"Not a thing—personally. But Kitty needs you." He sketched rapidly what had occurred. "Go to her," he went on.

"I?" The man's voice was hard. "Why should I?"

"I know what you're going to say. Well—what of it? She needs you to-night—needs you desperately. Go to her."

"No," came the reply, in a slow, husky tone.

"Afraid?" jeered the Yorkshireman.

"I——" flaring—"I've never been afraid in all my life!"

"Say—what about that time when Dom Manuel . . . ?"

"Will you keep quiet!" the Virginian roared at Ackroyd. Then, once more, he addressed the doctor. "You've got to go to her, old man."

"No!" The dismal weariness in his accents was pathetic and piteous. "No, no, no!"

"It's your duty. Look here. Suppose she told you the truth—six years ago . . . ?

"She didn't!"

"Suppose she did, you stubborn fool! Suppose she was innocent! Just suppose. . . ."

"Just suppose . . ." echoed the doctor dully, staring at the ground.

He was silent. He thought of her. He had loved her deeply, passionately. Gay, red-haired little Kitty, Flirtatious . . . ? Yes. She had been flirtatious. But—she had been so young, so pretty, and so many men after her. And he—he had always been jealous, terribly jealous. Still—he hadn't seen any real harm in it until that evening when Reggie Kinsella . . .

Why—and suppose she had spoken the truth about Reggie . . . ?

"Oh——" he murmured, with intolerable anguish—"just suppose . . . ?"

He bowed his head. He shivered. There was a queer look in his eyes—a clenched, ashen look. Then all at once he made up his mind. He went to the door, while Channing and Ackroyd exchanged a glance and the latter called after him:

"Hey—don't forget your gun! That Chink might get obstreperous. He's a tough egg you know."

The doctor smiled—that same slow smile which had curled his lips that day when Dom Manuel had struck him in the face.

"I killed once—six years ago," he said. "I shall never kill again. It is—ah"—with a certain stiff pride—"more decent to *be* killed—than to kill."

He left—and the Virginian broke into mirthless laughter.

"John," he said to the Englishman, "I reckon we're colour-blind."

"Colour-blind?"

"Yes. You see—the man's white!"

"Of course he's white," admitted the Yorkshireman, rather grudgingly. "A damned sight whiter than you and I . . ."

SHORTLY afterwards the doctor reached the mandarin's palace. He said to the servant who opened the door:

"I wish to see your master."

"Not to-night. It is too late."

"I must see him!"—and he pushed into the outer hall, past the servant, who shrugged his shoulders and left.

Presently Po Shen came in. He was accompanied by half a dozen armed Kansuh braves—tall, truculent ruffians from the Far West of China whom he employed as his bodyguard. But his greetings were polite. He stretched out a hand—which the other refused.

"Ah——" demanded the mandarin in English, with a soft purring threat, "an insult . . . ?"

"Call it that!"

"And—the reason?" Po Shen paused; went on with a laugh; "I imagine because of a woman . . . the little red-haired sing-song girl who . . . ?"

"Who is my wife," the American interrupted with slightly unnatural calmness.

The Chinese was startled.

"Eh . . . ?" he exclaimed.

"My wife . . ."

"Who once caused me to lose a great deal of face—whom I swore to humble, to punish . . ."

"Who will leave this house with me—to-night—now!"

A full minute's silence passed. No sound except the faint clanking of the Kansuh braves' weapons, their sibilant breathing as they leaned forward, ignorant of the English words that had been uttered, yet conscious of the aura of tragedy. The silence continued. The two men stared at each other with unflinching eyes that were like steel blades, equally choice of temper, crossed in a duel to the death.

Once the mandarin spoke:

"You do not fear?"

The other did not reply—with his mouth; replied only with his eyes. "I do not fear," said his blue eyes, as staunchly as if his lips had formed the words.

Still the silence continued—until, suddenly, Po Shen said:

"You have been my friend—and the friend of my people. You have saved my life—being a brave man. You have helped the poor and healed the sick—being a kindly man. Why should woman—any woman—come between you and me? Besides," with a little sigh, "I do not care for red-haired women. Ah——" rolling up his right sleeve and showing an angry, crimson scratch that ran up from the wrist; "red-haired women are disobedient and violent. Personally I prefer the calm, gentle women of Nanking."

He paused; went on:

"My worthless house has been highly flattered by being permitted to grant an hour's hospitality to your honourable wife. But it is late and—Buddha! Buddha!—I am old and tired. Will you be good enough to take her home . . . ?"

And he bowed. He left the room with a swish-swish of his silken embroidered robe . . .

Not long after Charles and Kitty Magruder were turning down the street. The moon had sunk into the jungles and hills that rimmed Ta-liang. The dawn was drawing the sweetness from field and garden. The trees sang, filled with the little winds of coming morning.

She sobbed; and he asked:

"What is it? Aren't you happy?"

"So happy! And yet—oh—the grey, wasted years . . ."

"Years that never were—years that have been forgotten—years that must never be mentioned by you or me!"

And so, hand in hand, they walked on toward the sunrise that was looming up on the horizon with silver and rose . . .

END

Star Makers

(*Continued from page 25*)

ready to press the bulb and secure a masterpiece.

Marion Davies always arrived in Miss Louise's studio about 4.30 in the afternoon, as she likes to be photographed when most of the day's work is over, and there may not be so many interruptions. I sat in the studio once from 4.30 till 8 in the evening, while Ruth Harriet made a marvellous set of pictures of the star who is known as the hardest worker in Hollywood.

When I went to have lunch with King Vidor and his charming wife Eleanor Boardman in their Spanish Farmhouse on the top of a hill, the famous film director told me of a dream he had been cherishing for some time. He said that his idea of the future of films is to do away with fixed studios, and make the making of pictures into an entirely mobile thing. He said he would like to use existing buildings, for interiors as well as exteriors; that he would take a few lights, which could be adjusted anywhere; that Sound and Cameras would have to be transported into any corner, and that the result should be the faithful recording of life and the people who live it—just as it really is, and not as the imagination of some scene designer distorts and glorifies it.

Since that day King Vidor has begun to carry out his dream; for when he made "The Champ" recently, with Jackie Cooper and Wally Beery, he took his Sound and Cameras into existing Bungalows, at Tia Juana, instead of having the rooms copied on one of the studio sets. And the result was some exquisitely real photography. Ernst Lubitsch, with his famous black cigar and his Napoleon-like lock of hair, is another Director who has made many stars. It is said that Maurice Chevalier is never really happy in the films he makes unless Lubitsch is directing them. Their latest picture, "One Night of Love" gets right back to the charm of that first Chevalier picture, "Innocents of Paris."

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG is the man who has put Marlene Dietrich on the screen. He directed her in Germany, in "The Blue Angel," and then arranged the contract that took her to Hollywood. In her first film over there, "Morocco," he insisted that she should wear the same type of dresses that had proved so popular in the German film; and from the moment Miss Dietrich arrived in California Joseph von Sternberg has been her shadow. It is whispered that he has some fatal influence over her; a sort of Svengali-and-Trilby association is hinted at, and it is quite certain that when von Sternberg is anywhere near her the German star is a changed woman.

Designing clothes for film stars is an interesting and vitally important part of the business of star-making. At the Paramount Studios a clever designer called Travis Banton creates dresses for Carole Lombard, Lilyan Tashman, Frances Dee, Sylvia Sidney and Wynne Gibson. He knows that the secret of making good screen clothes is to be always just *out of Fashion*; neither ahead of it, nor in it, nor behind it. Screen clothes are made at least six months before they can hope to be seen by the general public; if they were ever allowed to be fashionable they would look utterly out of date by the time the films came to be released. So they follow a good line, while avoiding any unmistakable fashion-vogue which might cause an audience to exclaim—"Why, that dress is last season's!"

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios a young man known as Adrian is responsible for the clothes worn by Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo and Anita Page. Miss Davies likes to plan most of her own frocks; Greta Garbo, when she is playing such a character as "Mata Hari," or "Anna Christie," gets hold of prints or sketches that will help her to decide the best style for each dress. Then she consults Adrian, and between

(*Continued on page* 104)

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Large family, the Browns—serving under the Aristoc colours. Three of them enlisted only this month, new recruits to Autumn's forces of fashion. Attention! Duskee, Sepia, Automne—now going on active service at home and abroad—that Aristoc long service which every woman agrees deserves a medal.

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MADE IN ENGLAND
for the GUMS

Star Makers

them they arrive at the final design from which the clothes are made.

One of Hollywood's best-known figures is a man with iron-grey hair and piercing dark eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He is a man who has devoted his whole life to the culture of Beauty, and his name is Max Factor. His Make-up Studio, at the top of Highland Avenue just where it crosses Hollywood Boulevard, is the meeting place for all the Stars. In the small cubicles that line the walls of one of the downstairs rooms behind the Beauty Shop Max Factor has advised all the most famous and beautiful women in the film world about their make-up.

Valentino owed his success to Max Factor, who discovered that the kind of make-up used by the Italian actor was all wrong, and insisted that he should try a certain shade of yellow grease paint. For the first time, Valentino looked right, to the eye of the camera; and from the day he used this new make-up he began to win fame.

In their expansive moments the leading lights of the screen will admit that they owe a very great deal to the men whose names are thrown on the screen at the beginning of every film, under the heading "Cameramen." Mary Pickford, for instance, has had one cameraman for years; his name is Charles Rosher, and there is no angle of the Pickford face and hair that he does not understand and appreciate.

There is one Chinese cameraman in Hollywood, whose name is James W. Howe. His work is exceptionally good, and he has been put under contract by such a shrewd judge as Samuel Goldwyn, after the way he photographed "The Rescue" in which Ronald Colman was the star.

Books

(*Continued from page 77*)

In most sections the fighting ceased when the Armistice was declared. Bullets and shells, being audible, were not discharged. The blockade, being inaudible, continued to be applied for months and months—long after amateur philanthropists in all countries had gone ahead of their Governments in organising relief. In England alone hundreds of thousands of pounds were subscribed with the object of frustrating the effects of the policy of the nation's representatives, and appeals for contributions were openly displayed in all newspapers. In many cases, no doubt, the subscriptions came from the very men who were officially responsible for the continuance of the blockade. But the Viennese family described in Anna Eisenmenger's book were in no state to enjoy Gilbertian humour. They were too busy trying to hold on to the decencies of existence, and even, a little later, to existence itself. What makes the record of our dilatoriness even more painful is the good-mannered patience of the writer. She seems the only lady left in the mad and savage world she describes.

There are no manners left in Herr Lamprecht's book. Like the other, it is half diary, half novel. It deals not with daily menus and weekly budgets, but with the rising under Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the Spartacist Rising, with street fighting, with every man for himself, with Life with the gloves off. Politically, the condition of Berlin was even madder at this time than that of Vienna. The almost incredible state of affairs described in *Regiment Reichstag* is never alluded to-day. But it must be remembered by countless Germans; and their memory tells them that civil war was possible in the streets of Berlin, and their reason must add that what has happened once can happen again. Before these or any other lines now being written are in print, Germany may again be in the throes of civil war. The meaning of the Von Papen Chancellorship and the regime of martial law, the meaning of Hitlerism, the meaning of many puzzling phenomena become clearer from a perusal of Herr Lamprecht's swift, impersonal, cynical narrative.

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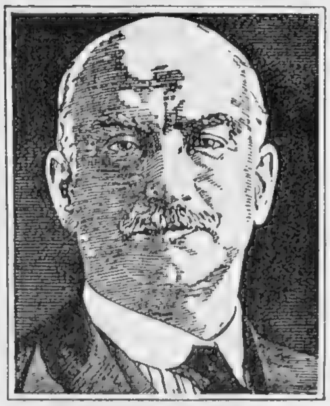
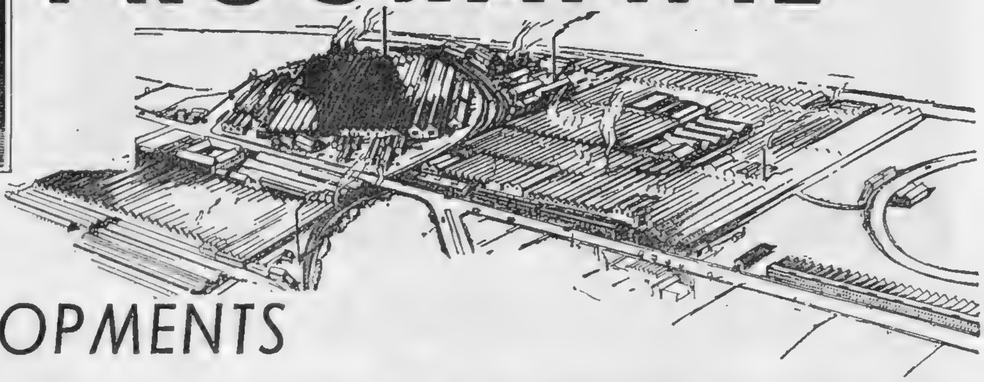


The AUSTIN PROGRAMME



NEW DEVELOPMENTS

1. A NEW MODEL

—the Light Twelve-Four, a car priced at under £200, with a large four-seater de luxe saloon body, four-cylinder power unit, and four-speed Twin-Top gearbox. Built along similar lines to the famous Twelve-Six, this car has a remarkably flexible engine of advanced design, rated at 11.9 h.p.; yet developing 24 brake horse-power. Insulated engine-suspension at three points results in a smooth flow of power. The Light Twelve-Four is also available as a Standard Saloon, a Tourer, and as a Two-Seater. Tax £12.

2. NEW SIXTEEN SALOON

—the Berkeley, with appealing body lines—drop-mounted, long, sleek—and sloping windscreen, streamline front and inclined door pillars as features of its fine contours. The interior improvements include a new flood-lit instrument panel.

3. NEW RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

—a body design which makes this magnificent seven-seater even more than ever like a £1,000 car. Its streamline front, waistline moulding and petrol tank housing, all new, enhance its superb lines.

4. TWO NEW TEN-FOUR MODELS

Companion cars to the famous Ten-Four Saloon—the Tourer and Two-Seater, with quickly erected all-weather equipment. The contour of the back panelling of the Ten-Four de luxe Saloon has also been improved, and larger lamps and Magna wheels with larger sized tyres (4.50 ins. x 18 ins.) added.

5. TWO IMPROVED BODIES ON THE SEVEN

A Four-Seater Tourer and a Two-Seater, both on the long wheelbase chassis. These new roomy bodies, finer in appearance, give greater riding comfort.

6. TWIN-TOP FOUR-SPEED GEARBOX ON THE SEVEN,

at no extra charge, results in better all-round performance and greater driving-ease. Wider brake-drums increase braking efficiency. Other refinements include new finger-tip engine controls on the steering wheel and an improved position for the engine starter.

7. REAR PETROL TANK ON THE SEVEN

is a new feature, coupled with a petrol pump feed, a new horizontal-type carburettor, and a petrol gauge on a new instrument panel.

8. THERMOSTATIC COOLING

A thermostatic cooling system is introduced on the Twenty, Sixteen, Twelve-Four, and Light Twelve-Six models, thus giving greatest engine efficiency whatever the weather and road conditions.

9. INCREASED COMFORT

Hydraulic shock-absorbers and Silentbloc suspension coupled with free-flex zinc spring-interleaving for easier riding . . . heat-proof scuttle, fume-aprons to gear and brake levers and forward-drop exhaust for engine heat and fume isolation.

10. EASIER CONTROL AND SAFETY

Direct-control four-speed gearbox throughout the range, direct-coupled brakes with warning light on all models (excepting the Seven) and windscreen and all windows of Triplex glass.

11. COACHWORK IMPROVEMENTS

All coachwork is designed to give minimum body 'overhang' for the most comfortable riding. (A particularly good example of this practice is the Ten-Four Saloon). All de luxe models have chromium plated lamps, while Magna wheels and bumpers front and rear are fitted on all de luxe models excepting the Seven.

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De Luxe Saloon	**£125**
Standard Saloon	**£115**
Four-Seater Tourer	**£110**
Two-Seater	**£105**

TEN-FOUR MODELS	
De Luxe Saloon	**£168**
Standard Saloon	**£155**
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Two-Seater	**£148**

LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR MODELS	
De Luxe Saloon	**£198**
Standard Saloon	**£178**
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Two-Seater	**£168**

LIGHT TWELVE-SIX MODELS	
De Luxe Saloon	**£218**
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Eton Two-Seater	**£195**

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Burnham De Luxe Saloon	**£288**
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Harrow Two-Seater	**£255**

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TWENTY MODELS New Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet **£575** Whitehall Saloon **£498** *{Prices at Works}*

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COAL
TAR
SOAP

SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

BRITISH MADE

6d.
Per Tablet

Mastic and Drastic

(Continued from page 33)

Idensalmisen was lying outside his house.

"Well, as soon as the bright light which I told you about illuminated my brain, I stopped kicking Idensalmisen and kicked the door of Monsieur Papadopoulos instead.

" 'Thieves ! Robbers ! Assassins ! Murder ! ' bawled Papadopoulos. 'What's that ? '

" 'It was the Archangel Gabriel's slipper,' said I.

" 'What ? ' shouted Papadopoulos, bounding out on to the verandah in the shirt and trousers which evidently he wore in bed as well as out of bed. '*What ?* . . . The Archangel Gabriel ? '

" 'Yes,' said I, 'and worse—the picket. Come down and open the door at once.'

"A minute later bolts and bars were withdrawn, the door unlocked and opened, and there stood Papa, full of wrath, fear, bluster and drink.

" 'What's this ? ' he bawled.

" 'A corpse,' said I. 'A murdered man. A *légionnaire*. Killed in your house . . . assassinated by . . .'

" 'Nonsense ! Rubbish ! He's . . .' spluttered Papa. 'Why, he walked out of my shop as . . .'

" '*Oho*,' said I. '*Aha*,' said I. 'Walked out of *your* shop, did he ? I thought so. Well, I'm going to walk into it.'

" 'You're not,' contradicted Papa, as he suddenly sat down and I stepped over him into the dark interior.

" 'Assault ! ' shouted Papa. 'Battery ! Robbery with violence ! Burglary ! '

" 'Murder, too,' I agreed. 'If you don't light the lamp.' And I drew my bayonet as noisily as I could.

"Papa lit the lamp as quickly as could reasonably be expected.

" 'Now then,' said I. 'First of all, we'll bring the corpse inside and then we'll reconstruct the crime. Then I'll fetch the picket to arrest you, so be careful, for anything you may say will be twisted into evidence against you.'

" 'I tell you I'm innocent,' shouted Papa.

" 'Don't tell me,' I replied coldly. 'Tell Captain Le Sage. Come and fetch the body in, before somebody else robs it. You take the feet . . . So . . .'

"Reverently we laid the body of Idensalmisen on the floor beneath the lamp, and I closed and locked the door.

" 'Now then,' said I. 'Tell me exactly what happened.'

" 'Happened ? ' he blustered. 'How do I know what happened ? I never saw him before in my life. Is it my fault that somebody knocked the drunken dog on the head, outside my shop ? . . . Are you such a fool as not to know that when they murder a man in one of the dives, they always lay his body outside somebody *else's* house ? '

" 'Oh, that's your habit and custom, is it, Monsieur Papadopoulos ? ' I replied. 'Well, we'll use that piece of evidence against you. Now then, stop lying and tell the truth. Directly you saw, by the pure cold light of the moon, the poor dead face of my murdered comrade, the first words you uttered were : "He walked out of my shop." Those were your very words, your voluntary free confession. And to that I'll take my solemn oath before the drum-head court-martial that to-morrow will sentence you to be shot. Soldiers of France are not murdered.'

"Idensalmisen emitted a loud snore.

" 'No,' agreed Papadopoulos quickly. 'They get drunk.'

" 'Soldiers of France are not murdered with impunity, I was about to say,' I resumed, 'and soldiers of France are being poisoned, assassinated, murdered, destroyed in this foul den.'

" 'That one, for example ? ' sneered Papadopoulos, as Idensalmisen snored again.

" 'Yes, that one, *par exemple*. That one, now dying at your feet. That one, who will soon be as dead as poor young D'Alvers, the son of a General. Yes, Monsieur l'Assassin, what of D'Alvers, now lying stiff beneath the sand ? . . . Poisoned by you . . . What of him and of my other comrades, Maartens, Burgher, Poussin, Petrovitch, Krafft ? All dead ; all murdered ; all poisoned. . . . And who all died accusing *you*.'

" 'What ? ' cried Papadopoulos, aghast.

"I knew he could not have seen any of the five, for those who weren't in the holes labelled *Cells* were in the similar hole labelled *Hospital*.

" 'Now then, once again and for the last time, how did you poison them ? What dreadful drink did you give to these splendid men, these distinguished drinkers ? What did you give them, I say ? '

" 'What did I give them ? ' snarled Papadopoulos. 'What should I give them but a bottle of good honest *pinard* ?—if I ever gave them anything at all, that is to say. I doubt if I ever set eyes on one of them.'

"And suddenly he stopped, and a look of slyness, an artful smile, and the light of an idea illuminated his dull and greasy countenance.

" 'Yes ? ' I drawled sneeringly.

" 'What *you* want, I say . . . is a drink,' continued Papadopoulos.

"And even as he spoke, I saw his game.

"Before he said another word I knew with absolute certainty that *ce bon* Papa was going to pour me out a bottle of the identical high-explosive that had shattered my five comrades, blown poor young D'Alvers to Hell, and put Idensalmisen to sleep.

" 'You wait one moment,' said Papa, 'and I'll give you a bottle of the best wine you ever tasted. None of your Algerian slops. Some real Greek wine that's travelled thousands of miles and cost me an incredible amount for carriage alone. And if I give you a bottle of this priceless stuff, you've got to carry this dog's-body out again, and get him along the road. . . . Get him back to the Fort . . .'

"I could have laughed aloud. Instead, I smiled pleasantly.

"*Bon*. I had deserved well of My Captain. I, Tant de Soif, had done as he had bidden. I had discovered the man, the place and the potion.

"My smile must have grown wolfish, for, without another word, Papa waddled off, leaving me alone with the body of my comrade.

" 'Yes, he is dying,' I said, as Papa entered the shop from the door at the back behind the counter. 'Dying here in a foreign land so far from home and. . . .'

" 'Well, drown sorrow then, *légionnaire*,' interrupted Papa brutally, as with a loud pop he drew a cork and poured a yellowish liquid, heavy and oily-looking, into a mug.

"I picked the mug up and smelt the stuff.

"Now, of what did it remind me ? I wonder if you've noticed—but, of course, you must have done—how smells evoke memories. Yes, much more than sounds or sights.

"Directly I smelt this 'wine,' I had a vision of my section at work on a ground-clearing fatigue. I was hacking down and grubbing up *lentisk* bushes.

"I beheld the scene as distinctly as I now smelt resin. . . . 'Greek wine' ! We got some once, I remembered, on the way to Saigon—or was it Beyrout ? Anyhow, we got it at Alexandria. They called it Greek wine, and we called it stewed pine-bark, boiled resin, and extract of fir-cone.

" 'Drink it, man, drink it. Drink it down,' urged Papa. 'You a *légionnaire*, and afraid of a half-litre of fine wine ! '

"Cautiously I tasted it, just a sip.

"Name of a name ! But it was fiery stuff.

"Tilting back my head I filled my mouth ; it burnt it. My friends, that distilled brimstone burnt the mouth of Tant de Soif. The mere fumes of it affected my brain.

"Staggering to the door of the shop, mug in hand, I lurched out into the street, emptied my mouth into the gutter, and smacked my lips.

"I could taste nothing, feel nothing.

"Mon Dieu ! What marvellous stuff ! . . .

What a temptation! . . . Bottled Satan!

“ Did I fall? Did I falter? Did I fail? Did I show myself unworthy of My Captain's trust? No. A thousand times no!

“ I thought of Le Sage, and said ‘ Get thee behind me, Satan.’

“ I thought of three weeks in a black but red-hot cell . . . and I was true to my trust, faithful to my master, loyal to my officer.

“ ‘ Get thee behind me, Papadopoulos,’ I bawled; dashed the contents of the mug upon the ground, and stormed back into the shop.

“ ‘ I'm drunk!’ I roared. ‘ I'm mad! I'm the Archangel Gabriel . . .!’

“ Papadopoulos sniggered.

“ ‘ That's so, *légionnaire,*’ he said. ‘ You are, and you'll be in Heaven in a minute. That way to Heaven, through the door, and turn to your left. Take your *copain* with you. Come on, catch hold . . .’

“ And a minute later, Idensalmisen and I were out in the street, and Papa's door was banged, barred and bolted behind us.

“ ‘ B*ON, mon enfant,*’ said Captain Le Sage next morning, when I told him of the adventure of the night. ‘ And *le légionnaire* Idensalmisen is still asleep, is he? . . . H'm . . . While ideas were flowing so freely into your otherwise empty skull, you didn't get the bright idea of bringing the bottle along with you, I suppose? . . . No? . . . You wouldn't. Would you know it again, or a similar one?’

“ ‘ But yes, *mon Capitaine*. Half-litre size, with sloping shoulders, rather like a hock-bottle; indentation in the base and a thickened rim round the neck.’

“ ‘ Most observant. First-class scout—among bottles,’ said Le Sage. ‘ Good. Tell Sergeant Salzburger that I shall accompany the picket to-night, and that he's to take you.’

“ Sure enough, out he marched with the picket that evening and went into every wine-shop in the place.

“ The procedure in each place was the same. Having satisfied himself that all things were in order, and that every *légionnaire* who should have a pass had got it, Le Sage smiled in a fatherly manner, and then, in his most brutal voice, ordered everyone to clear out immediately and to report at the *poste* as soon as possible or a good deal sooner.

“ And last of all we came to the shop of Monsieur Papadopoulos. The same there.

“ ‘ *Garde à vous!* . . . *Fixe!* . . . Show all passes. . . . Excellent.’

“ And then:

“ ‘ Sergeant Salzburger, take names. Every man, drunk or sober, dead or alive, to be inside Fort Bugeaud within five minutes.’

“ ‘ Carry on, Sergeant Salzburger,’ says he, as soon as the shop was empty.

“ ‘ Close the door and guard it, Tant de Soif,’ he added, as we tramped off.

“ And you can bet that, having closed it, I mounted guard on the inside.

“ Then Le Sage turned to Papadopoulos, who was looking mighty uncomfortable and a bit yellower than usual.

“ ‘ Now, my friend,’ said Le Sage, and seated himself at a little table by the counter. ‘ I must apologise for—er—disturbing harmony and—er—possibly interfering with business and—er—curtailing profits and—er—spoiling sport, and all that. However, we'll have a little harmony all to ourselves.’

“ ‘ Yes, a little harmony and a little profit. You and I are going to crack a bottle together, Monsieur Papadopoulos. Or better still, we'll have a bottle each. More profit, eh, Monsieur Papadopoulos, if not more harmony!

“ ‘ Yes, a bottle each. Now, first of all, you fetch me a bottle of your very best. The very best you've got.’

“ ‘ *Monsieur le Commandant,* it is too much honour for my poor wine-shop. *Hèlas!* I have nothing worthy; nothing better than the wine of Algerie, only poor *pinard!*’

“ ‘ And it's half water, eh? And dirty water at that. Well, it has to be good enough for my brave fellows, so it has to be good enough for me. Bring me a bottle.’

“ With more

(*Continued on page* 108)

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Mastic and Drastic

waggles of his great hands and shrugs of his fat shoulders, Papadopoulos began another apology, but as Le Sage eyed him with the tigerish glare that could make even us *légionnaires* tremble, and picked up his riding-whip, Papadopoulos leapt about and seized a bottle from the scores arrayed on the shelf behind him.

" With this and a glass and a corkscrew in his hands he galloped round the counter, placed the glass on the table before Le Sage, drew the cork and poured out the wine.

" Picking up the glass, Le Sage smelt the wine, tasted it, and replaced the glass upon the table.

" ' Like a kind of wine,' he said. ' There's a smell and a flavour about it that suggests a sort of . . . almost . . . should one say . . . a species of bad claret, *hein?* . . . H'm. Now a bottle for Monsieur Papadopoulos. Yes, a bottle for Monsieur Papadopoulos, and he and I will sit down and drink together—in harmony . . . and with profit.'

" With a somewhat shaky hand, Papadopoulos returned behind the counter and took another bottle from the same shelf—a bottle exactly like the one he had given to Le Sage.

" ' Oh dear me, no,' protested Le Sage, as Papadopoulos turned round with the bottle in his hand. ' Surely *Monsieur le Propriétaire* doesn't propose to drink the same poor stuff as he gives his customers? '

" ' But, *M'sieu le Commandant*, I assure you, . . .' began Papadopoulos.

" ' And I'll assure you with my hand on your throat,' replied Le Sage, ' if you don't do what I tell you. You go and get a bottle of that rare old Greek wine, the fine, grand wine that has travelled thousands of miles and cost you an incredible amount for carriage alone. Leave me the Algerian slops, and get, *Monsieur le Propriétaire*—as is only fitting—a bottle of that priceless stuff, that " best wine he ever tasted." '

" ' *M'sieu le Commandant*,' whimpered Papadopoulos, ' I do not understand. . . .'

" ' No? Well, get a bottle of the wine you gave my rascals, Burgher and Maartens and Krafft and Poussin and Petrovitch. Yes, and poor young D'Alvers. Get a bottle of the wonderful wine you opened last night for that scoundrel over there.'

" And swinging his great body round, Le Sage pointed at me.

" ' Recognise him? ' he growled at Papadopoulos. ' He's the man you didn't poison last night. Wonderful feller, isn't he? ' jeered Le Sage. ' All merry and bright, smart and smiling—after drinking a bottle of your rare Greek wine.

" ' *Rare Greek wine!* ' he growled. ' Well, it's going to be rarer.

" ' Go and get a bottle, quick,' he snapped.

" ' It's finished, *M'sieu le Commandant*. I swear to God that was the last bottle.'

" ' Ah? Yes? The wine that killed my *légionnaire?* So you did sell it to them, did you? Until it was finished, eh? '

" ' Listen, my good Papadopoulos,' said Le Sage in his softest, silkiest voice. ' Be wise. Be advised. Go and get the bottle of the rare old Greek wine.' Papadopoulos shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, and turned to the door behind him.

" ' Go with him, you,' snapped Le Sage.

" Nothing loth, I saluted, dashed round the counter and through the doorway, in pursuit of Papa.

" Down a short flight of steps he waddled into a sort of cellar or *silo*, dimly lighted by a native lamp.

" ' Sh! ' whispered Papa, glancing apprehensively over my shoulder. ' What about a ten-franc note—and the wrong bottle, *hein?* Ten francs. . . . A thousand centimes. A clean new ten-franc note. . . . '

" I felt that if I were exceeding my duty and going beyond my instructions in fetching Papa a kick, I could plead excess of zeal.

" It was a good kick.

" Papa, with a groan, and what I think was a wicked word in Greek, scurried to the corner of the cellar and picked out one from a mound of bottles lying on their sides.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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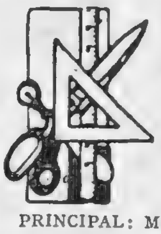

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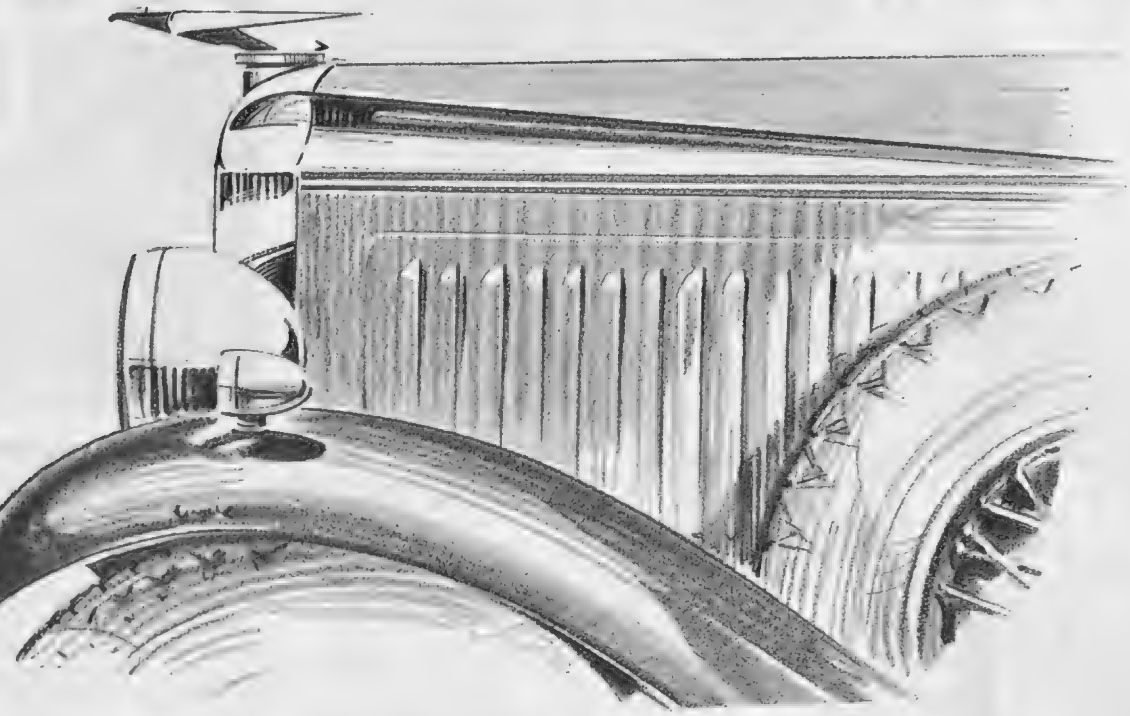

IT'LL be said—even to *you*. But if you're just you will give the Cadet the credit. For the new 1933 Vauxhall Cadet is so smooth and simple that it just *makes* you drive well. Synchro-Mesh gears make a bad gear-change impossible—you just move the lever across while giving your whole attention to the road. The Silent Second makes it pleasant to *use* your gears as you should. Steering, acceleration, braking, are all so accurate that there is no question of "holding" the car—the controls respond smoothly to your wishes.

Great strides in engine efficiency have been made in the 1933 Cadet. You now get more miles to the gallon with smoother acceleration and sweeter performance—due to improved carburation. And as for looks—the Cadet, with its improved body lines, is one of the most aristocratic cars on the road. The bonnet flutes are now gleaming chromium.

Ask any dealer for a trial run in the Cadet, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

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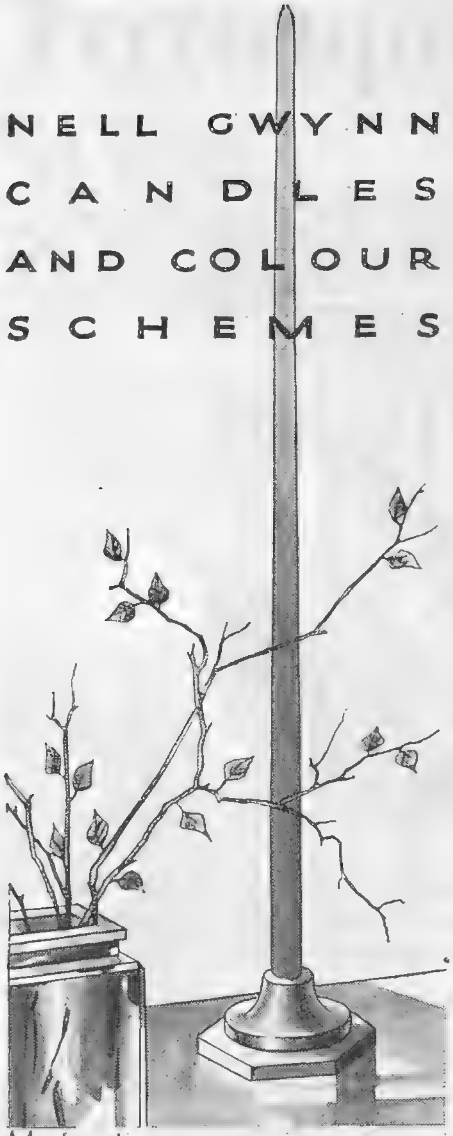

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EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

"It was of the right shape, anyhow, whatever it might contain. . . .

" 'Ah!' smiled Le Sage, as we re-entered the shop. 'Found one, have you, Monsieur Papadopoulos? Good. Now open it and come and sit down.'

" '*M'sieu le Commandant*, it is too much honour. I . . .'

" 'Open that bottle, pour out a glass, and sit down on that chair.'

"Trembling, with shaking hands, Papa obeyed as best he might.

" 'Ah, a golden wine,' observed Le Sage. 'Wine of Chios? . . . Allow me.'

"And picking up the glass, Le Sage smelt the liquor.

" 'H'm. . . . Curious. . . . Also resinous. . . . D'you know, my friend, anyone who did not know that this was rare old Greek wine might be forgiven for thinking it was *raki* or *arrak* or medicine . . . or furniture polish . . . or *mastic*? D'you know, Monsieur Papadopoulos, that that's what I should have called it—*mastic*? Just nasty, dangerous, deadly, poisonous *mastic*. However, I'm glad I'm wrong. I'm glad it's rare old Greek wine—for your sake. . . . Drink it up.'

" 'But, *M'sieu le Commandant*, your Excellency, I never drink. I'm a man of the most abstemious . . .'

" 'Drink that up,' he ordered, and unfastened the flap of his pistol holster.

"Really pale by this time, and with a hand that shook till the wine spilt, Papadopoulos obeyed.

" 'Fill up again,' he said in his orderly-room voice, 'and don't spill any.'

" '*M'sieu le Commandant*, I beseech . . .'

"Le Sage put his hand on the butt of his revolver.

" 'At once,' he said, and, with a quick look round, like that of a trapped beast, a glance that came to rest on Le Sage's half-drawn automatic, Papadopoulos again obeyed.

" 'Ah!' smiled Le Sage, 'we'll call that Burgher's bottle, eh? Now we'll have Maartens'. Then Krafft's. Then, after that, Poussin's and Petrovitch's. Then one for Idensalmisen, who is still asleep. And so we shall arrive at D'Alvers's bottle.'

" 'Go and get Maarten's bottle,' he continued.

" '*M'sieu le Comma . . . Comma . . .* hic . . .'

"Le Sage made a threatening movement, and Papadopoulos lurched to his feet.

" 'Go with him, you,' ordered Le Sage.

"And again we went to the cellar.

"He opened the second bottle himself, poured out the two big glasses, one after the other, and drank them.

"And so it went on.

"Then suddenly Le Sage said:

" 'We will now drink to the *memory* of a man, a fine man, a soldier who called himself D'Alvers. Open the bottle, Tant de Soif, and fill the glass of Monsieur Papadopoulos.'

"I did so.

"Le Sage raised his glass.

" 'To the memory of *le Légionnaire* D'Alvers,' he said. 'Drink, Monsieur Papadopoulos.'

"For the last time Papadopoulos obeyed. Lowering his head to the glass, he drank suckingly . . . clutched the glass in his two hands, drank from it, dropped it with a crash, and sprawled across the table, and then to the floor.

" 'Wake him up,' ordered Le Sage. 'Revive the gentleman. Bring him round.'

"Le Sage stood tapping the leg of his boot with his whip.

" 'Well, you certainly found the stuff, my lad,' he said at length. 'That was the genuine article, all right.'

" '*Oui, mon Capitaine*,' said I. 'I'm afraid I shan't be able to bring him round—for some more. He's dead drunk.'

"Le Sage laughed.

" 'He's drunk dead, too, *mon enfant*,' he said. 'Quite dead.'

"And, as always, My Captain was right."

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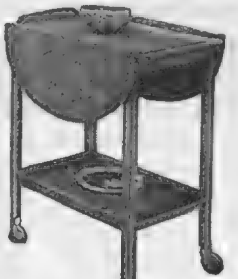

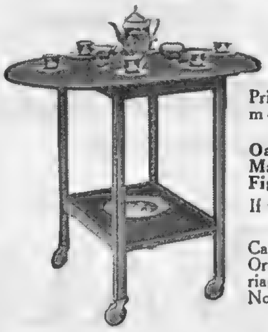

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Complete House Furnishers,

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Big Business

(*Continued from page* 39)

were the Orient Express from Paris to Vienna, the Sud Express to Madrid and the Mediterranean Express.

Luxury trains soon began to spread all over the Continent, and in 1896 the first train was driven from Paris to St. Petersburg, two years later being extended through Moscow to Irkutsk in Siberia.

Mr. Thomas Cook, however, had died in 1892 at the age of eighty-four, leaving his business in the hands of his son, Mr. John Mason Cook, and his grandsons, the last of whom finally retired only three years ago.

From the 'nineties to the World War the expansion of the Cook business and the International Sleeping Car Company—although in no way then related—followed a normal upward curve. Cook's spread to the Far East, following the drift of Empire trade. It was the proud boast of the company that it could produce a uniformed representative in every big city of the world. Offices controlled by the Ludgate Circus headquarters sprang up in Shanghai, San Francisco, New York—where there are five to-day—and Tientsin; in Kobe, Luxor, Oldham, Johannesburg, Los Angeles and Calcutta." To-day there are three hundred and fifty branches throughout the world.

The International Sleeping Car Company was also extending its agencies for the sale of its tickets. It began to run trains in Egypt and Syria, in Morocco and Spain, and even in China. Its boast, too, was that its uniformed representatives on its own cars were to be found all over the world.

A company registered in Belgium, it had directors of four nationalities on its board. The first of its post-war expresses, the " Blue Train " was composed of cars made in Birmingham, a concession to the British capital invested in the company. Then came the " Golden Arrow," the Pullman express between Paris and London, with more British-built carriages.

Almost as many tickets for its services were sold by Cook's as by its own agencies, and in 1928 came a great fusion of interests between the two companies. With a stroke of the pen Cook's Wagons-Lits became a travel organisation of staggering size.

Sir Edmund Wyldbore-Smith, the ex-Civil servant who had succeeded the last of the Cook family as chairman of the firm, and Col. Backhouse, D.S.O., another director, joined the Cie Internationale des Wagons-Lits as Vice-President and director respectively. There was a general merging of the two boards—and also, in lesser degree, that of the Pullman Company—under the Wagons-Lits presidency of the great Belgian financier, M. Maurice Despret.

To-day the Cie Internationale has 2,500 sleeping and dining cars running in Europe, the Near East and China, while Cook's, from its new offices in Berkeley Street, continues to thrive on a partnership which is financially dependent on, yet independent of, the big Wagons-Lits concern which so lives up to its title of " International " that it can claim to be controlled by no particular country.

The extent of the Cook's monopoly on the sphere of world travel may be gauged by the fact that in the United States alone it has twelve offices, prospering despite the intense competition of its American rivals. But what would Mr. Thomas Cook say if he knew that his allied company sold so much wine in its restaurant cars that they even had their own vineyards ?

An Autumn Catalogue

REALLY excellent rain-coats and tailor wear originate from the Aquascutum shop in Regent Street. The catalogue they have just brought out, which is partly reproduced in colour, is most helpful for choosing winter armament against the weather, and a new black and silver booklet has been prepared for mid-winter wear which will be sent to all interested readers on request. Write to Aquascutum, Regent Street, and mention " Britannia & Eve."

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Vanishing Cream
Matt-Creme
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Vanishing Cream
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Face Powder
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T*he* Great Family Fracas

(Continued from page 27)

So that we are too ready to check the feet of youth; to advise and to command youth.

But no man who has brought his own journey of adventure thus early to an end should do more than hopefully salute the young ones pressing to pass him. If he himself has stopped travelling let him stand aside. There are inevitably better men than he who have a road to build beyond his outposts.

The armchair makes pedants of us all.

Youth suffers, as it always did, from misguidance and easy sentimental thinking. I was at a confirmation service in the chapel of a public school. There were the boys, many of them deeply touched, emotionally; there was the Bishop addressing them. And he urged them that, on this threshold of life, when their thoughts would be turning soon towards their work and careers, they should not choose definitely the career that would bring them most earthly reward, but should make their first object the dedication of themselves and their powers to the service of the community.

There sat the parents, row upon row, and on nearly every face was stamped anxiety and sacrifice. Very few rich men's sons go to this particular school. These parents had in most cases planned and struggled to send their boys there; and I wondered that hassocks and hymn books did not hurtle about the Bishop's dreamy and devoted head.

I don't think this is the way to talk in an emotionalised hour to emotionalised youth. Youth—male and female—should realise a practical initial duty. The Bishop's exhortation was spiritually lovely, but actually dangerous. We all know that there are fine men and brave men who cannot make money, and who never will. Money-making in excess and to the exclusion of other talents and qualities, is deplorable. But the first duty of all youth, male and female, is to become, as early in life as feasible, responsible and self-supporting citizens of the world in which they find themselves. Otherwise, of what service can they be?

The young are misguided by phrases. Young people—who pine for "freedom" as they all do—should be told clearly that there is no true freedom until you have earned and bought it with your own work and your own money. Other people's money is no good, and an allowance from parents is a stigma to be thrown off as soon as possible.

WE have among us now famous thinkers and teachers of youth along new and rational lines, but no amount of teaching, thinking, philosophising and freedom will ever replace exactly in the inexperienced heart of childhood all that a truly happy home means, and the people who lament the passing of the best type of home and the rising of the new one know quite well what they are grieving for. They lament the passing of the houses large enough for a real family because of the wonderful sense of security and "belonging" that these homes could give. They provided big dreamy nurseries, with cupboards in which each child could keep, strictly in its own preserve, its great possessions. There was room for everything.

Homes such as some people, remembering, sigh for, had gardens where, perhaps, every child could own a strip.

Home was a whole world by itself.

In these homes there were tempests, misunderstandings, battle, and youthful disillusion, just as in the smaller homes of to-day—*but the compensations were greater*. The stability and the beauty, the static basis on which such a home was founded, filled this little world with peculiar and irreplaceable treasure. We do not care for the word "static" to-day; it is in contempt. But it is the only state for home-making as for centuries we have understood it, and now shall understand it no more.

These homes have passed, and lamentation is futile. What the youngsters are doing is right—they are looking ahead. The old family fracas goes on, but the new order of things is here, and escape from the family and the fracas grows easier and easier. Boys and girls are escaping earlier and faster and more eagerly from the smaller homes of to-day than they escaped from the world of the larger home. The bonds are so slender; the old music grows so faint. In many cases now there is nothing to which to look back; to return.

"Our boy and girl are out in the world—their own rooms—their own flats; we shall give up housekeeping; we shall travel; we shall live in a hotel." Thus thousands upon thousands of middle-class parents, giving up Home, give up, with it, their sons and daughters.

Back to Nature. Yes, this is back to Nature, the young prospecting forth unhindered as soon as they mature. For holidays they too will travel, with others of their own age; they will "hike"; they will play games and dance and ski, and crowd their glorious hour. But few of them will go "home," for "home" will not be there, or will have shrunk to the proportions of a country cottage or a service flat. And the generations will not mix; in fact, they will mix less than in the past, for never have they been so sharply and truly separated.

It is as if, out of the misunderstandings and the warfare of the generations, some kind of truth is being arrived at—rather starkly perhaps; but inevitably; and the young, the middle-aged and the old are saying frankly, if politely, to each other: "We do not seem to mix." They can agree so amiably—with earlier and completer separation—to differ.

So, back to Nature, a harsh lawmaker; but she knows.

END

Q*ueer* Tales *of* Long Ago

(Continued from page 45)

with, the great secret at last was revealed. There was no time to be lost. The Princess gave the alarm, at the same time holding firmly the hand of the young man, which had grown cold, she thought, with fear.

As the torch cast its flickering gleam on the scene, a shriek of terror came from the girl. The arm she was holding had been severed from a dead man and tied to the bed . . .

The shy young man had disappeared.

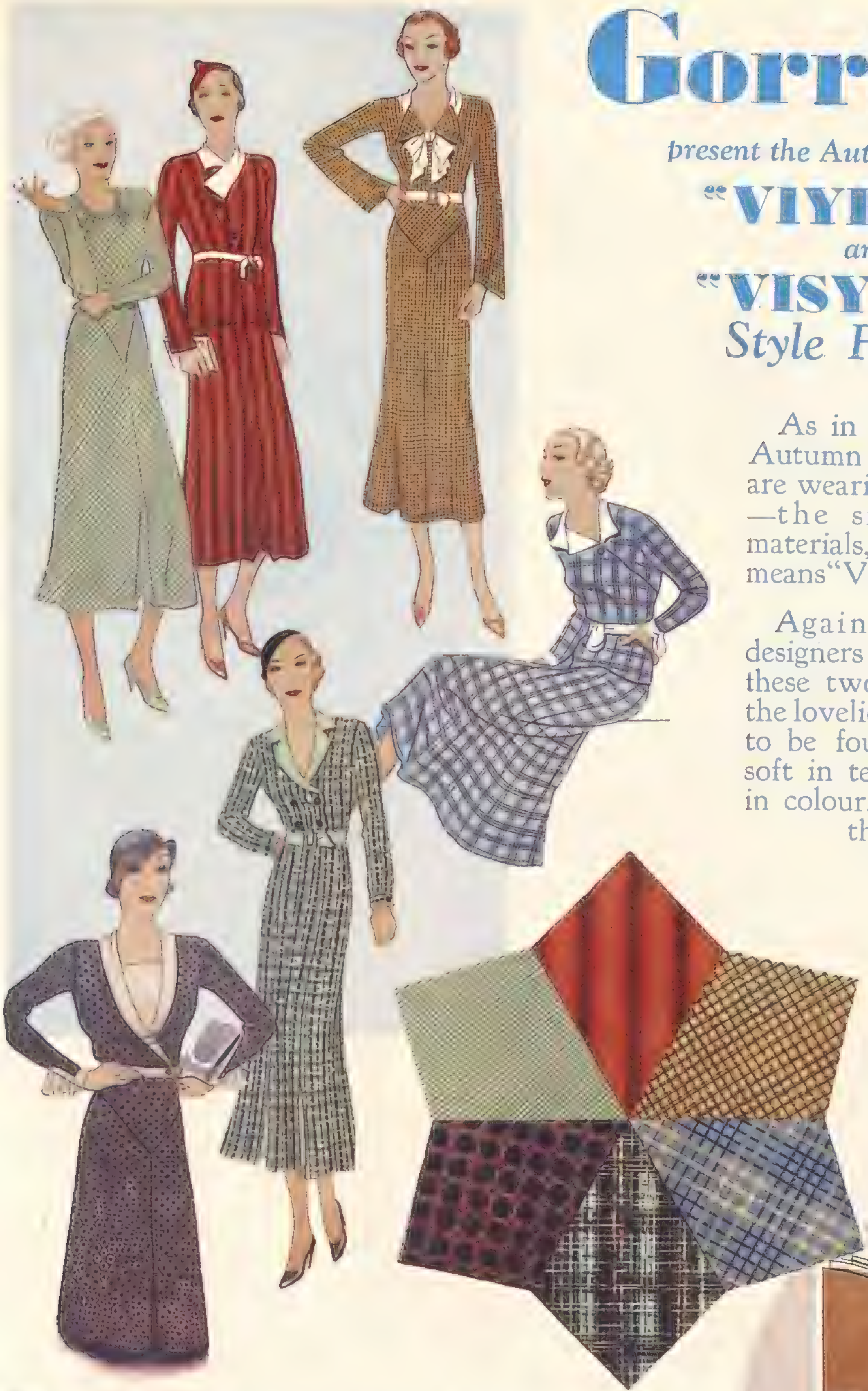
The enterprising rascal, inflamed with desire, put fortune to the hazard; yet, anticipating that something of the sort might be his portion, had provided himself with a human limb obtained from a mortuary and hidden it under his cloak.

AGAIN Rhampsinitus was foiled. The cunning dexterity of the unknown man transcended his imagination, and admiration worked upon the royal mind to such a point that the curiosity of knowing personally this genius of resource gained an ascendency over every other emotion.

Messengers were sent all over the country, spreading the news that the King had granted a full pardon; in addition, a handsome reward was promised to the author of the tricks if he would come forward. And so, a few days later a good-looking boy came into his presence and made the complete confession. The King remarked: "Egyptians are the cleverest people in the world, but this man undoubtedly is the cleverest even of the Egyptians."

So delighted was he with his ingenuity that he considered the young man well worthy of receiving in marriage his beautiful daughter.

And so—happily, if far from morally—the story came to its close.



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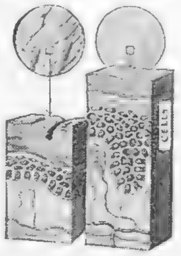

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Germany Studies the Stars

(*Continued from page 23*)

thousands of recently arrived prophets and the occult Press will cast horoscopes for all, for the backfisch and for Hindenburg, and on all matters, from the outcome of the Olympic Games to the future of the Soviet.

Foretelling the political future, in Germany, occupies the "splash" positions of the occult newspapers. The ones I bought say that Hitler by himself is no go, that he must join up with Hindenburg in view of the fact that the old marshal has a more commanding horoscope. Personally, I should have imagined Hitler had the worst horoscope ever, for he is not only under Saturn, but is positively full of thirteens—but there I go, that is kabbalistic and has nothing to do with the stars. At all events, one paper, *Der Seher*, taking Hitler kabbalistically, infers that Adolph is due to collapse catastrophically after all manner of bother. But turn to *Deutschlands Zukunft* or DZ and you find that Hitler is all set to thrive because he is under the sign of Taurus, with No. 7 of the Taroc, implying the conqueror in a chariot. Yet Hindenburg goes one better, having Capricorn and the chariot. These are nativity horoscopes. Seers also tell for the present and the future. It is all very confusing. One thing is certain: if you give the date, month and year of your birth, and where, any one of Berlin's army of overworked prophets will tell you all about yourself and the future. And it goes down: that is the extraordinary part. Else why should these hard-up people pay pounds and pounds for the stuff, as they obviously must do?

The high priest is Jan Hanussen, whose real name is Jacob Steinschneider. Hanussen has headquarters on the Kurfürstendamm, has his own paper, the *Bunte Wochenschau* or BW, and is among the most sought-after men in Berlin ever since he told Prince Lobkowitz to drive carefully in a race in which he was killed. That made Hanussen, if, indeed, he had not already been consecrated by the tribunal of Leitmeritz which, in a fraud case, found that Hanussen possessed mysterious spiritual powers. That sent droves of new clients to Hanussen, who bought a yacht, several cars, and started a racing stable. The high priest, by the way, began as an acrobat, juggler and illusionist, and first made headway by exposing Breitbart, "the strongest man in the world." At the Vienna Romacher music-hall, Hanussen hypnotised a frail girl, Martha Farra, and caused her mysteriously to outdo Breitbart. For which breach of professional ethics, Hanussen was soundly thrashed and had to leave. He left for Berlin and for fortune. Such is the man who is high priest of contemporary German magic, and very pro-Hitler, and it may be worth while to remember his beginnings. It is thus that serious astrologers are greatly alarmed at the turn of events. They have been in congress at Erfurt and at Stettin, and at the former passed a resolution declining all responsibility concerning the use of astrology for party purposes.

The craze in Germany runs the gamut from the impoverished Friedrichstrasse girl obtaining her horoscope at a mark by the reading of coffee grounds on a plate to the greatest horoscope of all—that of the enigmatic "Third Reich" under which Hitler will assure "the magic unity of a nation." It is a strange reflection that the Nazis swear by an occult system which removes much of the will of man and substitutes a celestial fatalism.

Of the queer tale told here, I imagine two aspects will survive. How Hitlerism was aided on by very venal star-reading from down here below, duly broadcast and swallowed up by the multitude—as strange a phenomenon, surely, as any since the War. And how, behind all this political astrology and contagion to the person in the street, yearning for stellar comfort in post-war travail, there lay a serious German movement to grapple with the things lying beyond Science.

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but she's got to
grow as well

They use *twice* the energy you do

LIFE'S a grand romp for children in summer time. Just watch them tearing round — the effort and energy they put into every little thing they do. And they're on the go from morning until night.

You would not want to have them otherwise, but even sturdy children when they're growing fast run the risk of getting over-tired and out-of-sorts in summer.

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BRITISH THROUGHOUT

"Out of the Bottle"

Photo—Walter Bird

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Gone Bright

(*Continued from page* 21)

There is, of course, no such thing as *the* fast set, *the* Bright Young People. There are only a multitude of little groups and gangs, running from the moneyed middle-classes through the plutocracy to the outer fringe of the titled classes (the word "aristocracy" fails to contain all the human beings who to-day have handles to their names). One revolves round a peer's daughter; it sneers at another revolving round a middle-class girl whose war-rich parents get a snobbish kick out of the idea that their daughter is the leader of a social set whose parties have been mentioned (thanks to pressing invitations to hungry and thirsty newspaper men and women) in gossip columns. A wealthy bookmaker's daughter finances a third, whose dynamic spirit is a politician's daughter who plays around the cabarets and calls all the raffish folk of stageland and vaudeville by their Christian names. But one could fill a page with a list of the various sets and their respective leaders and the shades of social degree which distinguish them and keep them apart.

A handsome young negro who sings with an Oxford accent in cabarets is tolerated in one set because its female leader thinks him "too marvellous"; another set lower in the social and sophistication scale would give its eyes to get him along to one of its Kensington parties, because that would give it much the same *caché* as a Hollywood hostess would get if Greta Garbo appeared in her house. But a sort of social cocktail of unattached young men (new women are not welcomed by the females of the cliques), of the most varied description, floats from set to set, like those fashionable painters, writers and actors who cross social divides in all directions. Picked up somewhere, at a night-club, a cocktail party, a charity ball, Brooklands, a speed-boat meeting, a riverside "speak-easy" (the Thames has them now), a Paris bar, a Riviera sun-playground, in a cross-Channel boat or a night express, they turn up at the invitation of a "gang" member for a dance, a drink, a meal, a midnight swimming party, a treasure hunt, a "baby" or "girls-will-be-boys-and-boys-girls" party, and gradually join the regulars, or drop out after that once and are never seen again. They are all sorts, from a gigolo to a young "axed" army or navy officer or civil servant from one of Britain's tropical possessions, a business man's son, a dress designer, a half-commission man, an art student or somebody's subsidised son, a type from which the fast sets are largely recruited.

In the old days it was always the man who ruined the weak, susceptible girl. He tempted her with money, luxury, silks and satins, relief from work or poverty. But more and more, as women move towards psychological as well as economic equality, the thing is evened up as between the sexes; and the new emancipation of the female is largely the explanation of the existence of fast sets and Bright Young People.

Go along to a fast-set party, one of those cocktail-guzzling, falsetto-chattering, let's-play-a-new-game affairs that start at ten and go on until six a.m. (punctuated by retirements for vomits), and you find in nine cases out of ten it is a woman who pays the bill. Even when a male is host, he pays with a woman's money. And almost every party of the Bright Young People takes place in a woman's house.

The explanation is simple. The men who belong to these sets are of the type who are dominated by women and are content to be the playthings or paramours of women. Pekinese men and Borzoi men, decorative, decadent, docile and (or) drunken. They may snap occasionally, but so will your inbred Alsatian who normally obeys his mistress's word and whip. Your rips and bloods, your gamblers, Don Juans and

(*Continued on page* 118)

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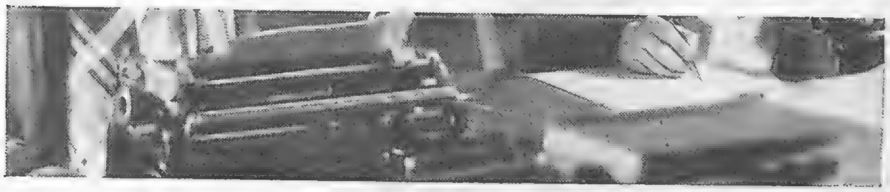

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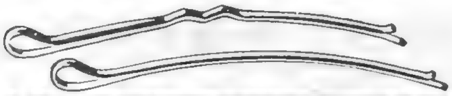

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Casanovas may raid in these sets for an hour or two for play or prey ; but they never belong to them. Their virility, their essential masculinity, will not permit them to play around with male emasculates in sets where the female sets the pace and pays the piper.

Fatal, debilitating for the male, these sets formed by women of a certain sort for their own amusement, and financed by the independent incomes or the ill-advised paternal or maternal allowances. London is spattered with the wrecks of promising lives, holed and sunk on these rocks where the sirens whistle jazz songs and beguile with waving whisky bottles.

And the end of these men—not the natural emasculates, but the flies caught in the web ? Some, poor devils, live to become the husbands of their wives. (The phrase is self-explanatory.) The wives are usually older than they, and women of character, who know what they want, and choose a husband rather as most moneyed men choose a wife, for qualities of decor, charm, and acquiescence, chiefly. "It works very well," one sophisticated woman in this category confessed to me once, "so long as one doesn't give the man the whip hand by falling in love."

That happens more often than not.

The fast sets are peppered with these young men who pass from woman to woman. Jealousy in some cases results in a man being "run" by one woman merely in order to spite a rival. She asks the man to lunch, to dine, to dance, and she always pays the bill. She must, for the poor dear has no money.

There was one young man, a prominent figure in Bright Young People circles in the early treasure hunting days, who had a flair for this sort of thing. He drove a roaring sports car of the most expensive make through the nocturnal streets of town on treasure hunts, and half the girls of his set had a crush on him (and his crimson car). The car came out of the motor business he had been set up in by a wealthy widow who could not resist his charm. She had no children of her own, and he captivated her.

When, however, this philanthropist found that her *protégé* was living with a divorced woman, and, moreover, had been getting money out of another woman whom he had met through her purchase of one of his cars, she flew into a jealous rage, and demanded the return of the £10,000 she had paid out to set him up in business.

He simply laughed at her. If she tried to sue him, he said, the world would immediately believe the worst of her. He didn't care. His benefactor, however, was not so easily blackmailed. She privately sent for both the other women with whom the gentleman was friendly, and calmly told them the facts.

The divorcée had thought that the man's business was his own. She was enraged to know that he owed everything to another woman. She was a woman of violent temper. She sought the man out in his favourite haunt, a celebrated bar attached to a fashionable restaurant, and stormed at him in front of the crowd. Then she slapped his face, and left. That ended the man's career in London. He departed for Paris and new adventures.

How that young parasite will end is nobody's business and anybody's guess. He may finish on the beach, in the gutter, or as the husband of a woman twice his age. It all depends upon luck and his relative resistance to excesses in the diet of his little world : alcohol and (or) dope.

Was he born "Bright," or did he, at some crucial stage of his young career, succumb to the germ, and "Go Bright"? The speculation contains a psychological and perhaps a pathological interest, but for all practical purposes it matters not, since this one is irreclaimable ; another wasted, useless despicable life—another fatal case in the long list of casualties due to the "Gone Bright" disease.

END

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, July 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Book Jacket. Prize 10s. Awarded to Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Marjorie Tudor, G.C.S. 5661; M. R. Agar-O'Connell, G.C.S. 5916.

Literature Competition.—Short Story or Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603. Hon. Mention: Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831; Eleanor Erith, G.C.S. 5913; Janet Roche, G.C.S. 4267.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784. Hon Mention: M. Hunt, G.C.S. 5915.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to May McFadyen, M.C.S. 3353. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080; J. Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065.

Literature Competition.—A Synopsis of a Novel entitled "Hilary's House." Prize 10s. Awarded to Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2683. Hon. Mention: Margery Hall, M.C.S. 3342; Pamela Childe-Freeman, M.C.S. 3344; Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Flowers in a Vase. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Divided between Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283 and Joan Guillaume A.C.S. 1436.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Hon. Mention: G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5703; Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 3304; Mary J. Clack, M.C.S. 3354; Nancy Dean M.C.S. 2406.

Award of Prizes, August 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition. — Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendolen E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: I. McClure, G.C.S. 5878; Ethel Try, G.C.S. 5608.

Literature Competition.—A poem entitled "Pearls." Prize 10s. Divided between Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573, and Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772; Winifred Mitchell, G.C.S. 5857.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait. Prize 10s. Awarded to John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Whittaker. M.C.S. 3230; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 1346.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187. Hon. Mention: Clare Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3340; Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791; E. Oliver Hall, M.C.S. 3333.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Drawing of a Room. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Divided between Norah Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444, and Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(October—November)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Design for a Calendar. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Synopsis of a Play entitled "The Man From Nowhere." No. II. Closing date, November 1st. "Do-As-You-Like." No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Anything White. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Novelty. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Anything in Colours.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Design for a Sale Catalogue Cover. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Design for a Calendar or Christmas Card.

Literature Competitions. Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Short Story entitled "Better To Have Sold It."

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. Pencil Sketch of an Open Doorway. No. II. Closing date, November 1st. Design for a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competition.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, October 17th. A Paper on "The Birds I Know Best." No. II. Closing date, November 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, November 1st. Subject left to competitor.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS (*July 15*)

Jean Fletcher.—A synopsis is usually presented in a more matter of fact manner, but this is decidedly interesting, although the plot is so slight. Considerable rearrangement of your material would be necessary, however, for a long book.

C. S. Stamper.—Your fiction efforts do not work out so happily as your articles, and on the whole I think the latter are your stronger suit. The plot is the weakest point in the present entry.

Joan Hunton.—Fine feeling for form and colour, but each item too individualised. A group must be seen and recorded as a whole as well as by its parts. Half close your eyes occasionally to get at true values.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—This begins very promisingly, but it is useless to bring in the very curious baby episode, which promised so entertainingly and then leave it totally unexplained. Good in every other direction.

(*Continued on page 123*)

NEWS OF THE MONTH

THOSE of you who have not yet applied for or sent in an entry form for the Annual Competitions should do so without further delay. There is still time if you are quick, but you will need to be that! For the information of any Saloner who has missed our previous announcements in this connection I will repeat that this function—our 42nd—is fixed to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Saturday, October 22nd.

* * *

The list of judges is practically complete and the names include those of Mr. John Hassall and Mr. Edmund Sullivan for Art; Miss Christine Jope-Slade, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and Mr. Thomas Moult for Literature; Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Unity More and Miss Penelope Spencer for Dancing; Miss Vera Beringer and Miss Italia Conti for Recitation; and Miss Marguerite Bennell, Vice-Principal of Crouch End High School and College, for French.

* * *

It is a curious fact which I have noticed for many years, that some of our most talented entrants in the monthly contests in the paper seldom enter for these Special Competitions, and I have never been able to discover why. Is exceptional talent specially bashful I wonder? There may perhaps be something in that and, if it is the case, I should like to seize this occasion to urge such shy but capable mortals to abandon such an out-of-date attribute and send for an entry form forthwith.

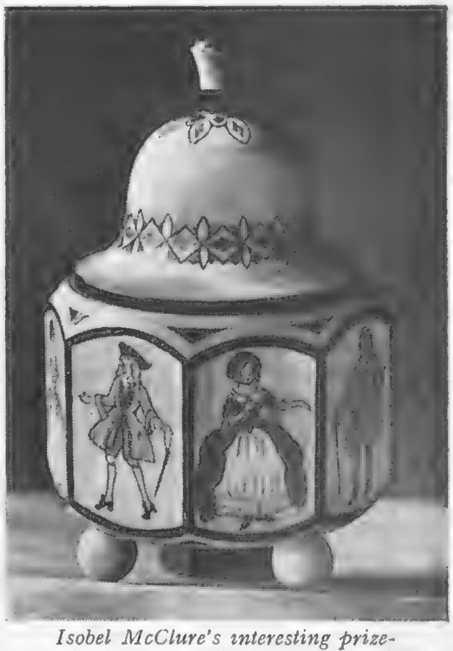
* * *

I am most grateful to all those very kind people who, in a difficult year, have contributed so self-sacrificingly to our Cinderellas' Holiday Fund. It has been deeply appreciated. The children had lovely weather at Littlehampton and came back so brown and bonny that their own mothers could scarcely recognise them. One always feels so sorry that it isn't possible to send those mothers away as well. Their hard lives, with never anything in the shape of a holiday, at any time, in any year, are reflected in their thin faces. Not that they ever seem downhearted, bless them, as they wave the cheeriest of good byes to their youngsters, off to see the sea, in many cases for the first time in their lives. I hope to have room for the full list of subscribers next month.

* * *

Will entrants in the monthly competitions in the paper be very careful to put their names and the date of the competition on, or securely attached to, every entry?

LEVANA.



Isobel McClure's interesting prize-winning entry in the Handicraft Competition of August 15

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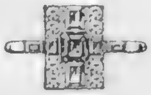
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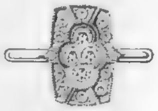
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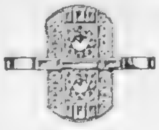
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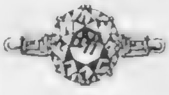
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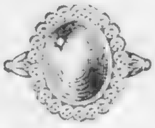
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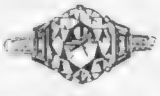
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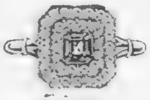
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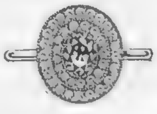
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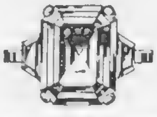
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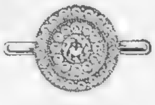
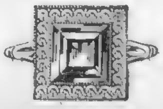

Diamond
£35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Sapphire & Diamond
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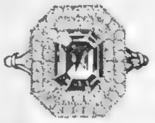
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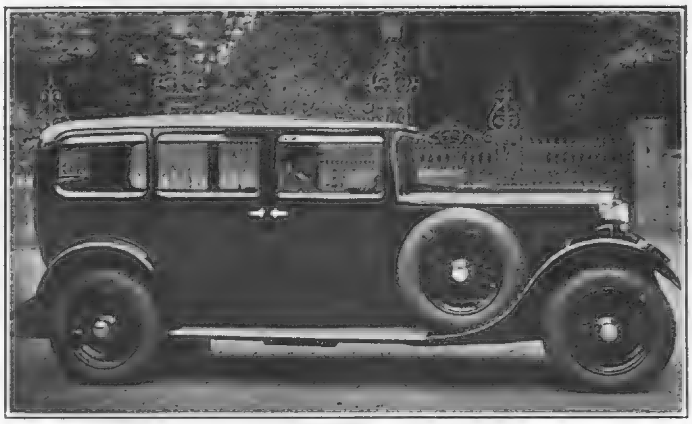
£105

NOTABLE IMPROVEMENTS



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The Sunbeam is the quality car at a reasonable price. We invite the courtesy of your enquiries for further particulars of these latest models. Demonstration runs will be arranged at any time by appointment without obligation to you.

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16 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis	£450
Four-Seater Coupé (Fixed Head Type)	£695
Four-Seater Coupé (Folding Head Type)	£695
Coachbuilt Saloon	£695

20 H.P.

20 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis	£550
Four-Seater Coupé (Fixed Head Type)	£795
Four-Seater Coupé (Folding Head Type)	£795
Coachbuilt Saloon	£795
20 h.p. Six-Cylinder Long Wheelbase Chassis	£575
Coachbuilt Limousine	£895

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"Speed Model" Chassis	£500
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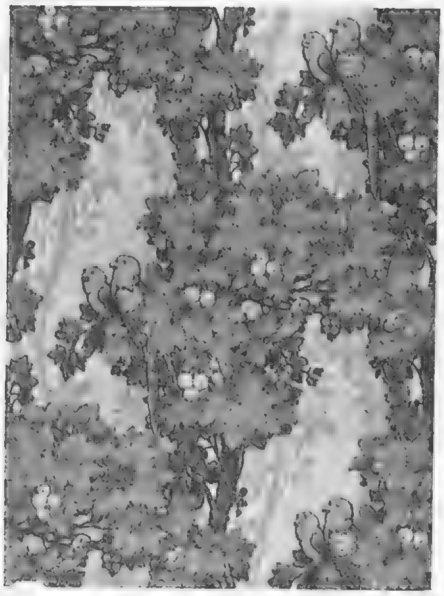

This is one of Hamptons' exclusive productions for 1932. It is quite unique in character and the colourings are very attractive and pleasing, which makes it an ideal fabric for curtains and loose covers. Printed in five colour schemes. SAMPLES post free. British. **No. K.5736.** 31 in. wide. Per yard, **2s. 11½d.**

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A Settee with two Cushions	30/-
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The **"Edenhurst"** Printed Linen illustrated above is a British-made reproduction of an old English chintz design, with colourings on a tussore ground. **No. K.5917.** 31 in. wide. Per yard, **3s. 9d.**

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"Greta"

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Ψ72

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—A good effect, placed a bit low. A more graceful line of the mantle and better drawing of head and neck would greatly help. Lettering not evenly spaced and capitals needing force.

Betty Weir.—Rather dainty, too rounded in drawing and lacking relief from absence of background. Well grouped and good colour.

Maud Schwabe.—A difficult scheme with some success; the brown shadow and wall and the uniform woodwork not pleasant, the silver greys are weak and the mirror rather conventional.

J. Waterhouse.—Your palette-knife impasto gives a strong effect but sacrifices natural charm. An interesting experiment and considerable success.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Good feeling for effect, but drawing neither quite proportionate nor assured, too uniform purple brown, and ground-plane contacts neglected.

May McFadyen.—Your decorative modernism is rather attractive and technically pleasant; a few more concessions to mere actuality need not cramp your style. Clever work.

Kathleen Cokayne.—In many ways good, but rather sooty in greys; top and bottom curves not consistent, ground-plane not solid. A well-planned group, pleasant in sober lighting.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Good colour except in the dead black notes and fair in light and projection. Contacts with ground-plane need explanation, but, on the whole, clever work.

Brenda Milligan.—A good, swift impression of sketchy charm. A still-life study is most useful if difficult problems are solved. Still, a very good sketch.

Jane Castle.—This is decidedly dainty and felicitous, except line four of the first verse, the reverse action being the more usual one associated with providing a passage. Probably your nimble pen ran on without realising this point.

Rena Recaldin.—The small bowl is very well suggested, but the complications and difficulties of the flower group have rather bewildered you. Try a bunch of one variety only for the present, then you will find mastery of form and character a possible matter.

Norman F. Bunker.—Admirable material for a book, and the end full of ironic promise! I think you could do something with this.

Florence E. McCoy.—The riddle propounded by the Prince's attendance on Lady Mary and his desertion of her needs some better explanation, otherwise this is very neatly put together.

Betty Crowther.—Well up to your usual good standard until the end, which needs better handling. Of course, it is a very difficult situation to deal with, but with further attention to it I think you can bring it off successfully.

Jessie Wilkes.—With rather more skilful treatment, especially towards the end, this would be very good indeed. Keep it very light and gay—the moral will be all the more conspicuous.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—This is one of the best things you have done. But I should have thought that, as far as sense is concerned, "life-long" rather than "immortal" would have been the adjective which was required to give point to the last verse?

Marjorie Tudor.—A most interest-provoking cover but needing a title and, of course, it would be better in colours. The dull background is out of place for this purpose.

Pamela Searight.—Good colour and sound appreciation of form. A little more work on the lily would help the sketch a lot. It is very well indicated but, in view of the finish attempted elsewhere, it lags behind too much.

Patricia Baldwin.—The effect of the group as a whole is well realised, and proportions are accurate. But it is all too evenly accented. Don't press so heavily with your pencil except where necessary for emphasis.

Joan Guillaume.—The first verse is excellent and the idea of the whole poem charming. Avoid that second "finding" in line three of the second verse and try to bring this and the one that follows up to the technical level of the first.

Marjorie Haggas.—Very prettily expressed, but better in feeling than accuracy of metaphor. An analogy must be very exact to justify its use. Your work is always interesting. I wish you would compete more often.

Peggy Dewsbury.—A charming little effort. Most promising work. The last line but one should conform in the matter of metre to the third line of the other verses. You should do well if you persevere.

Florence Cook.—Most attractive in theme, and from the manner of the writing I believe you would develop this most satisfactorily. It is original and provocative, and the interest looks as if it could be well sustained.

Janet Roche.—Amusing certainly, although rather slight and it is best as a rule in a story of this type to keep the animal kingdom inarticulate. Still, very well done of its kind.

Pamela Childe-Freeman.—This ought to work out well. There is plenty of good stuff in it and, if you are familiar with the background referred to, some interesting detail could be supplied. I am so glad you are going to compete regularly. In the art entry the character of the original seems to have been well seized, but it is better to study an item in relation to its surroundings than in this isolated manner.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

The Children's Salon

K. V. Halsall.—The leaves seem a bit out of scale—too large for the flower, which is a little flat. Very truthful colour and some charming painting in the vase.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A rather complex group, good in general effect and with excellent colour feeling. Try for sharper brush drawing and more atmospheric background.

Amy G. Haydon.—Beautifully worked and charming in style and design. Thank you so much.

Dinah Ginsburg.—An amusing idea not at all badly worked out considering your years. Presently, if you look at it again, you will see where it can be improved in the expressions used.

Olwen Lawton.—The end seems particularly good, and the rest, although very dependent upon the treatment, might work out quite well. A sound theme and an interesting interpretation of the title.

Catherine M. Baldwin.—All the ideas are charming but the technique is a little poor after the first verse. Such flights are stiff exercises and demand the greatest perfection of expression possible.

Marjorie Naylor.—Excellent balance of black and white, but the method might be a little simpler with advantage for this type of newspaper work. I am referring here to the culinary headpiece.

M. Joyce Lambert.—This form gives the effect of being neither poetry nor prose, and the subject demands, I feel, a less complicated method. Its wistful character would be intensified by a more straightforward method.

Eleanor Erith.—The genuine feeling and the happy expression of it unite to make this a very appealing effort. It is, however, a little long as there is no very definite climax.

Margery Hall.—Ample material here for a book, and if sympathetically treated it would, I think, work out well. You have a very good idea of what a synopsis should consist in.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Of its type, a quite pretty example. A rather poor line, however, spoils the otherwise effective last verse.

Olive Dockree.—The second and third verses are the best. If you were to exercise more care and reject, at once, anything you knew not to be up to the level of the rest you would do very good work. The trouble at present is that it is often so unequal, the good jumbled with the bad.

Edith M. D. Pitts.—This has a certain fascination, but it is technically rather crude, and is unnecessarily extravagant. Curb your obvious talent. A little disciplining both of thought and expression will do no real harm.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Very neatly stated and the construction sound and interesting. It would be well to make the child a girl of at least sixteen or seventeen years.

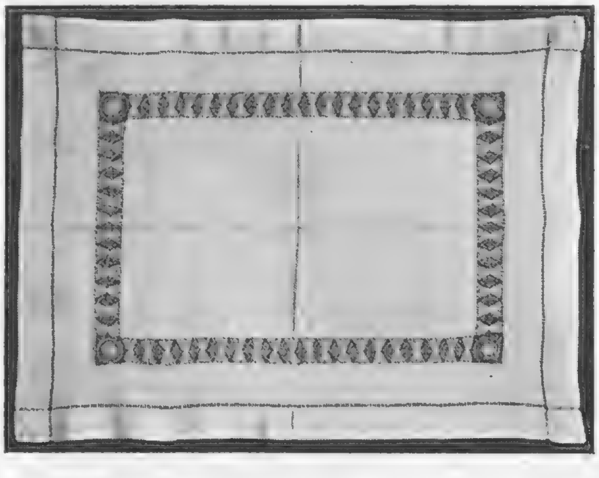
S. Curtis.—Your talent for fantasy reveals itself as cleverly as ever in the details, but the plot as a whole doesn't carry sufficient conviction and although the opening is interesting it is a technical error to introduce the real story in such a bald manner.

Annie M. Waters.—With a little more concern for metrical accuracy this would be most effective. The first three verses score the most heavily and the fifth is another good one.

Bridget Hill.—Not at all badly put together although scarcely sufficient material for a long book. Still, with interesting character drawing it might pull through successfully.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Very skilful treatment is necessary to get away with a plot of this type. A hundred and one vital points remain unexplained. In particular the general's easy access to Elissa must be accounted for. The book jacket scores as design, although the figure is a little too much in the exact centre.

Irene McCoy.—"Do they tell" as an opening for the second verse would, I feel, be better. Too didactic statements of the type given should be avoided, if possible. Some of the lines are charming, but as a whole this isn't quite your best.



Sybil Stallibrass sends in one more charming piece of accomplished needlework

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FORTIETH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October* 15.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best title for a light comedy.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 15

HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post October* 29.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem of a single verse.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—October 29

Results of 134*th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: M. Elton Young, Nancy Pollok, Evelyn Heaver, Diana Cutbill, Trixie Ford, M. Hunt, "Hannah May," G. Rideout Rowe, "M. R. A.," "Una," Anne Kerr, M. Scott Morris, C. Campbell, C. Lawrence, G. Whitcombe, Elizabeth Adams, Annie Waters, May Belben, "J.A.B.," F. A. Edinborough, B. Richardson, Julia Binfield, Elizabeth Robins.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick incorporating the word "July."

Awarded to Elizabeth G. Robins.

Hon. Mention: Julia Binfield, B. Paul, "Pen," E. Heaver, Diana Cutbill, J. H. G. Gibbs, "Wraith," F. A. Edinborough, Trixie Ford.

Results of 135*th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

Awarded to Muriel Forth.

Hon. Mention: Isabel M. Smart, B. Paul, Marjorie Murray, F. Edinborough, D. G. Holland, G. M. Hudson, May Belben, "M. R. A.," G. Whitcombe, V. Ralph, Lisa Ginsburg, Margaret Dorn, May W. Harrison, "Wraith," E. M. Watson, M. Asher, Gordon H. Morris, D. Avril, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short dissertation in verse on salmon mayonnaise.

Awarded to D. Mason.

Hon. Mention: Elizabeth Robins, M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, Julia Binfield, "G. G.," Phyllis E. Bill, L. Strain, B. Gibbs, Kitty Gallagher, B. Maile, May Belben, G. Pitt.

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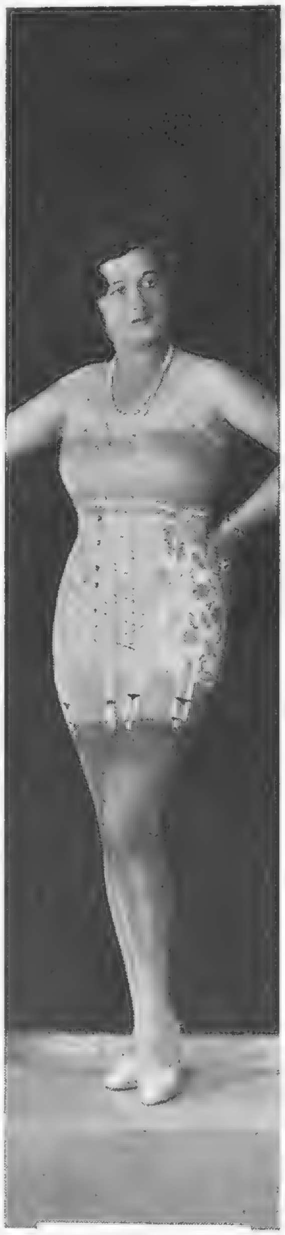

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Cars *of* To-day *and* To-morrow

(*Continued from page* 35)

Since many people dislike having to learn something new, even when the new method, once learned, is easier than the old, we may expect to see synchro-mesh gears increasing still further in popularity during 1933. To say that they do their job well and also unostentatiously is high praise, but it is no more than the truth.

One great advantage which I shall look for when simplified gears come into general use will be higher top gear ratios.

At the present time, manufacturers are not really taking advantage of the new gear-boxes in this respect. They are being thoroughly illogical in providing easy gears, and then making it quite unnecessary to use them. Someone is needed to give the lead, to provide us, let us say, with a 12 h.p. car geared at 4 to 1, and his competitors would soon have to follow suit. If it was really an easy and pleasant process to change down fairly frequently into the lower gears, such a car would have all the advantages of the old-fashioned sporting types, and would escape the former disadvantages.

Talking of sports cars, it is pleasant to observe that, in a strictly utilitarian period, the sporting type of vehicle is by no means dead. It has been sad to see one firm of great repute failing within the past year, but several others are doing very well, and seem likely to continue so. The English motorist is still to a very large extent an individualist, and is always willing, if he can possibly afford it, to pay an extra £100 or so for a car which is a little bit above the average in performance.

The depression has certainly not killed the luxury trade, if by "luxury" we mean that which is rather better than the bare necessities of the case require. Indeed, I have noticed of late an actual increase in the demand for a car which is something out of the ordinary. I know of one car recently produced, which costs the best part of £1,000, and is distinguished almost solely for a very sporting road performance, which has sold so well within its own sphere that the distributors have been scarcely able to keep pace with orders.

There has been a big demand also for special coachwork, and a big business is being done in supplying distinctive bodies for many of the more popular chassis. The result, where the coachbuilder can adapt his ideas cleverly to the limitations set by the designer of the chassis, is often very pleasing, and we shall undoubtedly see a great many of these "special" models on view at Olympia.

Even the larger cars, selling at four-figure prices, are not doing too badly. There are a great many motorists who will always appreciate what may be termed a sound investment, and who will not grudge the payment of a large sum if they are assured of long and satisfactory service from the car of their choice. There are still a number of cars on the market in which the design and materials are so excellent that it is practically impossible, except by gross misuse, to wear them out, and these, now as ever, have a strong following among the more careful and discriminating purchasers.

If, however, I am to make a forecast of the cars which will enjoy the greatest popularity at the Motor Show and afterwards, I am inclined to divide the honours between the two types which will appeal chiefly to the man of moderate means. These are the small car of the semi-sporting variety, combining high efficiency with a reasonable degree of comfort, and the medium-sized car with the simplified controls, providing really luxurious and trouble-free motoring for four or five people. These two, I fancy, will be seen on the road in ever-increasing numbers during 1933.

End

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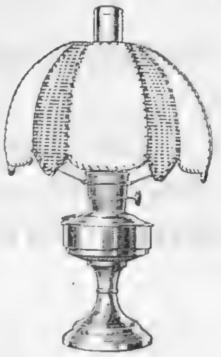

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No. 12 model Aladdin Lamps from 33/- upwards. Various styles and finishes in both models are available.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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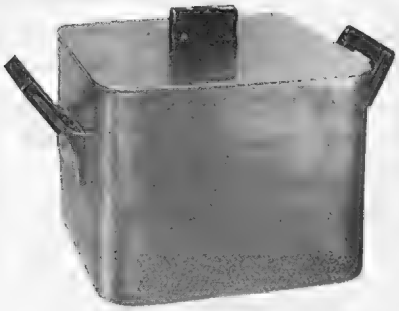

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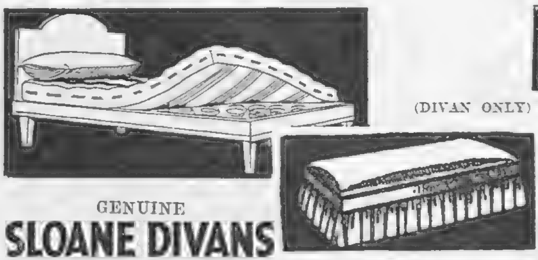

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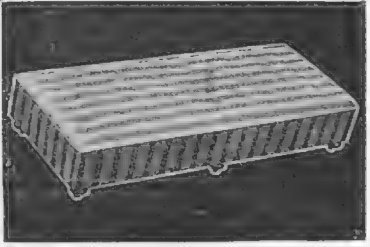

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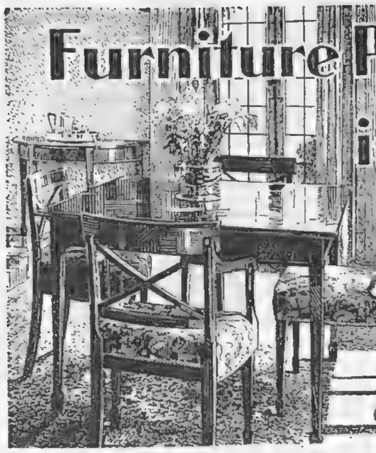

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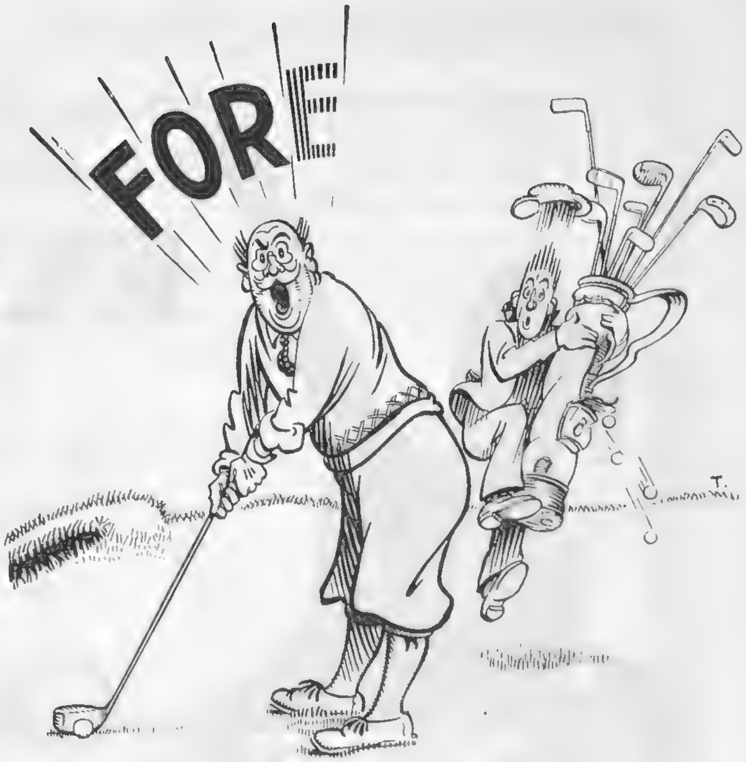

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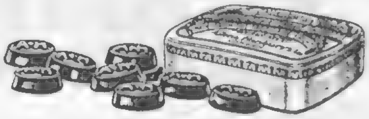

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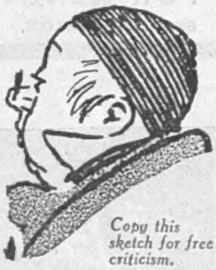

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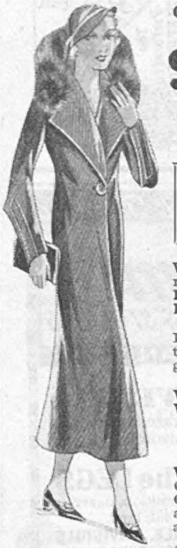

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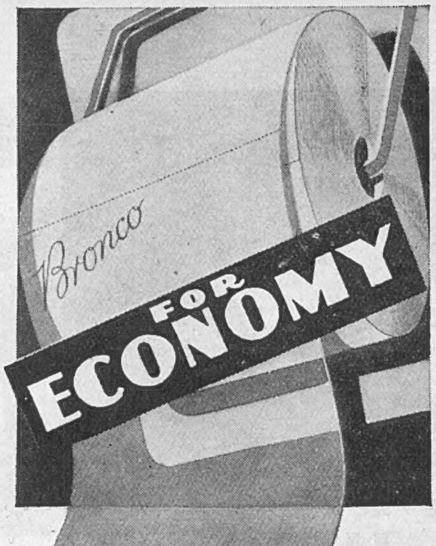

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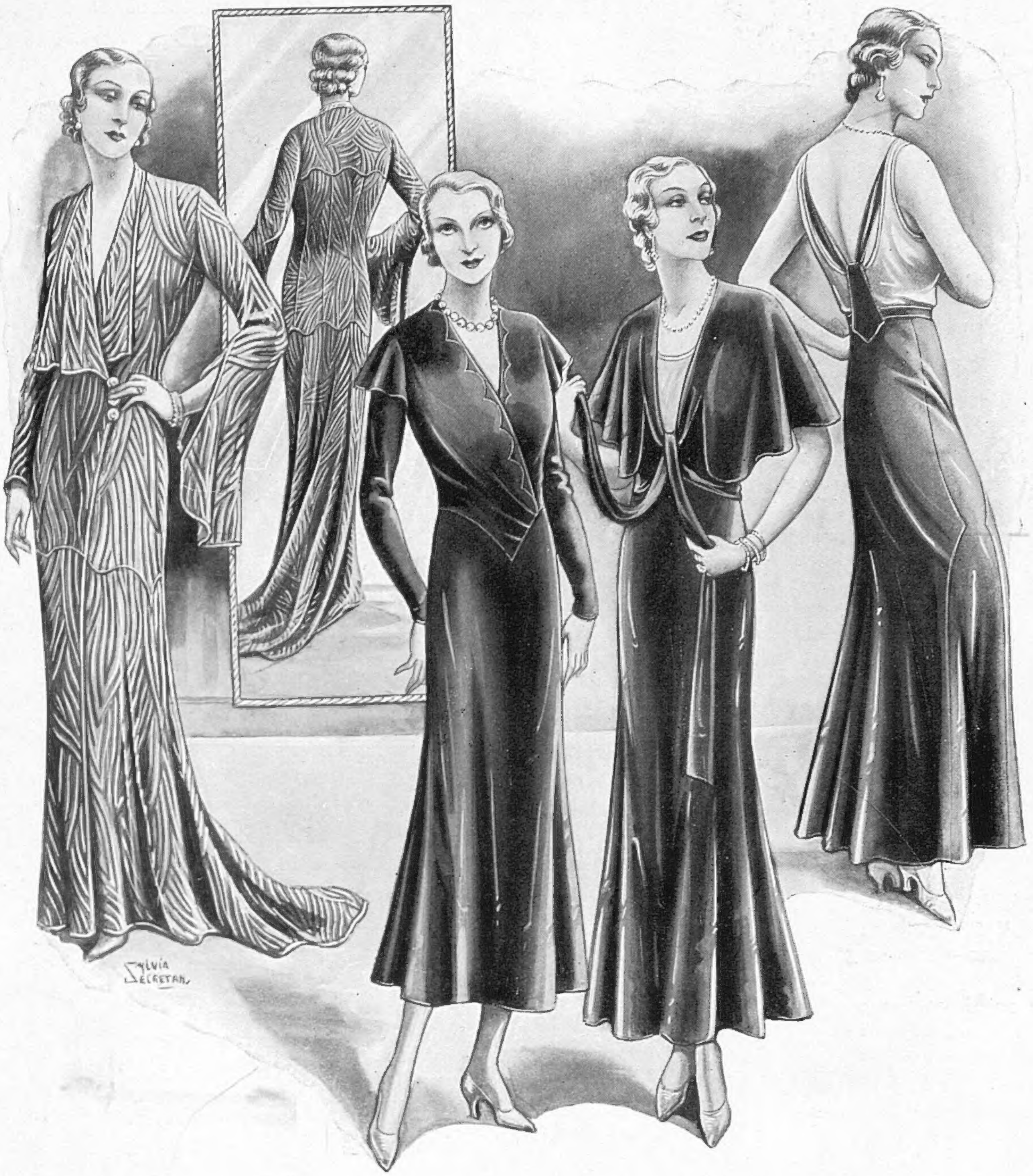

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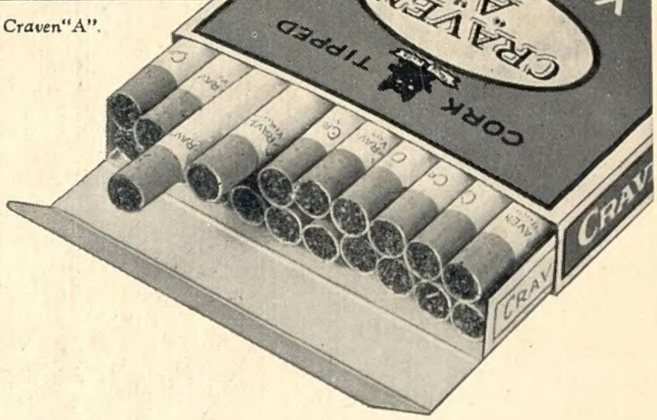

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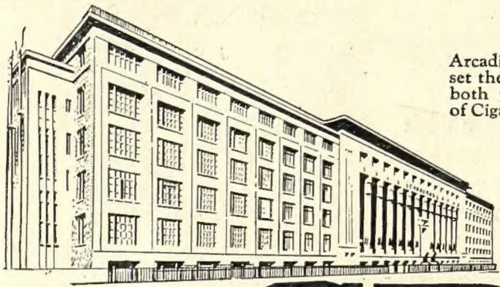

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